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THE

# QUARTERLY REVIEW

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- ART. I.—1. *A Handbook of the History of the Spanish and French Schools of Painting.* By Sir Edmund Head, Bart. London. 1847.  
2. *Annals of Spanish Painters.* By Wm. Stirling, Esq. 2 vols. London. 1848.

**F**EW persons, however conversant with art, can visit for the first time the gallery of Spanish paintings which Louis-Philippe added to the Louvre, without some disappointment; and it is likely enough that with nine-tenths of the uninitiated the feeling may be akin to that which Mr. Thomas Coryate betrayed two hundred and fifty years ago, when he inspected a certain convent and found therein 'all the walls most excellently adorned, but no amorous conceits, no lascivious toys of dame Venus or wanton Cupid; all tending to mortification, all to devotion.' Certainly one hears without surprise that the sensual Parisians passed pretty nearly this sort of verdict when that exhibition of Spanish sackcloth was first opened; they could not appreciate the objects for which art was chiefly employed in Spain by the Church, long its best and almost only patron: where, at her stern bidding, sculpture assumed the cowl and painting took the veil—both being tasked, not to decorate museums, but heighten the awe of altars. So ghostly, according to Pacheco (p. 57), was a picture at Seville, that he feared to remain alone in the chapel with it after nightfall: so persuasive, says Dr. Ayala (vii. 4), was a painting at Salamanca of St. Jerome scourging himself for reading Cicero, that students of pious bent could not on beholding it resist self-flagellation. A friend of our own on his return from the Peninsula, enlivened his country-house with Spanish pictures: coming home one day he found a many-acred neighbour waiting for him among them, and was thus welcomed,—'Thank heaven! you are here at last, for I felt quite uncomfortable in such grim looking company.' In a word, sacrifice to the graces was heresy with ascetics, who strove to macerate, not pamper, the vanities of the world and lusts of the eye; who, dreading beauty as a siren too seductive for weak flesh, banished her symbols and courted the repulsive. Can it be wondered that such works, now torn from their original shrines and desecrated in lay galleries,

should loom gloomily and out of place, like monks thrust from dim cloisters into gay daylight?

It must be admitted that by far the greater portion of this collection at the Louvre consists of untrue, doubtful, and damaged specimens; but even at Madrid and Seville, where pictures of the highest class abound, they fail, with few exceptions, to inspire love at first sight, like the productions of Italian and Flemish artists at Dresden and elsewhere; the latter reflect a life and nature intelligible to greater numbers—and mankind only really sympathises with what it understands.

A collection of genuine Spanish pictures may be compared to a Cortes of old assembled at Toledo, where dark scowling priests sat mingled—the fair sex excluded—with cloaked hidalgos, the representatives of a ‘fenced in and peeled people.’ Spain at this day is barely admitted into the general family of Europe, with which her things of the past have still less in common; the war of succession under Louis XIV. lifted up a corner only of her self-suspended shroud, which the invasion of Buonaparte and subsequent revolutions have rent in shreds. Spain, while powerful and independent, looked down with unsocial pride on the rest of the world; unbenefited by foreign criticism, which corrects, unpolished by intercourse, which rubs off angularities, her Turklike ignorance—no simple vacuity—was backed by prejudices equally Turklike; by nature slow in movements and averse to innovations, she was contented in a fool’s paradise to see her sun stand still. Above all, no antagonistic influences ever shook the monopoly of her creed; no wars of religion, as in Germany, France, or Flanders—no Reformation or Puritan Revolution, as in England, ever stunted her arts, which, reared and sheltered by the church, preserved a clerical element, long after reverential sentiment had been shaken elsewhere. Hence the legendary fossil-like remains of extinct notions which turn up at every step in this land, where, as in Ariosto’s moon, everything lost and forgotten is stored away for antiquarians; hence the anachronisms of style—from which so many Spanish artists seem to belong to a date earlier by half a century than their real one; hence that peculiar flavour with which their art, not less than their literature, is tinctured, and which strikes the foreigner, like the pitched-skin *borracha* in their Valdepeñas, as passing strange at least.

The religious characteristic of Spanish art was the necessary form and pressure of an ultra-Catholic land—the legacy of a war waged for eight centuries, when creed and country were synonyms. The first boast of the true Castilian was the purity of his faith—and the outward types and tokens must be maintained

no less unchangeable; hence the treasures of primitive iconography are indescribably rich in the Peninsula; nor can it be doubted that many things worthy of remembrance have been thus handed down. Admitting\* that the portrait sent by Christ to King Abgarus, and vouched for by Cardinal Baronius, and the personal description of the Saviour forwarded to the Roman Senate by the Proconsul Lentulus, are pure forgeries—it is clear that in the times of St. Irenæus and Epiphanius images and paintings of Him were revered, as having been preserved from the days of Pontius Pilate; and granting the treatise ascribed to St. Athanasius on the crucifix carved by Nicodemus to be equally apocryphal, Eusebius certainly saw much such an image at Paneada. That historian saw at the same place paintings of St. Peter and St. Paul, in which the physiognomy must have strongly resembled what we may call\* the stereotypes of the Mediæval Church;—for of both those great Apostles we have very minute personal descriptions in Nicephorus Calixtus, by whom also is mentioned the likeness of the Virgin painted by St. Luke.\* The peninsular prevalence of such representations from the earliest times must be inferred from the sweeping prohibition directed against them by the Council of Elliberis, held about the year 303, near Granada; † nor, as when the Papacy found itself victorious over Paganism, the church dropped her hostility to image-worship, have we any reason to suppose that such applications of art ever were out of use in Spain. It was owing to them alone that the practice of art in any degree survived the mid-night of the transitional ages. And moreover when the Bible was a sealed book, the arts did their good turn to religion, rendering gospel histories familiar to myriads who, unable to read, could see. The attendant abuses, no doubt, were great and lamentable; nor to this day among the masses in Spain is image-worship much less practically positive. Too fine for them are the distinctions between adoration direct and relative, primary and secondary; those sophistries with which the Bellarmins of Rome

\* *Baronius*, An. Eccl. in Vit. Chr. 31, or l. 83, Ed. Mann, Lucca, 1738. *Codex Apoc.*, Vet. Test. l. 301, Fabricius, Hamb., 1703. *Irenæus*, Ελεγχος. l. Chr. 25, Masquet, Paris, 1710; and see the curious notes. *Epiphanius*, Κατα Απ. lib. 1. tom. 2. ch. 6, or p. 108, Petau, Paris, 1622. *Nicephorus Calixtus*, Hist. Eccl. ii. 37, and xv. 14. *St. Athanasius*, De Pass. Imag. *Eusebius*, Hist. Ecc., vii. 18.

† The Spaniard Prudentius, about the year 360, saw paintings of Saint Cassian, a schoolmaster, who, for refusing to worship pagan idols, was handed over by the prætor to his scholars, and killed by them with their 'steel pens.'

‘Innumeri circum pueri, miserabile visu!  
Confossa parvis membra figebant stylis.’—*Hym. ix.*

A prosody, by the way, of the first Christian poet, which of itself would martyrize more than one master of arts at Eton, supposing the aforesaid styles could be got over.

trim, like the double-dealing hierophants of Egypt, between the scepticism of the esoteric and the credulity of the outer court.

The corrupters of Christian art were the monks : springing from the lowest classes, and thoroughly knowing the chords to which these respond, they provided a nonsense drugged up to the wants and appetites of their gaping, gulping flocks ; they overlaid the Old and New Testament with the legendary ; and as each monastic order strove to elevate the miracles of its own saints, their hagiology out-Heroded the mythology of antiquity. Although the incidents are familiar to Spaniards, from forming the hornbooks of their infancy, the hieroglyphics are no less unintelligible to an English Roman Catholic without a Ribadeneyra, than the fables of the Pantheon without a Lempriere. The majority of our readers, however profoundly versed in the labours of Hercules and the loves of Venus, are, it is to be feared, deplorably ignorant of the deeds of San Vicente de Ferrer and the sacred flames of Santa Teresa. Nowhere, to be sure, have the curiosities of idolatry, the postures and impostures of mendicant friars, with 'all their trumpery, white, black, and grey,' been carried further out than in Spain ; but when these frauds were invented there were few to be startled with the impossible ; nor are we to doubt that much of real though most mistaken piety was speedily mixed up with the inventions over which time by degrees cast a protecting sanctity of prescription. The very execution of the artists attests the depth of the feeling under which they laboured ; we must recognize the handiwork of devout men, who thought and wrought in the silent serious shadow of the cloister—with whom all display of technical skill, all geographical or chronological accuracy, were mere secondary considerations, merged in the sacred subjects, hallowed as the shrine for which they were destined. Their absorbing end and scope was the altar of the Eternal, not the annual exhibition ; and their compositions told with concentrated intensity from their very simplicity and scantiness—the stamp of that grand singleness of purpose and faith. It is with the hope of elevating fallen painting, by dipping into undefiled wells of bygone inspiration, that the enthusiastic Overbecks of transcendental Germany have exchanged their cold unpicturesque Calvinism for imaginative æsthetic Romanism ; but the inward hold that doubts nothing, questions nothing, can only date from the cradle ; the age of railways mocks the age of martyrs—no miracles are now performed either on altars or easels.

We need not repeat how and by what steps the real old sanctity of spirit was banished from Papal Rome herself. In Italy, as all know, even before art had reached its culminating point,

point, the seeds of decay were sown: there disbelief had ere this come to be the fashion. There Leo X., re-echoing the gibes of Aretino, chuckled at all creeds as profitable cheats; there Julio II., casting down the cross to grasp the sword, proclaimed Julius Cæsar, not Jesus Christ, his model. Nor was the leaven of the arts of antiquity dead in its remains when dug up from the vaults of Titus; by their adoption the classical style was substituted for the Gothic, and a heathen spirit practically prevailed over the Christian. Some good Italians of the old school stood up for the rubrical symbolism: \*—but it was in vain; while Germany frowned, their own countrymen, priest and laity, jested on—until the hour was passed. But there was no such levity in Catholic Spain. She, on beholding the signs of corruption, tightened her thumbscrews and trimmed the furnaces of her Inquisition. She stood forth as the champion of the old faith of Christendom; she placed sentinels over every outlet of private judgment; she denied freedom alike to press and palette. Argus-eyed priests drew peremptory rules for sculptors and painters; all variation of types was put under ban on the plea that false doctrines might be inculcated and immortal souls endangered. Unfortunately, the authorized types partook of the imperfections of an age when popular ignorance beheld a lightning-born deity in every ærolite, and worshipped stocks and stones with a sincerity that was never conceded even to the godlike creations of Michael Angelo. †

Decency, the next characteristic of Spanish art, was another result of this preventive superintendence of the Inquisition, whose appointed inspectors kept watch and ward over every object offensive to notions of what elsewhere would be considered prudery; but among Spaniards, draped, veiled, and jealous as Orientals, the least exposure either implied insult or danger, and when introduced into sacred subjects amounted to profanity. In the inflammable unplatonic South, to keep their churches cool was the first thought of rigid priests who had the care of combustible congregations; who felt, possibly, untoward effects produced even on their well-regulated selves by any nudity: yet seem to have forgotten another lesson of earthly experience—to wit, that a half-clad form may be more suggestive of impropriety than Eve, naked but not ashamed. Pacheco (p. 201) states the

\* Consult the curious dialogues appropriately dedicated to Cardinal Farnese, by whom poor Caracci was so scurvily rewarded: \* *Due dialogi di M. Giovanni Andrea Gilio da Fabriano*, 4to., 1561, in Camerino. Paul IV. wished to have parts of the Last Judgment in the Sistine chapel painted over. (Pacheco, 94.)

† Compare the interesting introductory chapter of Sir Edmund Head with the rules detailed in Pacheco and Palomino: see also *Pictor Christianus eruditus*, Joanes de Ayala, Madrid, 1730, or its translation by Duran, Madrid, 1782; and the Greek *Manuel d'Iconographie Chrétienne*, by M. Didron, Paris, 1845.



case of a venerable prelate, who on celebrating holy mass before a Last Judgment by Martin de Vos, was so troubled by the deshabelle of a condemned gentlewoman, that he pronounced exposure to a hurricane in the storm-vexed Bermudas—he had been a sailor in his youth—to be infinitely less perilous. The learned Professor himself was grievously perplexed in laying down rules how to represent Lot's daughters, Potiphar's wife, Susanna, and similar incidents, which we admit require considerable delicacy in handling; and the result was that the very subjects in which Italians most delighted, were shunned by Spaniards. Another circumstance had its influence:—the study of anatomy, as defacing God's image, was discouraged by their church, which persecuted Vezalius, the father of dissection: and while surgeons naturally degenerated into *barbarous* Sangrados, no wonder that sculptors and painters sank into slop-men and clothiers. If any rebellious enthusiast ventured on illicit display, inquisitorial overseers either destroyed such paintings altogether, or effaced the offensive attractions, just as their censors of the press inked over all the free passages in Ariosto and other Italian poets. Thus, Lucas Giordano was employed in the Escorial to provide decent drapery to the somewhat underclad Saintesses of Titian, putting Diana's body-linen on Venus. As for a *Spanish* Venus on canvas, that is still a desideratum among amateurs; nay, even in our times those imported from foreign parts by Philip IV., were doomed, when the Madrid Museum was formed, to blush unseen, and endure purgatory below in Blue-beard chambers closed to the public. Some of these naughty ones have recently been let out—the virtuous example of a female court being considered sufficient to counteract even their perilous audacity. Then, besides the loss of his wares in this world, an offending artist risked perdition in the next. According to grave Spanish chronicles, the soul of one who had erred in this line was doomed to be fried in fires, until by the intercession of a confessor the peccant picture was committed to the flames, from which its author was instantaneously delivered. While these pains and penalties awaited the evil-minded, rich rewards on earth as well as in heaven were held out to encourage the well-disposed; wealthy churches and convents gave largely-paid commissions; the celestial hierarchy descended to sit for their portraits, and put forth their hands from frescoed walls to save their delineators when scaffoldings broke down: nay, the glories of sainthood, denied even to the divine Raphael, were accorded to pious painters. The good life, bad pictures, and worse poetry of Nicolas Factor, better known in Spain as *El Beato* (the beatified), are detailed with great gusto by Mr. Stirling.

Spanish

Spanish art, thus distinguishable by its positive characteristics of religion and decorum, is not less marked by negative qualities, by that which it is not. Thus it is almost deficient in landscape, marine, animal, and *genre* painting. Landscape, as among the classical Greeks and Romans, was only used as a background, an accessory, and deemed beneath the dignity alike of art as of literature. It was conventional, Chinese-like, and limited as the meagre botany and horticulture of the ancients; their depictive and descriptive attempts were vague, bald generalities, wanting in true graphic quality, without precision of touch, local colour, air, sensibility, or individuality; the authors seldom saw nature with the modern poet's feeling and painter's eye. In truth it is to the influence of Dutch and Germans that Spain owes whatever landscape she possesses. These tramontanes set little value on the classical; they, after the mind-emancipating Reformation, eschewed Rome and all its works, and adding a religious to the old Teutonic antagonism, looked to the nature around themselves for models, and by treating them with truth and simplicity, succeeded. A genuine perception of nature is far more essential to the landscape-painter than fine scenery: his art was hatched under northern fogs, not southern suns; where Providence is lavish of bounties, man is idle; Venus, the type of beauty, is united to hard-working Vulcan. Into what paradises has not Cuyp converted what la Belle France sneered at as 'a country of canaux, canards, and canaille.' Again, the use by the Flemings of oil for paintings, arising from the necessity of a hydrofuge material in a climate unsuited by damp for frescoes, led to easel-pictures of smaller sizes, and subjects adapted to lay and home life. For these there was no demand in Spain, where what Strabo alleged against her, an *αφιλοκαλία*, or want of love for the beautiful, has ever been a national characteristic—where even the rich nobles, as a class, were always remarkable, as Michael Angelo observed, for their scanty and penurious patronage of art.\*

In like manner as the literature of Spain lacks the spirit-stirring tales of ancient mariners, so her art mirrors no Backhuysen vasty deeps, no Vandervelde flags that brave the battle and the breeze. In fact, Spain never possessed a real navy; and a Gotho-Arab repugnance to the sea and commercial enterprise has ever marked her people. It is equally true and much more strange that their art was hardly ever employed in embodying that remarkable turn for satire, ridicule, and the picaresque or Lazarillo rogues-march life, for which their literature is so pre-eminent. The country of Cervantes and Quevedo has never had its Hogarth.

\* Les Arts en Portugal, Raczyński, p. 33.

While the national sobriety and self-respect made them revolt from coarse revelries in the style of Teniers, the want of middling easy classes prevented any demand for the genteel, comedy of Terburgs or domesticity of Gerard Dows. Where a people live out-of-doors, and furniture is a nuisance, to adorn their house is not a necessity and a delight, as in less favoured climates. Again, Spanish painters themselves, habituated to link art with high associations, looked down upon these performances as trivial and earthy. The exquisite finish and elaborate detail was also too much and too business-like for a semi-Oriental people, who will not be 'fashed,' and who have never reached mediocrity where nicety of handcraft is required. These causes, if they have limited Spanish art, at least have maintained its peculiar features; and thus, if condemned to dwell in decencies for ever, her great schools preserved a decorous, chaste, and natural character, free alike from the paganism of voluptuous Italy, the fantasies and devil-homage of freethinking Germany, the insel and lubricity of artificial France, and the coarse extravagancies of Dutch dissent and democracy.

Not a score of years ago, Wilkie, writing to his brother-academician Philipps, described the Peninsula as 'an unexplored territory—the very Timbuctoo of art, insomuch that every work he saw had the merit of a new discovery.' 'Madrid,' said he, in a letter to Sir Robert Peel, 'is quite a mine of old pictures, of which in England we have known nothing: nor, it would seem, have his 'discoveries,' and he was anything but the Mungo Park which he imagined himself, reduced this ignorance to the past tense:—

'I will close this preface,' says Sir Edmund Head, 'with the following story, as illustrating the knowledge of Spanish pictures, and the taste for Velazquez prevailing in England at the present day. When General Meade's pictures were exhibited at Christie's this year, there was among them a large three-quarter length portrait of the Infanta Margarita Mariana of Austria [second wife to Philip IV.]. Before the sale, when the public were admitted to view the pictures, this one was hung so high as to make it utterly impossible to be certain what it was. The dress, too, is grotesque and unprepossessing. She is attired in court mourning—a large hooped petticoat, and a sort of jacket of black, the latter of which is richly laced with white gimp, and has cut sleeves, so as to show the white satin dress underneath it. Her hair, or wig, is frizzed in the extraordinary style of the day, in regular rows of flaxen curls standing straight out on each side of her face, and at the top of her head a feather lies flat. She has no jewels but pearls, and one or two diamonds. I was not at the sale; but I presume the picture was taken down before it was actually brought to the hammer. Be this as it may, some time after the sale a letter

letter was received by a gentleman in this country from the best judge of Spanish pictures in Spain, in which the latter says that he knows the picture well; that it was one of those given by the late King Ferdinand VII. to the Canon Cepero of Seville, in exchange for the two large Zurbarans that now hang in the gallery at Madrid. When Cepero was in difficulties from his political opinions, it passed into the hands of Señor Rodenas, and was sold some years later by his widow to General Meade. The writer of this letter adds, "It gives me but a very poor idea of the state of knowledge of the arts in England when I see that a fine Velazquez has been sold for less money than many miserable daubs in the same collection have fetched." But the reader will be desirous of knowing for what it really did sell. This Velazquez in the year 1847, in the height of the season, at Christie's, with all the dealers of London in the room, fetched *thirteen guineas*! I have since seen the picture close, and I have no doubt whatever of its genuineness. It is slightly painted, without glazing or much finish; but it is brilliant in touch, and thoroughly characteristic of the master.'—*Head*, p. ix.

The inability of our collective connoisseurs to recognise a Spanish picture when indubitably true, is compensated by the individual acumen with which 'the trade' fix parentage and perfection on paintings that are decidedly false. Sir Edmund seeing for sale a Virgin in an embroidered petticoat, with *Zuccaro* on the frame, and expressing some surprise to the dealer, 'Yes, Sir,' said he, '*Zuccaro or Velazquez*.' The alternative appearing strange, he ventured to observe that there was a difference between the two masters: 'Why, yes,'—answered the vendor, 'the fact is the picture came from Spain, and *Zuccaro* is not a Spanish master,—that is the only reason for calling it *Velazquez*' (p. 181); nor is this audacious nomenclature confined to the murky receiving-shops of Wardour Street. Witness the vile daubs which throughout Europe are passed off in public and private galleries as undoubted originals; nor even in Spain itself is the proverbial prodigality of fine names and undeserved honours, which cost nothing, withheld from pictures of the most impostor quality. And yet in that land of anomalies, where *no se sabe* is the stereotyped answer to questioners, there exists a sure guide and instructor in Cean Bermudez, of whom we have spoken in a previous number (cliv. 398): in his artistical dictionary, a labour of twenty years' love, the pith and marrow of the subject is condensed. To this Lanzi of Spain the invading hordes of France owed everything—he pointed out the exact localities where the best pictures were to be found.\* Alas! that the very torch destined to shed lustre on art, should have guided the spoiler to his prey. Cean, however, by thus facilitating the operations of Corsican brass and French iron, contributed indirectly, for out of evil comes some good,

good, to set free the imprisoned genius of the Peninsula, and introduce many a hitherto great unknown to the glorious company of European artists.

Since the Peace of 1815 various Essays on Spanish art have been published out of Spain; but we cannot say that the Germans have contributed their usual accurate and critical industry to this subject. We could not have expected much from the French—and they have done little:—it would be waste of time to dwell on the ‘intuitive art revelations’ of the superficial sciolist Viardot, and the paltry plagiarisms of the blunderers Huard and Quilliet, who caper on the banks of the Seine in utter unconsciousness of the indecent nakedness of their ignorance.\* We had already been more fortunate here; but still a wide extent of darkness remained to be cleared up—and it is indeed a *cosa de España* that our long standing gloom should at last be doubly dispelled by twin-born productions, whose parents only heard of each other’s prolific purposes when in the last throes of parturition, and barely in time for each to preface lamentations that the honourable pangs had not been left to the rival. In their graceful regrets we do not participate, nor deem either a work of supererogation; difference of impressions produced on individual and competent minds is both interesting and instructive. A fuller understanding of the subject is thus attained, just as the form and presence of Charles V. are more distinctly stamped on us from the opportunity of inspecting side by side the portraits of him by Albert Durer and Titian.

Sir Edmund Head was already favourably known by his translation and annotation of Kugler’s History of the German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. In the course of that task he could not but feel painfully how little justice his author had done to Spain, in which country the industrious German had never been. The translator was thus induced to venture on an original work, which, as one good turn deserves another, we recommend Dr. Kugler to *overset* into German for the benefit of his countrymen in general, and himself in particular. Sir E. Head modestly apologises for stating his opinion on the originality and merit of individual pictures:—he feels, he says, ‘that, being the opinion of a mere amateur, it is necessarily worth but little.’ But the judgments of persons qualified like him are, to our minds, often superior to those of professionals. Few amateurs really encounter a subject which requires the rare advantages of leisure, study, travel, and

\* *Dictionnaire des Peintres Espagnols*, par F. Quilliet, 1816; *Etudes sur les Beaux Arts de l’Espagne*, &c., par L. Viardot, 1815; *Les Musées de l’Espagne et de l’Angleterre*, par L. Viardot, 1843.

critical comparison, without having the spirit, the love for the pursuit urging impatiently within. Painters, on the other hand, who figure as authors, rarely rank high in their own calling—on what pretext should they claim peculiar attention, unless perhaps as to mere technicalities? ‘Art,’ said Buonarroti, ‘is a jealous mistress; she is won with difficulty—exacts the whole man;’ she grudges time and thought transferred to the pen, as if robbed from the pencil. An Eastlake is a very uncommon phenomenon.

The two gentlemen now before us were both well prepared for writing on the art of Spain—both accomplished in scholarship, and both intimate with all the great collections of Europe, the Peninsula especially. Of knowledge and taste they have much in common; but yet their modes of viewing and treating their favourite subject are, fortunately for them and for us, quite different. Sir Edmund, logical and analytic, lucid in style, calm in temper, rejects all German transcendentalisms, and picks with practical English sense the kernel from the husk, ever sacrificing the second-class and trivial for the first-rate and emphatic. He passes as rapidly over the biographies of mediocrities, as a spectator does by their works in a gallery. To many, indeed, his notices will often seem too succinct; full himself, he gives others credit for not needing to be crammed. But his careful and balanced judgments are always valuable: and luckily the details which he denies are amply, accurately, and amusingly supplied by Mr. Stirling—the quality of whose mind is synthetic, accumulative, and delighting to heap up facts. Discursive and ornate, he enriches his pages with curiosities of literature bearing upon the manners and spirit of different epochs, larding the dry details of inferior artists now with grave history, anon with court gossip and anecdote; thus an *olla podrida* is set before us, stuffed with savories, the national garlic not omitted, but so judiciously proportioned, that our fairest reader may welcome this candidate for favour into her innermost boudoir.\* To both these meritorious publications excellent tables of contents and indexes give an additional and most real value, for to many even a bad book with a good index is more serviceable than a better book without one; life is too short to adventure on voyages of discovery through even a paradise of pages, where there are neither finger-posts nor decent accommodations for matter-of-fact travellers. Again, both writers are scrupulously exact in their copious references to Cean, Ford, and other authorities; but,

while Sir Edmund gives these middle-men the credit of clearing the way, and quotes their *ipsissima verba*, Mr. Stirling diligently examines the sources which they pointed out to him, and re-extracts for himself, dovetailing in his own original researches, and thus greatly adding to our limited knowledge of Spanish literature. Finally, our authors differ in liberty of speech. Sir Edmund speaks of the collection of the 'Duke of Dalmatia' as reverently as if the blue blood of the Montmorencys flowed in his veins, and his 'acquisitions' had been made in adherence to rules laid down in Sugden's 'Purchasers,' rather than according to Mr. Pistol's principles of conveyancing—'Steal, foh! a fico for the phrase; convey the wise it call.' Such euphemism, decorous in a governor of New Brunswick, is repudiated by the young Laird of Keir, who everywhere rates with unadorned eloquence these dogs of war, these disgraces of revolutionary invasion, from 'plunder-master-general Soult' downwards.

The fine arts, offsprings of a national yearning for the beautiful, are not indigenous in Spain, where man is harsh as his hard land: *Oh! dura tellus Ibericæ*. It was in the day-spring East that their star rose to gild and guide the darkling West; but Spain's Phœnician and earliest civilization was effaced by the Romans, whose march levelled nationalities previously to providing substitutes of their own: and art was too delicate for a soldier people, whose utilitarian roads, aqueducts, coliseums, and other works, great indeed in their kind, stand no less contradistinguished from the temples and academies of speculative Greece, than does the practical code of Justinian from the metaphysical abstractions of Plato. The fine arts passed through a bad conductor, and came to Spain a Roman and inferior copy; equally worthless as scanty are the relics which have escaped the image-destroying Christians and Moors. As any revival from such models could only raise up the corrupt, Spain turned again to the East, to Byzantium, which, previously to the religious schism, and while dogmas and symbolisms were identical, was the art emporium of Christendom. Osius, Bishop of Cordova, was the tutor of Constantine, in whose capital St. Leander, primate of Seville, became the friend of Gregory the Great—the first who enlisted into Christianity the images of paganism. None can examine at Valencia the crucifix carved by Nicodemus, at Oviedo the cross wrought by angels, the heaven-descended statue of the Virgin at Zaragoza, her portraits and busts by St. Luke at Seville and Monserrat, without pronouncing them all most mediocre as works of art and decidedly of Byzantine or analogous mortal manufacture from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries. Nor is the Byzantine manner of Orcagni less traceable in the paintings of the age succeeding

succeeding him. As time advances we always recognise some foreign influence at work. Ambitious artists uniformly went to school in Italy; the humbler studied at home under Flemings, who settled in the Peninsula, attracted by their countrymen who managed the commerce of Seville. Of the former class three—natives and lights of as many different provinces—deserve to be here specially mentioned.

*Alonzo Berruguete* was born in Old Castile in 1480, and passed in 1503 from the desk of an attorney into the pupil-room of M. Angelo, where, after twenty years' application, he rose like his great master to be a sculptor, architect, and painter. Patronized on his return by Charles V. and the wealthy clergy, he fixed an epoch by banishing the mediæval and introducing the cinquecento style, to which he has given his name in Spain—and never was there one better suited to a people delighting in external show; his elaborate arabesques, lavished during their golden age over marble façades, still sparkle in the gilding sun, gorgeous as plateaus spread for the banquets of Olympus. This *Berruguete* or *plateresque* (silversmith) style consists of *classical* details in low relief, put together on a *Gothic* principle, and is, as Sir Edmund Head says, admirably calculated to produce richness of effect without distortion of form. *Berruguete*, however, did not much influence *painting* in Spain; the colouring of his best pictures at Salamanca is leaden and Florentine.

*Luis de Vargas*, born in Andalusia, 1502, went to Rome, and there, after twenty years' study, became a second Pierin del Vaga. On his return to Spain, the charm of his Italian elegance triumphed over the Flemish hardness of the Sevilleans, until his softness and devotional sentiment culminated in Murillo; religious to extreme, his Spanish sincerity of faith withstood the infections of half-pagan Rome. The studio of this artist combined the oratory of the ascetic, and coffins alternated with palettes; 'Forgive them, Lord, they know not what they do,' was his pious critique of an ill-painted crucifix. His works are very rare, and unknown out of Seville; unfortunately, he painted chiefly in fresco, which time and weather have obliterated.

*Vicente Joanes Macip*, born near Valencia in 1523, studied at Rome so successfully as to be called by his countrymen the Spanish Raphael, to whom, says Palomino (ii. 394), he was equal in some things and superior in others; passing these untenable pretensions, Joanes may fairly rank among the best of Raphael's imitators. Sir Edmund compares him to Garofalo on a large scale, while Mr. Stirling points out the Peruginesque character of his Raphaelism, and this arose from his aiming at devotional sentiment, rather than the beautiful in art; in the sincerity of his religious



religious views he resembled Vargas rather than Berruguete, who, be it remembered, was early articled to an attorney. He never painted any profane subjects, nor commenced a sacred one without previous prayer and fasting; equally conscientious in drawing, luscious in colour, and learned in composition, his natural antipathy to the Jews led him to give them a hook-nosed physiognomy, too bordering on caricature; again, the ferocity of his mobs is exaggerated, however much it might heighten the dignified resignation of the Saviour, whose representations by him personify the beauty and meekness of holiness. According to the Jesuit Alberto (Stirling, i. 356), the Virgin revealed herself to him (the Jesuit) in order that he might describe her properly to Joanes when about to paint her portrait.

The schools of Spanish art are usually divided into three—those of the Castiles, Valencia, and Seville. Strictly speaking, there were four; the independent kingdom of Aragon possessed another of its own, in which a marked Oriental type gave evidence of the early communication between commercial Catalonia and the East; but neither Head nor Stirling visited these provinces, and though Ford did, he says little of their art—without doubt, from its never having produced a master capable of setting on it an original and distinctive stamp. For all useful purposes, then, the tripartite division is sufficient; and these three schools can only be really studied in their own homesteads, where the finest works of their best artists—Velazquez excepted—still remain, hanging like golden oranges on their natives boughs. Localism and self-love are second natures in the Spaniard. He has used arts like wares—trusting to the home supply—of that preferring the cheapest—and where none is produced, simply doing without. To this day, it would be as vain to look for a Valencian picture at Seville, or *vice versâ*, as for Xerez wine at Benicarlo, or for Ronda gaiters at Santiago. Even at Madrid the artistical manufacture of the common country is inadequately represented, and more by accident than design.

These three schools differ from each other, no less than their parent provinces do in climate, language, and costume. The one common tie is religion; but the school of Castile savours less of the cloister than the court, whose rulers covenanted with the Vatican to uphold the Inquisition as an engine of dogmatic intolerance, provided they themselves had a standing indulgence for 'the sins they were inclined to.' Madrid, capital of a barren table-land, attracted artists rather than created art. Patronized by the despot, it was employed to feed his pride and pleasures; hence it was natural that portrait painting should flourish foremost. This creature of royalty and rank, whose features it flatters and perpetuates,

petuates, rose, in the very infancy of Castilian art, with *Antonio Rincon* (Guadalajara, 1446-1500), by whom exist likenesses of Ferdinand and Isabella, the true founders of Spain's short-lived greatness. This branch—improved by the examples of Antonio Moro and Titian, the impersonator of senatorial dignity—passed to *Alonso Sanchez Coello*, ob. 1590. Fit painter of the imperial court of Charles V., he was the Apelles of rich costume, ermine, embroidery, and unequalled in elaborate details of jewellery and decoration. He was imitated by *Pantoja de la Cruz* (Madrid, 1551-1610), through-whose hard, Florentine, but true portraits, glittering in cinquecento chased armour, or brocaded cloth of gold, we become as well acquainted with Charles V. and Philip II., their lords and ladies, their stately stiff etiquette, as we do with Philip IV., the foolish hanging of his nether lip and his gamekeeper propensities, when reflected in the magic mirror of Velazquez. If we be equally familiar with the imbecile Charles II., with whom this Austrian dynasty decayed, our thanks are due to the silvery tones of *Claudio Coello* (Madrid, ob. 1692), and the morbid touch of *Juan Carreño de Miranda* (Aviles, 1614-1685). With this last and his pupil *Mateo Cerezo* (Burgos, 1631-1685)—whose style, albeit occasionally foxy in colour, approached to Vandyke—the arts of Spain perished—at the same time with her nationality.

This school of Castile, as we fly only at eagles, may be dismissed with four more names. *Fernando Gallegos*, born at Salamanca in the middle of the fifteenth century, was the first to introduce the style of Van Eyk and Albert Durer, to whom his pictures are generally attributed in Spain, although the authentic specimens existing in the old cathedral of his native town exhibit a more southern play of fancy and sentiment. *Luis de Morales*, strictly speaking, belongs to Estremadura, more famous for pigs and hams than painters and art. He was born at Badajoz, where he lived, and died at an advanced age in 1586. He is generally called in Spain *el divino*—rather because his vain-glorious countrymen lavish epithets of that sort on their worthies and unworthies, than from his having only painted sacred subjects. Laborious as long-lived, he is best known in and out of Spain by pictures of a small size, representing the thorn-crowned Saviour, or the afflicted Virgin; and both frequently with a too pathological exaggeration of the painful sentiment. Accordingly, all the Ecce Homos and Madonna Dolorosas in Spain are fathered on him; indeed Palomino goes so far as to assert that he never painted anything else—which is just as true as that the equally pious and painstaking Carlo Dolce dedicated his brush to the Virgin exclusively. Estremadura, the province of Morales, is

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all but unvisited, and his noblest works hardly known; yet the specimens at Alcantara, Arroyo del Puerco, and in other hamlets which we have seen, are, both in number and size, quite extraordinary, even for a life longer and an industry greater than his. In them the conception is grand, tinged indeed with sadness; the drawing correct, but stiffer and earlier looking than his period: living apart from the world, his light, like the glow-worm's, proceeded from himself. On his smaller pictures he bestowed a labour of love, rivalling Albert Durer in detail, with a higher and more earnest devotion; in his colour he combined the softness of Correggio with a browner tone, running somewhat into darkness. Occasionally his efforts at Parmigianesque grace, in hands and attitudes, bordered on affectation. Devoted to his art, he neglected his worldly fortunes. 'You are very old, Morales,' said Philip II. to him in 1581; 'And very poor, too,' was the reply. Thereupon the King granted him a pension of 200 ducats 'for his dinner,' which, on the veteran's rejoinder, 'And for my supper, sire?' was increased to 300. His style, created by himself, perished with its parent.

*Juan Fernandez Navarrete*, of Logroño, 1526-1579, early lost his hearing and speech from illness, and thence is best known in a land of nicknames as *el mudo*—the dumb one; his pencil, however, spoke for him, and with the bravura of Rubens, without its coarseness. On his return from Italy he was saluted as the Spanish Titian, and in him a native element began to germinate; his forms were serious and dignified; his draperies free, nobly cast, and full of breadth; his colouring rich and Venetian; although sincerely devout, his holy personages were frequently copied from living laymen rather than traditional types. The curious contract between him and the Prior of the Escorial, where his best works are, is printed by Cean Bermudez (ii. 98); he was thereby bound to adhere strictly to Spanish orthodoxy and avoid any introduction of Italian accessories or theological improprieties. Philip II. discovered his merit too late, and admitted, after his death, that none of the many Italians whom he employed at the Escorial were equal to his dumb Spaniard. Deaf, indeed, and blind, too, had *he* been to poor Mudo's signs, when he entreated the impatient monarch not to cut the celebrated supper of Titian, which was too large for its destined position; offering, at the risk of his head, to make an exact copy, of the proper size, in six months.

Philip is seldom well spoken of except by Spanish historians, who admire his *ardent* zeal for the true church and his 'prudent and vigorous' state administration; but his building and decorating of the Escorial formed an epoch for the artists. For them he relaxed  
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from his stately moroseness; the audiences granted to Herrera were so regular, that his chief architect might have been termed his secretary of state for the æsthetic department. On him, as on others of the class, he showered honours as well as wealth; but indeed it is to the credit of Spanish sovereigns, from Juan II. down to Charles III., that the fine arts were always held to be noble, and their professors admitted into the most cherished orders of a most punctilious chivalry. The good taste of Philip, however, may be questioned: he could mutilate a Titian;—he could torture a Herrera by binding him down to the gridiron of the martyred St. Lawrence for his palace-convent's elevation;—rather than permit deviations from rubrical iconography, he fettered the fancy of an Italian painter by stationing a couple of doctors of divinity at his side, as sentinels and masters of the ceremonies, to marshal the precedence of the company of saints and the hierarchy of heaven. Still worse, he deluged Spain with his importations of feeble Tibaldis, Cincinatos, Cambiasos, and other overrated Italians, who, greedy for the gold of Peru, flocked to luxuriate in condescensions which genius at best endures. These mediocrities he preferred to the rising and more vigorous artists, whom he might have found at home, as one of them, F. Zuccaro, had the candour to admit, when, being asked to paint a picture at Cordova, he answered, ‘Have you not there a Cespedes of your own?’ Fatal to native talent, in art as well as in literature, was this court fashion and patronage of foreigners; and the conceits of the Marinis and Berninis found an echo in the extravagancies of Gongora and Churriguera.

Resuming the Castilian artists of the middle period, *Domenico Theotocupuli*, generally called *el Greco*, from his being a Greek by birth (1548-1625), lived and died at Toledo. From his Titianesque analogies he is thought to have studied under that great influencer of Spanish art. Domenico was at once an architect, sculptor, and painter; truly Spanish, unequal, and eccentric, than his good works none were better, than his bad none could be worse; he was very industrious, making clay models for his figures, and keeping small copies of all his paintings, whether holy subjects, history, or portrait. Devoted to the Titian faction, he preferred his colour to the drawing of Michael Angelo, of whom—then the wonder of the world—he spoke, to Pacheco's horror (p. 242), as ‘a good man,—*buen ombre*—but no painter.’ As a colourist Domenico was capricious—passing sometimes, in the search of originality, from the rich, harmonious, and natural, through the hard and ashy, to the raw, black and blue—nay, to tones dead and leaden as a cholera-collapse: and in like manner, well as he could draw when he chose, he occasionally indulged in

pinched and lanky forms extravagant as Fuseli's. His pictures, popular enough in Spain, scarcely can be called pleasing; 'the effects of his streaky lights,' as Mr. Stirling sharply says, 'are often sharper than Toledo sword-blades.' He left a pupil, *Luis Tristan* (1586-1640), who deserves mention as having, although a coarse and ordinary painter, modified the early style of Velazquez. Other and respectable Castilian painters flourished in Valladolid, Toledo, and Madrid, during this period, when exotic influences were slowly yielding to the rising native element; but they are too little national to be dwelt on in this brief sketch.

Quitting the sunburnt wind-blown table-lands of haughty, martial, and masculine Castile, we descend into the basking plains of superstitious and effeminate Valencia, which followed in the wake and fashions set by Italy. The general characteristics are luscious colour, in which violets and purples, the *moradas* of the local mulberry, prevail; the favourite subjects are taken from local legends, in which San Vicente Ferrer is the great figure. We have already spoken of Joanes, the founder of this school; second in point of time, and his superior in some respects, is another of the great unknown of Spanish artists, *Francisco Ribalta*, born at Castellon de la Plana, 1550 (ob. 1628). When a pupil he naturally and properly fell in love with his master's pretty daughter; ejected by the father as unworthy, the youth visited Italy, and at his return, after four years' study, went privately into the well-remembered painting-room, and there finished a half-completed picture with such power that the stern old man, on seeing it, exclaimed to the still blooming damsel, 'Whoever did this was fitter to marry you than that poor devil Ribalta!' The inevitable consequences were explanations, reconciliations, and hymeneals—and the happy bridegroom rose to eminence in his native province, where alone he is to be understood. His varied style was founded on the Bolognese eclectics, and particularly Ludovico Caracci and Domenichino. He at one time passed from their cheerful tones, learned drawing, and composition, into the glowing Venetianisms of Titian and the silvery satinesses in which Vandyk subsequently excelled: but when left to his own predilections he delighted in the solemn and mysterious subjects and style of the grandiose Sebastian del Piombo, whom he represents in Spanish art. His pictures of the Saviour on the 'path of sorrow,' the descent into Hades, and the awful appearances after the Resurrection, are of the most impressive and lofty character.

*Jusepe de Ribera* (Xativa, 1588-1656) went a mere lad to Italy, and thus obtained the name of *Lo Spagnuolo*—the little Spaniard; grinding poverty threw him into street life and low company, and this gave an early bias towards a misdirected selection  
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of nature, which, as in the case of Rembrandt, no subsequent better fortunes could ever eradicate. He rose to lead art in Naples, where he lived and died: a true Spaniard, he was greedy of gold and honours, self-opiniated, and puffed up with pride, a despot over his disciples, and intolerant and treacherous to rivals even unto their death. Ribera is often called the Carravaggio of Spain, from his imitation of the *chiaro oscuro* candlelight contrasts of that vulgar but powerful naturalist, who, the expounder of the popular reaction against the over-refined and ideal, dethroned the divine, and provided garbage to lusts sated in celestial beds. Ribera was a mannerist; seeing everything through a coarse discoloured medium, his very honeysmacked of bitterness; yet none can mistake his individuality of style; worthy pet of the Inquisition, he sacrificed to Moloch, and darkened the art-democracy of Carravaggio with a genuine Iberian tint of blood and pitch; his ecstatic martyrs and mystic monks, their disembowelments, and macerations, are too disagreeable for description. His pupil, *Luca Giordano*, the notorious *Luca fa presto*, the Lope de Vega of the pencil, inexhaustible in mediocrity, dealt by his fatal facility the last blow to the falling arts of Spain, which he filled with things vast in size and diminutive in thought. *Virtus post nummos* was his motto. 'Give me (said he) money in this world and glory in the next;' *gloria* in Spanish has the double signification of honour and paradise—as indeed *glory* has in the dialect of our own Methodists.

*Pedro Orrente* (Montealegre, 1560-1644) was the Spanish Bassano, whom he closely imitated in subject and style; fit painter for the *merino mesta*, or wandering sheep corporation, muttens were his models; the most sacred persons and incidents were degraded into accessories and foregrounds for cattle-shows—for such his so-called Elights into Egypt, Adorations of Shepherds, &c., really are. Although a mannerist, he coloured richly; but such pastoral pictures are tiresome as the then fashionable pastoral poetry. Ribalta, on hearing that Orrente was commissioned to paint a St. Sebastian, observed, 'Then you will have a fine bit of woollen.' The Espinosas, March's, and other obscure celebrities of Valencia have for us no particular interest. Espinosa is called by Cean Bermudez 'a second Domenichino;' if so, the distance must be very respectful, as he barely reached the excellence of mediocrity.

We now approach the school of Seville—fair capital of a favoured province, where the mind of man is no less fertile than the soil. As it was in Bætica that literature, when extinct at Rome, was revived by the Senecas and Lucan, so now it was in Andalusia, that painting, dwarfed in Italy down to Pietro da

Cortona and Carlo Maratti, was renewed by the giants Zurbarán, Cano, Velázquez, and Murillo. Andalusian art commenced about 1454 with *Juan Sanchez de Castro*, a painter of gothic and mediæval fresco. It was tinged in 1508, under *Alexo Fernandez*, with a Byzantine gorgeousness, in which colour mingled, as in an illuminated missal, with gilding; but art, when unable to give beauty and expression, is forced to rely on attractions intelligible to the vulgar; hence the jewels and crowns of real gold with which Madonna daubs are tricked out. Half a century later this glittering taste was sobered by the Flemings, *Francisco Frutet* and *Pedro de Campaña*, who settled and taught at Seville—until their dry rigidity yielded, as we have shown, to the Italian elegance of Luis de Vargas. Thus far everything was derivative; soon changes were effected by artists who studied at home, not abroad; in whom the native talent, now fully impregnated by a foreign life-engendering element, held out certain promise of a fruit of its own;—soon the cold colour of the Florentines, the hard outline of the Romans, the pale tones and stiffness of the North, gave way—Titian having pointed the path—before the actual realities of the toasted flesh of the South, as the classical antique draperies did before the folds of living monks and the cloaked costume of the people. Then it was that three pupils were formed in the school of *Luis Fernandez*, who in their turn became the teachers of men far more eminent.

The first of this trio, *Francisco de Herrera* (Seville, 1576-1656), was a strange compound; full of fire and fury as a man, his spirit passed into his canvas; bold, impetuous, and original, he dared to exercise his private judgment, guided by Nature alone, who, as Art progresses, becomes more and more the observed of all observers. Herrera taught his scholars to draw and colour at the same time, beginning with ordinary objects, meat, bread, vegetables, and kitchen utensils, whence the Spanish generic term *bodegones*. Seville has always adhered to that plan, and by this early habit of drawing from realities, much mechanical dexterity and mastery over materials were gained, together with a conscientiousness of truthful imitation and practical power of representing texture. Herrera, eager to arrive at ends, despised means—painting with the coarsest colours, using brushes of unusual length, almost working at the distance from which spectators would look: but he must be considered as the founder of the purely Spanish school, since the principles of his dashing method and handling are to be traced in all the productions of his pupil and superior, Velázquez. His own life was embittered by his vile temper; his scholars deserted him; his son plundered him and fled to Rome; his daughter retired to a nunnery;

nunnery; he himself, suspected of forgery, took refuge in a sanctuary, from whence he was delivered in 1624 by Philip IV., who desired him 'henceforward to use and not abuse his rare talent.' His son *Francisco*, generally called in Italy *Lo Spagnuolo degli pesci*, from the fish *bodegones* which he painted, is distinguished in Spain from his father *el viejo*, the old one, by the epithet *el mozo*, the young one; presumptuous, affected, and indistinct as a painter, he was transmogrified by Mr. Inglis into *Herrera hermoso*, the beautiful one—a pretty mistake as it stands, and an instance, as Sir Edmund says (p. 115), of the danger of taking down the information of a valet-de-place by the ear, and not checking it by books.

*Juan del Castillo* (Seville, 1584-1640), a co-pupil of *Herrera*, was a tolerable draftsman, but timid in conception, flat and feeble in colour. He had the rare honour of being the instructor of *Alonso Cano* and *Murillo*. Scarcely better as a painter was the third of the scholars of *Fernandez*, *Francisco Pacheco*\* (Seville, 1571-1654). The gentle *Velazquez*, unable to endure the brutalities of *Herrera*, selected *Pacheco* for his second master. He was a purist and pedant; a creature of rules and formalisms; the anticipation of an academical professor; coldly correct and classically dull in design; dry and starved in colour: most worthily appointed censor of art by the Inquisition. He was one of the many modern painters who have also reached mediocrity in verse: but his '*Arte de la Pintura*' (Sevilla, 1649), or code of sacro-pictorial law, is a very rare and curious document in the history of Spanish art and priestcraft. Another who sought and won the honours both of pen and pencil was *Pablo de Cespedes* (Cordova, 1538-1608). After studying in Italy, he obtained a prebend in his native town. He imitated the Florentine school, making elaborate cartoons, and expressing a certain grandeur of form in a cold and flat colouring. His Spanish renown for learning was prodigious: to our minds his poetry is small, and his prose mere school-boy erudition. He was sounder in his art theories than practice: thus, some drinking glasses in a Last Supper painted by him having engrossed attention, he rubbed them out, saying that 'accessories should not detract from the interest due to principals.' In portrait-painting, he held the goodness of the picture to be of more importance than the accuracy of the likeness—saying this was the only chance art had of being rescued from the garrets, to which third generations, then as now, were apt to consign their grandsires. Whether he was guided by this principle or not when he painted his own portrait, we cannot say—but one of them is still preserved at Petworth. *Vincencio*

\* On the most extraordinary antiquity of this name, see Q. R., No. cxxiii. p. 100.



*Carducho* came to Spain in 1585. A Florentine by birth, he adhered, and very respectably, to that school, both in design and colouring. In 1633 he published his 'Art Dialogues,' in which are some curious notices of our Charles I. when at Madrid. Another author-artist was *Antonio Palomino* (Bujalance, 1653-1726), feeble alike with pen and pencil. The anecdotes of this credulous uncritical Spanish Vasari are occasionally, however, very amusing.

About the same period flourished a far superior man, *Juan de las Roelas* (Seville, 1558-1625); a cavalier by birth, a scholar by education, a painter by choice, he is usually called *El Clerigo*, from being a canon of Olivares. He studied Correggio in Lombardy, and Giorgione at Venice; forming out of the two a style of his own, rich, soft, and glowing. By Spaniards he is compared to Tintoret, to whom he was at once different and superior. He painted nothing but sacred subjects on a large scale; and is only to be seen in Andalusia. Careful and correct in design, excellent in composition, his groupings and melting distances, his pearly tints, transparent greys, and warm fleshies, afforded models to Murillo. His masterpiece, the passing-hour of Saint Isidore, need fear no comparison with the nearly similar death-scene of St. Jerome by Domenichino. Roelas was the favoured painter of the Jesuits. His representations of those sleek and sly grimalkin followers of Loyola have never been equalled.

His pupil *Francisco Zurbaran* (Fuente de Cantos, 1598-1662) is classed by Cean with Carravaggio, but was of far nobler mind and touch. Feeling and painting like a gentleman, he possessed all the force of that Italian, but combined it with the decorum of the stately Spaniard. By others he has been compared to Paul Veronese; and, though he revelled in no civic banquetings of princely merchants, who prefer pageant to prayer, yet when brocade was to be painted Zurbaran threw more real stuff and substance into his trappings than was ever found in the flimsy wardrobes of the ornamental Venetian. His style was serious and sober as himself—Saint Bruno his chosen saint—macerated Carthusians his patrons and models. None ever painted like him their white fleecy robes, wan faces, and wasted frames. In execution he impasted lights and shadows in masses, without allowing refractions to cut up breadth. Occasionally this marked chiaroscuro borders on the harsh and black, and his falls of draperies seem somewhat hard—conveying the idea of having been studied from a dressed lay figure, rather than expressing 'the thousand-fold echo' of living palpitating form; but his simple compositions always tell, from his going directly to his subject. The student in style will remark a frequent sameness in his female faces, and

and their Andalusian cast doubtlessly referred to some beloved reality, whose sweet image, engraved on his heart, floated ever before his memory. The pinky tone, as if from feeding on roses, which may be observed on their cheeks, was the result of the then prevalent use of rouge. As an artist he was indefatigable. Spain has lost vast numbers of his paintings—but Waterloo restored to Seville his masterpiece, the apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas—to see which is worth a trip to the Guadalquivir. How often have the young eyes of Murillo grown on that assemblage of nobles and emperors glittering in all the Titianesque pomp of this world, and contrasted with the glories of the saints in heaven!

*Alonso Cano* (Granada, 1601-1667), architect, sculptor, and painter, was the son of a carver. Entered young as a pupil to the painter Castillo, his predilections tended to the pursuit of his father; from studying some statues in his early days at Seville, he imbibed a genuine feeling for the antique; and afterwards, like M. Angelo, when wearied with the brush, he refreshed himself with his chisel: *espíritu al leño, vida al lino*. Having wounded the painter Valdez in a duel, he fled in 1637 to Madrid, where in 1644 his wife was found murdered, his house robbed, and his confidential servant missing. Palomino asserts that Cano was the real criminal, and that he endured torture without confession: but for this story no tittle of evidence exists; nor would Philip IV., eight years afterwards, have conferred on a reputed murderer a stall at Granada, with this remark to the Chapter, who complained of the artist's want of education—'How do you know, had he been a learned man, that I should not have named him Archbishop of Toledo? Go to; I can make a canon at pleasure, but God alone can create a Cano.' Undoubtedly a degree of eccentricity incident to genius fell to Alonso's share: but however hasty, impulsive, and above common rules, he was full of kindness. His gains were given away in charity; and, when moneyless, drawings were substituted, which the poor sold to amateurs. Many yet exist known to have been made for such purposes—done with a neat pen, and tinted with liquorice. However liberal of his works to the necessitous, he knew well their value when treating with the rich. Thus when a stingy chancery lawyer haggled about the price of a rapidly finished St. Anthony, Cano smashed it to pieces (as Salvador Rosa did a picture before a paltry Prince of Rome), exclaiming, 'Understand that I have been fifty years learning to carve that little figure in twenty-five days.' Although well patronized and paid, yet he was so poor that his death-bed expenses were defrayed by the Chapter. His Spanish loathing of a Jew was such, that he refused when dying to confess to a curate who had attended some of these 'circumcised dogs;' and, another ruling  
passion

passion being also strong in death, he put aside a crucifix brought to his lips because badly carved. According to Cean, Cano drew like the Florentines and coloured like the Venetians: a critique more epigrammatic than accurate. His real characteristics as a painter were simplicity of composition, a melancholy pensive tenderness, and devotional sentiment. Having never quitted Spain, in him the native element welled up; he carried out the taste of the people, and, gifted with a power of assimilation (so closely allied to originality) of extracting honey from weeds, took subjects from popular prints, telling those who called him a plagiarist 'to go and do likewise, and as well, if they could.' This predaceous principle, practised largely on Spaniards by Mons. Le Sage, was long ago justified by the Spaniard Seneca—'Quidquid bene est dictum ab ullo meum est' (Ep. xvi.); or, in the words of Molière, another tolerable pilferer of the good things of Spain—'Le beau est mon bien; je le reprends où je le retrouve.'

Cano was a learned and correct draftsman, occasionally more statuesque than picturesque; he was most careful and delicate in his extremities; his colour is good, pure, and like Vandyke's; one of his favourite tints is ultramarine, glazed over with warmish white. As a sculptor he excelled chiefly in embodying the ecstatic reveries of mystic monks, the patient suffering of the resigned Saviour, the sweet soft meekness of the blessed Virgin, her full mild eyes, small mouth, lowly and thoughtful expression; nor did he ever permit any one but himself to colour these darling creations of his chisel. We cannot at present enter at any length on the curious and peculiar coloured sculptures of Spain; as to which see some remarks in Ford's 'Handbook' (i., 109, 1st edition). The great demand for this meretricious branch of art induced Spanish sculptors of the highest order to devote their talents exclusively to it; and they certainly arrived at the most surprising excellence in it:—but after all, coloured sculpture ends in disappointment; where mere surface resemblance is so complete, a wish for something more is suggested; life is wanting. A marble statue never deceives; and the true province of sculpture is imitation, not illusion: but this last was the object of the Spanish clergy, who knew and humoured the incapacity of their flocks to grapple with the abstract, and their preference of a painted doll or wax-work to a master-piece of Phidias. Their end was to increase the impression of reality, to gratify the Spanish craving for life-like idols—and it must be confessed that the effects are often most startling; the statues of monks seeming absolute petrifications—the figures of nuns, anatomical preparations.

Contemporary with Cano was he, who, take him for all in all, remains the most popular of Spanish painters. *Bartolomé Esteban Murillo*

*Murillo* was born at Seville, and baptized there January 1st, 1618; having early shown a bent for the arts, he became a pupil of *Castillo*, and soon felt that his feeble master could not give him what he wanted. Then it was that the progress made by his fellow-scholar *Pedro de Moya*, who returned from studying under *Vandyke*, fired the prepared train, and he departed in 1643 for Madrid, penniless, but supported by confidence in inborn conscious worth. He was kindly received by his fellow-townsmen *Velazquez*, and remained two years absorbed in the works of *Ribera* and *Titian*, until he had got them by heart, and steeped himself in their quintessence. Then, in 1645, he returned to Seville, having declined going to Italy, as *Velazquez* advised—and happily, we think; for thus his genuine nationality fruited free from foreign graft, and his original genius escaped the classicist pedantry and common-place conventions of the *Cortonas* and *Marattis*. Appearing as a new star in his native city, he rose there at once to eminence, and continued to lead art until April 3rd, 1682, when he died, in consequence of a fall from a scaffold, rich in fame, but poor in worldly goods: witness his very curious will now for the first time published by Mr. Stirling.

The three stages of this great artist's youth, manhood, and age exhibit three different manners. The first, extending from 1615 to about 1650, was based chiefly on *Ribera* and *Titian*, and is characterized by a forcible, defined, and almost hard outline, by the use of positive and occasionally dark colouring, and by the selection of serious legendary subjects—resulting from early patronage by the Franciscan monks, of whom he is as much the peculiar and unrivalled painter as *Roelas* was of the Jesuits, and *Zurbaran* of the Carthusians: this first manner is termed by the Spaniards his *frio*, or cold one. His second, which prevailed almost to 1670, is called the *calido*, or warm style: feeling his own power and guided by his cheerful mind, *Murillo*, like *Andrea del Sarto*, now abandoned all subservience to others; his compositions became less severe, his touch more light, his colours gayer, his tones more diaphanous, and his outlines more rounded, as by intervening air, without, however, any departure from correct and conscientious drawing. His third manner, *el vaporoso*, is so called from its vaporous works in melting mistiness, and continuity of glowing tints blended in magical harmony with the most delicate execution. It is by this, his last style, that he is chiefly known in England, where his street-life pictures of beggars and picaresque urchins are so familiar and popular, that he is almost identified with such subjects. They are comparatively unknown in the Peninsula, having been the first to be carried away; his larger and more serious

serious paintings could not be obtained, from being in mortmain or entailed; while these his relaxations and studies, although undervalued at home, were prized abroad, and especially by the nature-worshipping English, who were the first to appreciate their merits. Thus, eight years only after his death, Evelyn records the sale, at Whitehall, of 'the boys of Morillio the Spaniard' for the then enormous sum of 80 guineas. Times and prices are now bettered, and we have recently seen a gentleman come down with 3900 guineas for a Divine Shepherd, the original of which was sold by his forefathers for thirty pieces of silver. So rooted among us, however, are the predilections for a particular style of Murillo, that while poor copies in that line are 'saleable articles,' genuine and even splendid pictures in his other manners are often rejected as spurious, from not tallying with foregone conclusions. However, a practical eye can never be deceived in the writing of the man—the touch and drawing are sure to be read in his hands, feet, extremities and accessories. The best warranty and surest pedigree is the picture itself; if true, it will tell its own story—all the rest is leather and prunella.

The characteristics of Murillo, about which there can be no mistake, are soon stated; he was not only a naturalist, but biassed throughout by that spirit of localism and preference for his own particular province which forms the second nature of the true Spaniard. Andalusia, cheerful as its sun, and Seville, the city of Astarte and Figaro, are stamped on all his works; the hierarchy of heaven is anthropomorphised into a Bætican form; the type of his Virgin, lovely indeed, that Jews may buy and infidels adore, is the still existing maiden of Triana; his apostles and saints are her still existing parents; nor could any one glance at his master-pieces in the Seville convent of Capuchins without seeing in the Cicerone monk, where the artist looked for a model, and how true the copy. The unchanged originals of his pauper groups, full of fierce, eager, southern life, still swarm in like manner about every church-door on the Guadalquivir, and them we shun as much as we seek their portraits; his refining pencil has made them, as Cervantes did honest Sancho, company for duchesses. In a word, nature was his guide; all that the Creator made was good in his eyes, and he feasted on pulpy, throbbing, living realities, rather than the dry bones of the dead and gone; his mingling of ordinary humanity with the supernatural, the haughty with the humble, wealth with poverty, health with sickness, beauty with ugliness, heightened effect by contrast and fixed faith in spectators; the truth of every accessory—all, to the utter contempt of geographical and chronological proprieties, being local  
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in colour, form, and substance—confirmed the belief of legends and dogmas to which they were associated, and the masses chimed in with transcripts wherein they and their nature and daily life were faithfully mirrored. But the tastes of the people are carried out by the genius of Spain whenever it is genuine: thus her ballads, owing nothing to art or ‘concetti,’ but all to truthful nationality, breathe the loves, the camps of real soldier life, and come home to every Castilian heart; and thus Murillo appealed to that of the Andalusian. The tastes and capacities of those immediately about him were what he consulted, and to which he lowered his loftiest aspirations. His holy families are not glorified forms which compel us to bend the knee, but pleasing scenes of domestic life where the gambols of charming children delight affectionate parents; and it is to the dear sympathies which they awaken in all that they owe their enduring vitality and increasing fame. Conscious in what his real strength lay, Murillo neither aimed at nor attained the sublimity of M. Angelo nor the ideality of Raphael; his infant Christ is no meditative, prescient, infant God, but simply a sweet mortal child; nor is the Virgin Mother, albeit sole empress of Spanish heaven and earth, aught but a beauteous woman, and one material and palpable, even in her abstract Immaculate Conception, the absorbing mystery of Seville; yet none ever surpassed him in portraying the meek and gentle handmaid of the Lord, as, clad in robes of spotless white and azure, she ascends aloft in a golden atmosphere, surrounded by cherubs such as heaven is peopled with, and festooned by flowers such as grow in paradise, and all painted with brushes dipped in tints clear and bright as the rainbow. To his dramatic, engaging subjects Murillo brought a perfect mastery over materials, and a power of colouring, without which no painting can really stand. His fascinations and rivets—harmonious as the melody of a well-tuned orchestra, it was never surpassed in those delicate tones which express female beauty and infantine grace. Full of gentle gravity and the milk of human kindness, Murillo possessed more of the *morbidezza* of Correggio than most Spaniards, in whose compound pathos is a rare ingredient: yet he had never seen Correggio except through Roelas. But there is a mysterious international sympathy which constitutes the spirit and taste of every age; a coincidence of wants and expressions which passes, in spite of imperfect communications, from mind to mind like a subtle electricity; transmitted over alps and oceans no one knows how, the impulse extends in widening circles, radiating like light as from some central luminary. The fleshs of Murillo are said by Spaniards, sanguinary even in their metaphors,

phors, to be painted *con leche y sangre*, with milk and blood—we should have preferred *roses*—as none ever drew better those fairest productions of nature and fit offerings to the purest of virgins. He was fond of heightening tender tones by the contrast of brown veils, sunburnt and tawny men, and their toasted and bronzed hides; these he realised with a local brown, a *negro de hueso*, or colour prepared by himself from the burnt bones of the *olla*: and it is made to this day by the artists of Seville; nor was he afraid of white linen near his tender flesh, knowing that they would stand the perilous juxtaposition. For his drawings, which are very rare, he worked with the reed pen, tinting them with liquorice instead of bistre; in painting he used the finest materials, and especially ultramarines; his rich yellows and delicate peach-blossom pinks are peculiar, and often were introduced instead of whites, to give nearness. His shadows are rather lessened light and sobered colour than black incorporations; thrown by him, they seem real, mutable, accidental, and aerial, and as passing between the eye and object. His cast of draperies was purely Spanish; he excelled in portrait whenever he attempted it: but living far from courts, religious subjects were more in demand; and so too, an inhabitant of the city, not country, architecture took precedence with him of landscape; he revelled in no Titianesque lapis-lazuli skies, no heaven-gilding Lorraine sunsets; his pale and grey backgrounds served as accessories to aid the telling effect of his figures; but pure landscapes by him scarcely can be said to exist: those which are passed off as such are usually the works of Antolinez or Iriarte, who, he said, was fit to paint the scenery of heaven; for Murillo was too great for petty jealousies and could well afford to praise. He often repeated himself, and simply because, employed by the public, he rarely produced a picture without many wishing to have a duplicate. The enormous number of works, of which Mr. Stirling has given a curious and careful catalogue, were the fruits of a long and industrious life neither broken by travelling nor frittered away by the vanities of courts and ambition. He devoted himself with single-heartedness to nature, and she has rewarded her true disciple with immortality.

Chronologically speaking, Murillo should have been noticed after Velazquez, who has been reserved for the last, because the greatest of the painters of Spain, and, in some respects, of any country. *Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velazquez* was born at Seville, and baptized there June 6th, 1599. Placed early under Herrera he caught his bold manner, which he improved by a far higher touch and intention: he next became a pupil of Pacheco, whose daughter he married. Feeling that such a master could

do nothing for his art, and thrown on himself, Velazquez, during the five years of his Jacob-like servitude, turned to Nature for instruction, and procured a peasant lad for model, whom he drew in every shape, and thus mastered the human form—not indeed of the best-selected quality. In 1662, yearning for what he felt was in him, he visited Madrid, where he settled the year following, and at once became famous. His whole career, from its opening to its end, was one of well-deserved uninterrupted prosperity. He was distinguished throughout by the patronage and friendship of Philip II., who not only appointed him court painter, but placed him in office immediately about the royal person, then the most coveted honour in Spain. Velazquez twice visited Italy, in 1629 and 1648, remaining absent each time about two years. But the sight of Raphael and Michael Angelo wrought no change in his style, and he candidly confessed to Salvator Rosa that his sympathies were all with the Venetian colourists; nay, as if to show his independent nationality, and predetermined fixity of purpose, he painted in the Vatican itself some of his most naturalist pictures. He was too sure of his own peculiar power, to abandon substance to catch at the shadow of others' excellence. Again, when Rubens came to Madrid, in 1628, neither his bravura nor rich impasto effected any influence on Velazquez. The sinewy barb of Andalusia turned away from the flabby cart-mares of Flanders. Velazquez, having wasted hours precious to art in offices which any Polonius or Lord Fanny could have performed, eventually lost his life through them. In 1660, he was sent to the frontiers of France, to prepare the royal quarters at the ill-omened marriage of Maria Teresa with Louis XIV. Worn out with fatigue he returned, July 31st, to Madrid: to die there August 7th; his wife followed him a week afterwards, and rested in the same grave until the French disturbed their ashes.\*

Such is the unimportant biography of one whose name is immortal, and of whom all talk familiarly, however imperfectly acquainted with the range of his claims. It is at Madrid alone that he is to be surveyed in all his glory. Grievous is the error of those who suppose him only to be the portrait-painter of sallow mustachioed Spaniards in black cloaks. There is no branch of the art, except the marine, which this Proteus has not pursued, and he attained almost equal excellence in all. His portraits, however, baffle description and praise; they must be seen: and they cannot be seen without shaming the Cockneys who speak of portraiture

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\* Murillo fared no better: when Soult, the Verres of Andalusia, ruled at Seville, the churches in which Bartolomé was baptized and buried were destroyed, and his bones cast to the winds; his works were 'transported' to Paris in the wholesale, and those regorged in 1815 went back defiled by harpy cleaners.



as something quite unworthy of being classed with or compared to 'High Art.' He drew the minds of men: they live, breathe, and seem ready to walk out of the frames. The dead come forth conjured up; we behold what written history cannot give—their actual semblance in life; his power of painting circumambient air, his knowledge of-lineal and aerial perspective, the gradation of tones in light, shadow, and colour, give an absolute concavity to the flat surface of his canvas; we look into space, into a room, into the reflection of a mirror. The freshness, individuality, and identity of every person are quite startling. After a few days spent in the gallery of Madrid, we fancy that we have been acquainted with the royal family and court of that day—that we have lived with them. Velazquez was the Vandyck of Madrid. He caught the high-bred suggestive look of the hidalgo, his grave demeanour and severe costume, with an excellence equal to his Flemish rival—but he would not condescend to flatter even royalty—honesty was his policy. Courts could not make a courtier of his eye, which saw everything as it really was, and his hand, that obeyed his eye, gave the exact form and pressure. He rarely refined: he did not stoop to conciliate and woo either sitter or spectator. Even when the subject is disagreeable, we are forced to submit to the mastery displayed in the representation. But, in fact, however ordinary his subjects, he never was vulgar; he deals, if you will, in prose—but it is always a prose in which you recognize the nervous Thucydidean terseness.

His Infantes are often booby-faced, and his Infantas mealy-mouthed, for the royal originals were made, not by him, but by Nature's journeymen: still they are real beings, not conventional; they are flesh and blood, our fellow-creatures, and with them therefore we sympathise. Their costume, whether of the saloon or the chase, is equally true; and they wear their clothes with ease and fitness, not like the masquerade of a fancy shop stuck on a stiff lay-figure. Velazquez was inferior to Vandyck in representing female beauty, for he had not the Fleming's advantages: the Oriental jealousy of the Spaniard revolted at any female portraiture, and still more at any display of beauteous form: the royal ladies, almost the only exception, were unworthy models, while the use of rouge disfigured their faces, and the enormous petticoats masked their proportions. Velazquez was emphatically a man, and the painter of men. He was aware of his strength and weakness: his greatest works—*Las Lanzas*, *Los Bebedores*—have no women in them whatever; and in the *Hilanderas*, a group of females, he has turned aside the principal head in the background, leaving it, like Timanthes, to be supplied by the imagination of the spectator. He was moreover a painter only of the visible tangible

tangible beings on earth, not the mystical glorified spirits of heaven: he required to touch before he could believe—a fulcrum for his mighty lever: he was a man of strong genius but no enthusiast; Nature was his guide, truth his delight, man his model. No Virgin ever descended into his studio; no cherubs hovered around his palette: he did not work for priest or ecstatic anchorite, but for plumed kings and booted knights. We have therefore but little to say for his holy and mythological pictures—holy, like those of Carravaggio, in nothing but name: groups rather of low life, and that so truly painted, that truth for once is offensive. His Mars is a mere porter; his demigods, vulgar Galicians; his Virgin, a Maritornes, without the womanly tenderness of Murillo, the unspotted loveliness of Raphael, or the serenity, unruffled by earthly passions, of the antique. His pictures of this class are, however, very few, and therein is his marked difference from all other Spanish artists, who, painting for the church, comparatively neglected everything but the religious and legendary.

In things mortal and touching man, Velazquez was more than mortal: he is perfect throughout, whether painting high or low, rich or poor, young or old, human, animal, or natural objects. His dogs are equal to Snyders; his chargers to Rubens—they know their rider, prancing under knights, and ambling under ladies fair. When he descended from heroes, his beggars and urchins rivalled Murillo: while the waggish wassail of his drunkards shows how much less repulsive such subjects, if he had ever repeated them, would have been in his hands than in those of a Dutchman. Nor, if he had devoted himself to landscape, would Spain have wanted her Poussin or Wilson: for, as Wilkie\* truly says, his scenes are full of the 'very air we breathe'—local colour, freshness, and daylight, whether verdurous court-like avenues or wild rocky solitudes. Lastly, his historical pictures are pearls of great price; never were knights and soldiers so painted as in his Surrender of Breda.

His style was based on Herrera, Carravaggio, Ribera, and Stanzioni—an assimilation of all, not a servile imitation of any; while his conceptions were new, fresh, and entirely his own. His drawing was admirable, correct, and unconstrained; his execution, technical skill, and mastery over his materials complete; his colouring was clear and clean, and laid on at once with a single projection of mind; he seldom used mixed tints; he painted with long brushes, and often as coarsely as floor-cloth; but the effects

\* 'Although,' says Wilkie (*Life*, ii, 519), 'he lived *before* (') the time of Claude and Salvator Rosa.' Amateurs may well smile when artists are ignorant that these three great painters were contemporaries and friends. The landscapes which Velazquez purchased of Claude are still at Madrid, while his conversations with Salvator were printed in 1660 by Boschini, p. 36. *Carta del Navegar*.

when seen from the intended distance are magical, everything coming out into its proper place, form, and tone. Yet no man was ever more sparing of colour; he husbanded his whites, which, like Rubens, he thought poison except in lights, and even his yellows, which tell up sparkling like gold on his under-toned backgrounds: these, especially in his landscapes, were cool greys, skies, and misty mornings—nature seen with the intervention of air. He painted with a rapid, flowing, and certain brush, as by mere volition, and with that ease, the test of perfection, that seeming absence of art and effort, which made all imagine that they could do the same—until they tried, and despaired. The results obtained are so true to nature, that first beholders, as with Raphael at the Vatican, are sometimes disappointed that there is nothing more. He was above all tricks. There is no masking poverty of hand or mind under meretricious glitter; all is in sober, real, sterling simplicity. No painter was more *objective*. There is no showing off—no calling attention to the performer's dexterity: his mind was in his subject, into which he passed his whole soul. He clearly conceived his idea, and worked it rapidly out with directness of aim, unity, and compression of composition; he knew what he wanted and—which few do—when he had got it: then he left off, and never frittered away his breadth or emphasis by torturing details or superfluous finish to mere accessories. These were dashed in *con quattro botte*—but true, for he never put brush to canvas without an intention and meaning: his was the true philosophy of art—the selection of essentials—of all that first and last attracts and addresses itself to the eye, mind, and heart of spectators—whom he left to infer the secondary:—*Aquila non captat muscas*.

Velázquez and Murillo are the true representatives of the arts and nationalities of Spain; one portrays the haughty foredoomed court, the other the monacal Mariolatrous province: well might Wilkie assert that 'these two only will *do* in England'; to see them, and them alone, was the end of our 'Canny Dawvid's' pilgrimage to the Peninsula. Short-lived, alas, have the fine arts been there, and few the master minds who arrived at excellence, by paths separate indeed and impervious to mediocrity, but revealed to each by his own light within. Both were genuine Spaniards, and they differ more in degree than kind: if Velázquez be the Homer, Demosthenes, and Dante of the Spanish studio—Murillo is its Virgil, Cicero, and Tasso; the one, all simplicity, power, and action, carries everything before him by force of intellect, pith, and savour of manhood, and burning focus concentration; the other fascinates learned and unlearned alike, by persuasive feeling, gentleness, and attractive colour. Both formed epochs, and left models from which pedants cull rules and theories; but never again

again will the individual moulds of Velazquez and Murillo be reconstructed; and unimportant was their influence on native art, which, having ripened in them, hastened now to decay, the inevitable condition of all mortal things. Velazquez left no imitator; none even presumed to don his mantle; ruling during a career glorious as a southern sun, at his setting darkness came on at once—and brief was the twilight which lingered after Murillo's disappearance. *Francisco Meneses Osorio*, who painted in Seville from 1660 to 1675; *Alonso Miguel de Tobar* (La Higuera, 1678-1758), in their holy families, and *Pedro Nuñez de Villavicencio* (Seville, 1635-1700), in street-life groups, caught his last ray, and to them may be safely attributed the majority of inferior pictures which pass current, in and out of the Peninsula, as by Murillo:—‘undoubted and warranted originals.’ *Caveat emptor.*

Another cause contributed to the annihilation of good art in Spain. With her monarchy and nationality this, the exponent of both, sunk under the fatal Bourbon succession—strangled by its artificial conventionalism; then the full-bottomed wigs and Roman togas of the Rigauds put the *hidalgos* of Velazquez out of countenance, as the *petit-maitre* exquisites of Watteau did the beggars of Murillo. Nature in a homely garb was not admitted in fashionable society, and truth was overlaid by French tricks and lies; then arose the era of Royal Academies, which have uniformly proved (in Spain) to be ‘schools for servile mediocrity, hotbeds of cabal, and vehicles for idle parade;’ the members, reposing on their honours in the stagnation of monopoly, neglected their duty, the care of spreading knowledge and countenancing unfriended talent, to heap jobs and favours on their ‘guild,’ and show contempt to all excluded. No Velazquez ever drew, no Cervantes ever wrote in their pompous saloons; no gifted sons of nature were reared by these dry-nurses to vindicate the great mother when her work was really to be done. Charles III., encouraged by having disinterred ancient art at Pompeii, endeavoured, on coming to Madrid in 1761, to raise Spanish art from the dead. He chose as his resurrectionist ‘the painter philosopher, the great Mengs,’ as Cean (whose dates and facts are sounder than his canons or critiques) seriously terms this mediocre eclectic, this secondary formation after the granite; the system of Mengs could only teach Spaniards to recollect and translate, to look at nature through the eyes of other men, to the destruction of all individuality and originality; consequently the scholars have failed, and, like their master, whose reputation was prodigious while alive, are now among the things that were. Yet the evil of Mengs’s preaching

and practice survived in Spain to pioneer the way for David,\* fit painter of the Empire, who with blood-stained hand and brush swayed the fine arts of cowed Europe; his theatrical scenes, attitudinarian heroes, combined with a certain eclectic classicism, bewildered the Spaniards, who even in the presence of Velazquez bowed to this calf idol, in spite of his want of real colour, air, nature, and life; and his disciples out-Heroded their master, as is common in heresies. One of the worst of these byewords not beacons, is Citizen David's pupil *Jose Madrazo*, the present director of the Madrid Academy; his influence presides in their reception pictures and annual exhibitions; then and there indeed 'signals of art in distress are hoisted,' and acres of gilt gingerbread and tinsel teaboards displayed, with the self-satisfaction of undertakers putting up hatchments; the divinity that doth or did hedge royalty is so degraded in their hands, that Winterhalter's patent-leather and prunella-pump painting becomes 'high art' by comparison; justly indeed are Murillo and Velazquez cast aside as invalidated, for if the presiding worthies be right, these ancients must be daubers and blockheads: in a word, modern Spanish art, the child of corruption, has carried from its birth the germ of weakness; it forms a large item of objects, which a judicious traveller in the Peninsula will do well *not* to observe.

We greatly apprehend that the rich treasures of former art are daily disappearing and diminishing from the continued operations of subtraction and restoration. The formation of picture galleries commenced in Spain under the best auspices. Charles V. and Philip II. were the richest and mightiest of monarchs during the age of Raphael and Titian; Philip IV. influenced the Low Countries and Naples when Rubens and Ribera arose; and liberal patrons themselves, their courtiers were never wanting to offer pictures in the hopes of getting places. Philip IV. set the example to our Charles I., with whom began the extraction of paintings from the Peninsula, although, singularly enough, he purchased none of native production. Murillos were largely carried away when Philip V. and his foreign court resided at Seville, and vain ever since have been all legal prohibitions; the preventive authorities themselves being always ready, when skilfully treated, to manage the exportation; for gold-dust judiciously sprinkled produces instant ophthalmia with all Spanish officials. During the French invasion, church, convent, and palace were thinned without scruple; Murat pounced upon all Godoy's accumulations;

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\* Sir Edmund Head gives an able account of David (p. 328). In his volume, from some bibliopolic reasons, the Spaniards are linked with the French: we protest against these infandus nuptias,—as bad almost as the Montpensier match.

Soult collected Murillo and Zurbaran at Seville with a prudence and vigour, emulated by Sebastiani at Granada; the peace brought in purchasers who gleaned far and wide—and the coup-de-grace was given by Baron Taylor, agent of Louis-Philippe, who, coming with ready money at a moment of public and private distress, swept the market.

In Spain, where stable-doors are usually shut after steeds are stolen, measures for the preservation of objects of national art were not really adopted before 1844, some years after the suppression of convents. It is plain by returns made to the central commission from the principal towns of Spain, that malversation and plunder had taken time by the forelock; the best things had been made away with by the clergy, who, anticipating the coming sequestration, negotiated with knowing laymen—whether native or foreigner, Jew or Christian, did not signify. Then ensued the wanton destruction of popular ignorance and violence, and a few hours sealed the fate of works of ages of piety, learning, and good taste. Finally, when it was proposed to form local museums, 'no funds,' was the universal answer, and the wrecks of so much greatness were left to perish or be pilfered in detail. Here and there, by the praiseworthy exertions of individuals, a few brands rescued from the burning have been huddled together in some deserted and desecrated convent; from the plums having been previously picked out, rubbish necessarily predominates—which had lights and the unsuitness otherwise of the new quarters for artistic exhibition do not improve; moreover the hanging committees have so jumbled the sacred and profane, dislocated groups of statuary, confounded subjects and schools, that chaos is come again, and the original intention and effect gone. Everywhere, too, the paintings have been much tampered with, as unfortunately has happened to far finer things; an ungovernable rage for cleaning and repairing has passed, like the republican epidemic, from France to Spain, where, to apply to pictures what Charles Fox said of politics, 'Restoration is the worst of revolutions.' There is scarcely an uninjured Murillo at Madrid. On him the fatal experiment was first tried; ever since the havoc of effacing and repainting has so progressed, that there soon will not remain one untouched picture in a gallery once the finest and purest in the world, and over which Spanish neglect had hitherto thrown a protecting mantle; and the example of the capital is imitated in the provinces by bunglers, who cry war to the knife, and flay and scalp with true Iberian ferocity.

England, the refuge of the destitute, has proved a sanctuary to many an unsullied gem of Peninsular art, which she was among the first in Europe to do justice to, from sympathising with its

faithful representations of nature, and beholding in it the anticipation of her own style and school. Mr. Stirling places on record the great number and importance of Spanish pictures now in this kingdom—and great pains this must have cost him, for they are almost all scattered in private hands and country-houses; but such is the genius of our land, where the *laissez faire* principle leaves every thing to take care of itself. It might have been far otherwise. England, for a small outlay of gold, might honestly have possessed the cream of French spoliation in the Peninsula, gathered as it were on purpose for her, like the battle-won spolia opima of Egyptian antiquities. Thus in 1814, at the *Restoration* (an awkward word), the wary Sebastiani immediately proposed to sell to our Prince Regent, for the sum of 10,000 guineas, his choice gallery of seventy-three paintings, ‘collected’ in Spain; but his Royal Highness had spent his loose cash in feasting the allied sovereigns, and his ministers shook their Burleigh heads in the negative. Again, Soult, some commercial speculations having failed, opened a negotiation with the dealer Buchanan, for the sale, at a moderate price, of his entire stock—and matchless pictures they were, for he had had the first pick of unplundered Andalusia; but this wholesale scheme, although brought before the powers that were, went likewise off, and the ‘Grand Marshal of France,’ in consequence, has since been compelled to deal in the retail line. The portrait of Andrade, a chef-d’œuvre of Murillo, was tendered to the trustees of our National Gallery, by Sir John Brackenbury, ‘at whatever price they would name.’ They made no sign, so Louis-Philippe snapped up this real ornament of the Louvre for 1000*l.*; he indeed reaped much from our sins of omission;—to crown all, the fine Spanish pictures and Murillo drawings bequeathed to him by Mr. Standish, in pique that his offer of them to our Government was rejected, from some hint that he expected a baronetcy once in his ancient family to be restored in return; a single one of his sketches by Murillo being worth a wilderness of such titles, at a moment when Whig peers were being made by the score. One more Hispano-artistico anecdote: about ten years ago it was suggested to our envoy by the Spanish ministers, that four of the grandest pictures in the Madrid gallery might be had for a consideration; for once, the notion was favourably received by our Cabinet, provided Parliament would vote the money; at this idea of publicity, Castilian point of honour took umbrage, and a flaming contradiction of the whole negotiation appeared by ‘authority’ in the official papers—accompanied however by a hint to our envoy, that ‘the transaction was still open, if the cash were sent, and the thing kept private.’ The

originals

originals would then have been removed and copies substituted for them; but we readily admit that it would never have done for an English Government to have any underhand dealings of this kind, however familiar to the keepers of Spanish galleries.

Meanwhile, our young students must be contented with the few specimens in the National Collection and at Dulwich. They may thus acquire some acquaintance with some two or three Spanish masters—it would be idle to say more. For all the rest, we can point out no resource but engravings—and even these are few—at least we may safely say so as to all but Mugillo, who himself has received very inadequate attention from the burin. There are no fine prints of Spain's noblest works; to the non-existence of these heralds of painting, which multiply masterpieces, and waft far and wide the lines of grace, much of the ignorance of Europe on Peninsular painters must be attributed; while Raphael and Hogarth are universal, Roelas and Zurbaran are unknown. The graver was too difficult for Spaniards, who bungle whenever nicety of workmanship is requisite. Flemings and foreigners were usually employed: Mr. Stirling is among the first to develop this subject, which has all but escaped the Bartsches of Germany and the Ottleys of England. The native copper-scratchers, for they scarcely can be called engravers, were hired by the Church to supply the people with coarse prints of Madonnas and miracle-working monks; and these hung up in bed-rooms, although caricatures of art, answered admirably as *Dii Cubiculares* in alluring Morpheus and expelling nightmare;—but for all higher purposes Spanish engravers ever have been unfit, and at this day the publishers of the Madrid Museum are compelled to import lithographers from Paris, who, after all, are about as competent to reproduce Velazquez as to translate Shakespeare or pass Niagara through a jelly-bag.

ART. II.—I. *Elements of Chemistry*. By the late Edward Turner, M.D. F.R.S. Eighth Edition. Edited by Baron Liebig and Professor Gregory. London. 1847.

2. *Elements of Chemistry*. By Thomas Graham, F.R.S.L. and E. Second Edition. Part I. London. 1847.

IN giving the titles of these two systematic works on Chemistry, we must not be understood to intend an analysis of their contents, or even a critical comparison of their merits. Chemical science has become far too vast and complex a subject to be dealt with by any summary in the pages of a Review. It stands apart from and beyond the margin of critical literature. Yet, as we have



have been accustomed, from time to time, to place before our readers those works which more eminently illustrate the progress and revolutions of physical knowledge, we would now use the volumes before us as the foundation of a brief sketch of some of the great changes which Chemistry has undergone within the last fifty years, and notably within the latter half of this period ; such summary coming in extension of the views we have given in former articles of the researches of Liebig, the most recent of these great advancements in chemical knowledge.

Even this limited outline is not without its difficulties, seeing the magnitude and variety of the changes in question, and their intimate and increasing relation to the state and progress collaterally of the other physical sciences. They are revolutions depending not solely on the accession of new facts, but involving also new principles and methods of research—a larger scope and more profound objects of inquiry, and modes of experiment infinitely more subtle and exact wherewith to attain them—and with all this, an altered nomenclature and new symbolical language, needful to meet the exigencies thus created. A chemist of forty years ago, well versed in the subject as it then stood, would be utterly lost in the labyrinth of new names, new facts, and new combinations which appear in the works before us. This is true, even as to the elementary parts of the subject, and what is called Inorganic Chemistry: yet more true as regards the wide domain of Organic Chemistry, a land newly opened, rich in products, and cultivated with such zeal and success, that any one stationary in knowledge, even for half the time we have named, would enter it as a stranger to all he saw around. We might give passages without number, taken almost at random from the descriptive parts of organic chemistry, which would come upon the eye of a reader of the old chemical school with the same obscurity as a page of ‘Saunders on Uses’ or ‘Sugden on Powers’ on the mind of the young student of law first opening these mystical volumes.

In attestation of the same fact we find that the chemical writings of greatest reputation thirty years ago—the original works of Fourcroy, Berthollet, Thomson, Murray, Henry, &c.—are now utterly out of date and useless. Even those which replace them to the modern student have their value mainly determined by the lateness of the edition ; and follow with difficulty the rapid and incessant progress of research, and the changes in doctrine, as well as data, which they have to record.

The present condition of Chemistry wears a still more marvellous aspect, if we regard it in relation to all ancient knowledge on the subject. The physical philosophers of antiquity hardly reached

reached its borders, and never fairly crossed the threshold of the science, or recognised the great principle of inquiry which it involves. Experiment in their hands was accidental and insulated, seldom adopted as a deliberate means of extending knowledge or attaining truth. Various explanations, more or less plausible, have been offered of this singular fact; chiefly founded on the methods of philosophy in Greece, and the peculiarities of mental constitution in this remarkable race. Such explanations do but give another form to the difficulty. We still must wonder how a people so acute in their intelligence, and so prone to reason and observe in certain points of philosophy, should have failed, save in a few eminent instances, to discover the great principle and method of experimental inquiry. The fact remains, among others of like kind, a curious and perplexing anomaly in the history of man.

If the acute perception, the *vous κυκλος* of Greece, failed of apprehending the principle of experiment, as applied to the objects which form the science of Chemistry, we have little reason to look for such discovery among the Romans, or during the ages following the disruption of their empire. We do not attach the value some have done to the studies of the Arabian chemists, or the partial and ill-directed pursuits of the alchemists; who, though bequeathing a certain number of terms to us, can scarcely be said to have used experiment as a deliberate principle of research, and left little that has been finally incorporated into the chemistry of the present age. Had our countryman Roger Bacon lived at a more propitious period, seeing his spirit and methods of inquiry, we may believe that he would have held high rank among the discoverers in the science. It would be idle to repeat what has been so often said of his great successor in the lapse of time, Lord Bacon—the first who fully indicated experiment and exact observation as the only road to physical truth, and gave a definite classification of its objects, eminently tending to the right order and direction of pursuit. It is an error, however, to imagine that the path disclosed by this extraordinary man was at once recognised and followed by others. As respects chemistry in particular, we find that it assumed its true and complete character, as an experimental science, at a later period, and from causes which would have existed had Bacon's writings never appeared. We refer to them rather as a marvellous anticipation of the methods of experimental inquiry, than as having given origin to those great results of modern discovery which are now multiplying around us.

This slight allusion to what has been called the early history of Chemistry will show that we do not attach other value to it than

as a record of the insulated progress of man in various arts, useful or useless, which have chemical processes for their basis. The workers in metals from Tubal Cain downwards, and those engaged in the cookery of human food in every age and country, have dealt with chemical powers and instruments, though not recognised as such. But it would be as reasonable to call the bee a philosophical chemist, as so to designate those who have simply invented means to satisfy the needs or minister to the luxury of man. Chemistry illustrates these familiar phenomena, but does not depend on them. Nor can it be affirmed that any of the greater discoveries which mark its progress have had their origin in the wants of human society, though often directed and pressed forwards by this powerful incentive.

Without affecting exactitude, there can be little error in stating that since a century only Chemistry has assumed its true character as a science, and that, with few exceptions, all the important parts of its early history are included within this period. The eminent names of Boyle, Hooke, Mayow, Stahl, and Hales do indeed precede it; but not until the period between 1750 and 1790—a time illustrated by the greater names of Black, Cavendish, Watt, Priestley, Bergman, Scheele, and Lavoisier; and by the discoveries of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbonic-acid gas; of latent heat, elective affinity, the composition of water and atmospheric air, and the true nature of oxides and acids—can we consider Chemistry to have acquired the foundation upon which it now rests. Allied to the other experimental sciences by similar methods of inquiry, yet vaster and more various in its objects, it has undergone greater changes and expansion than any besides; absorbing into itself some of these collateral branches; and assuming such close relation to others as to indicate a future time when they also will merge in a more general system of physical truths—the object and end of all scientific inquiry. Whatever be the way of approaching such amalgamation, we may affirm that Chemistry must form a principal basis of it; as will be better seen when we proceed further to define the science, and to point out some of the more remarkable changes it has undergone in approaching our own times.

First, however, we must say a few words respecting the two works before us, as being those in England which best expound the actual state of chemical knowledge. The first in order of time is that of Dr. Turner, now in its eighth edition, edited conjointly by Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh and Professor Liebig, in consequence of the premature death of the excellent chemist whose name it bears. Dr. Turner was lost to science when young in years; but not before he had established a merited reputation  
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and won the affections of all who knew him in private life. He had studied Chemistry in the best schools at home and abroad, and brought to it an ability and zeal capable of attaining the highest results. The merit of his work is attested by Liebig's name in association with it; a conjunction which was planned before his death. The rapid progress of the science has rendered needful various changes in the two editions which have since appeared: though, in the history of the imponderable elements and of inorganic chemistry, not such in amount as to affect the character which Dr. Turner himself stamped on this part of the work. The second part, devoted to organic chemistry and collaborated by Liebig, has only lately appeared. It embodies the vast materials, collected from his labours and those of other chemists, in a methodized form, and ranks probably as the most complete existing treatise on this subject.

The 'Elements of Chemistry' of Dr. Graham is the work of an able and learned chemist—somewhat deficient perhaps in the preliminary views which are needful to a young student standing on the threshold of a new and difficult science; but showing that practical command of his subject which the author possesses, and which he has well testified in his researches on the constitution of Salts. A second edition is coming out in parts; but hitherto so tardily as to justify the fear of inequality in the several portions of a work, the subjects of which are in a state of such incessant progress and transition.

We have already named it as our object to present a short outline of the more important changes and steps of progress which mark the recent history of Chemistry; not limiting ourselves to strict chronological order; but seeking what may best illustrate the principles and present doctrines of the science, and those remarkable methods of research by which it has attained its actual condition. In doing this, we shall avoid, as far as possible, all technicalities of language, and take such illustrations only as may be most easily understood. A few general remarks, however, are necessary in preface to those more particular points on which we shall have afterwards to dwell.

In a recent article of this Review, we mentioned what we find cause to consider the two most striking characteristics of modern physical science, viz. the more profound nature of the objects, principles, and relations with which it now familiarly deals, and the wider generalizations and knowledge of causes thence obtained; and 2ndly, the greater refinement and exactness, both of observation and experiment, with which these objects are practically pursued. Chemistry affords some of the most remarkable instances

instances we could select ; and the more closely we examine its present state, and growing connexion with other branches of physical science, the more striking will those illustrations appear. In truth, it can hardly be defined or described so as not to include its great purposes and powers ; and, together with these, that exactness of methods upon which its progress mainly depends.

All great truths, whether of morals or physics, are marked by their simplicity. Although not an absolute test, since false principles or paradox often seek shelter under the same forms, yet we may affirm that, in proportion as truths become more complete and comprehensive, so are the expressions appropriate to them more simple and determinate. And this is especially the case in regard to physical knowledge. Though facts have wonderfully multiplied, so as to encumber the mind of the student, and seemingly to dis sever the material world into endless fractional parts, yet has the discovery of new relations and connexions tended unceasingly to reduce these facts under more general laws, and to give to science a unity and simplicity of a higher kind at every great step in its progress. To what future point this process of integration may proceed, we hardly venture to surmise. Yet without adopting the bold but mystical language of D'Alembert, 'L'univers, pour qui saurait l'embrasser d'un seul point de vue, ne serait qu'un fait unique, et une grande vérité,' we may at least express our belief that we stand but on the margin of what science will hereafter attain, in the union and simplification of all the great laws of the natural world.

We have already said that Chemistry, from its nature and objects, must of necessity become a principal basis of such amalgamation ; and this brings us at once to the description of these objects—a definition which, simple as we may seek to render it, must yet be made to include actions infinite in number and variety—different throughout all forms of matter—ministering directly or indirectly to all the phenomena of the natural world, and essential to the being and maintenance of every form of animal and vegetable life. '*Quod vides totum, et quod non vides totum.*' Chemistry can only be described by a generalization which will embrace all these conditions within itself.

Matter is presented to us in the universe at large, as masses acting upon each other in obedience to the law of gravitation ; while on the globe we inhabit it appears under innumerable forms, simple or compound—solid, liquid, or gaseous—all subject to the same great law, and to the further physical conditions of cohesion and repulsion, acting on like particles, and producing many of what are called its secondary properties. But beyond these conditions, and distinct from them to our present knowledge,

ledge, comes in that mighty force which we term Chemical Affinity—the power of attraction at insensible distances, uniting dissimilar particles of matter, and by its various intensity and manner of action, producing the vast assemblage of material phenomena, which we now class under a common name. Chemistry is the science which investigates this affinity, positive or relative, of the molecules of material substances—the laws which regulate their combination and separation—and the results of the actions and changes thus produced. It takes cognizance of the great indispensable elements of heat, light, and electricity, inasmuch as they are found to have most important influence on all such actions and affinities; and it may hereafter, as we have said, lead us to physical relations and laws of a higher class, in which these elements and the integral properties of matter are all concerned. The science, however, is essentially one of experiment; and its eminent progress of late years is mainly due to the closer definition of its objects, and to the enlarged methods and improved instruments with which these are pursued.

In describing it as the office of Chemistry to determine the mutual affinities of the *atoms* of bodies, and the results thence derived, we use the term in a sense justified by our actual knowledge. Without discussing the doctrine of atoms, as propounded either in ancient or modern philosophy, we have sufficient reason to conclude—and especially since the discovery of the law of definite proportions—that there are elementary parts or molecules of all matter—indivisible (*μεγεθη αδιαίρετα*)—determinate in magnitude and form, though of minuteness defying all comprehension—which affect each other under this molecular condition, and by such mutual action give origin to the incalculable variety of natural objects in the world around us, and to the changes they are incessantly undergoing. It may be the fortune of future science to carry discovery further into these elementary differences of form, or other less obvious qualities determining the mutual relations of the molecules of matter. For our present purpose it is enough to draw attention explicitly to this manner of considering the subject as the basis of all chemical inquiry.

The procedure of Chemistry, as an experimental science, may be resolved exclusively into the two great methods of analysis and synthesis; the separation of parts before united, or the union of parts before separate. No chemical operation can occur in which one or other of these changes is not concerned; and the progress and attainments of the science are best estimated by the facility and exactness with which such changes are effected. Of these two methods, both depending on the relative affinities of different kinds of matter, analysis has a natural precedence. Even  
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in the processes of nature the separation of compounds is more obvious than the reunion of parts. The changes and combinations upon which organic existence depends—forming the chemistry of animal and vegetable life—are slow and occult processes compared with those which dis sever such combinations, and restore the parts to more elementary state. And when the subject assumed the character of an experimental science, the chemist found himself surrounded by innumerable compound bodies, readily decomposed, and suggesting that more formal analysis which might collect the parts, determine their nature, and fix the proportions in which they severally exist.

The method of synthesis comes in natural sequence to this; affording a test of the truth of analytical results, and satisfying a rational curiosity as to the effects of new combinations among the innumerable forms of matter around us. In both these operations, however, and as a first principle of all chemistry, it is to be kept in mind that *no matter is either created or lost*, whatever the changes or combinations taking place. In clearly fixing this principle, which was imperfectly apprehended before, Lavoisier rendered a service to science, better deserving of record than many discoveries which have higher fame with the world.\*

It may seem that we are dwelling too long on these elementary points; but in seeking to give a summary of the changes in modern chemistry, such preliminary views are essential to a comprehension of the subject. The changes in question include, not discoveries of fact only, but alterations and extensions of the *methods* of inquiry, sufficient to give a new aspect to the science, even apart from the great results to which they have led. This invention of new means and instruments of research is, in truth, a topic of the deepest interest to man. The sudden enlargement of power thus obtained, and the faculty of penetrating into parts of nature before hidden or obscure, place such discoveries among the highest class of human attainments, and render them epochs in the history of human knowledge. In Chemistry, especially, the reciprocal dependance and felicitous union of new facts and new methods may be said to give a geometrical power to the science; as in that eminent discovery which taught the universality of definite proportions in chemical combination; and by establishing this fact, placed instruments in our hands, wholly new as to their manner of operation, and far more powerful than any before possessed. Reverting afterwards to this subject, we must notice

\* Plutarch ascribes to Empedocles a passage which is well descriptive of this great principle of Chemistry:—

ῥυσις οὐδενος ἐστὶν ἐκαστου,  
 ἅλλα μόνον μίξις τε διαλλαξίς τε μίγνεντων.

meanwhile some of these methods, which though not actually new, yet so greatly transcend all anterior use, that they virtually become so, and may rank among the recent revolutions of the science.

The first of these, already alluded to, is the wonderful increase of exactness in every part of chemical inquiry. Those only who are conversant with its history can form an adequate idea of the amount of this change, or of the influence it has had on the progress of the science. Pervading every part of the subject, from the simple observation of external physical appearances, to the most complex and subtle forms of experiment in the analysis and synthesis of organic bodies, its value is more especially felt in these later and higher operations. The perfection of analysis, in its compound relation to qualities and quantities, is in truth the cardinal point of all chemistry. We might give curious contrasted examples of the grossness of this operation fifty years ago, and the exactness of results it has attained at the present day. Whether it were the examination of a mineral water, or a metallic ore, or an animal or vegetable product, the older analysis seldom yielded half the ingredients which are now derived by the chemist from the same material of experiment—the greater number lying hid under the imperfection of the means used to separate them. It is true that those indicated were generally the most important, and present in largest quantity. But it often happened that the ingredients, thus latent, and yielded only to more perfect experiment, were really essential elements in the compound; modifying its physical qualities, determining its relation to other chemical agents, or providing for its uses in the economy of nature. Thus what was recorded as *loss* or undefined result—the mere residual dross of ancient analysis—has become rich and prolific to modern research; affording those rarer products, which, while they seem to encumber our chemical tables by their number and diversity, do in effect present so many fresh objects of inquiry, and give promise of the disclosure of relations hitherto unknown.

To refer to particular instances of this great change might detract from what we wish to convey of its universality. A single illustration may be taken from the history of Iodine and Bromine—substances discovered some thirty years ago in the waters of the sea, and in certain sea plants—remarkable as new and elementary forms of matter to our present knowledge—and possessing properties so peculiar, as to make it certain that they fulfil definite, though unknown, purposes in the economy of the globe. The exceedingly minute proportion in which they are found in no-wise disproves this. Chemical energy is only partially dependent  
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on quantity; but were the latter alone concerned, it would be enough to estimate the enormous mass of ocean waters of which they form a part, to convince us that they cannot be inert or indeterminate in the objects of creation. To the new substances, so discovered, the refinements of modern chemistry have been incessantly directed. By delicate and beautiful experiments they have been detected in numerous mineral waters and brine springs, and even in certain metallic ores—they have been brought into close relation of analogy with other great chemical agents, as oxygen and chlorine, and into artificial combinations of endless variety—and these combinations have already yielded new remedies to the physician, new agents in experimental research, and the most refined methods wherewith to determine the chemical actions of light, and to give them their happiest application in photography. In the progress of these researches tests have been attained so delicate, that iodine may be detected in a liquid containing much less than its millionth part by weight; the familiar substance of starch affording this subtle test, by the chemical relation it bears to the element in question.

Without protracting this illustration by further details, we may briefly state that the same exactness and completeness of inquiry has been carried into every part of Chemistry. Chance, vague hypothesis, and crude results, are altogether excluded from the science. Weight and proportions, numerically expressed, form the basis and test of experiment; and exact cognizance must be had of every quantity gained, or lost, by the substance operated upon. No conclusions are deemed perfectly valid unless so substantiated. This higher principle of research—mainly due in its origin to the genius of Lavoisier, but extended and fortified by later discoverers—has given such perfection to chemical theory as applied to analysis, that the chemist can often foretel results, even before entering his laboratory; and experiment comes rather as fixing and completing the deductions from general laws, than as disclosing facts previously unknown.

The relative affinities of the particles of bodies give foundation to this refined analysis, as they did to the earliest and rudest operations of Chemistry. The progress described has been gradual, but accelerated of late by the facilities which every increase of knowledge affords to its further advancement. In our own country Dr. Wollaston contributed, perhaps, more than any other to the cultivation of this exactness of experiment. If we name Berzelius, Mitzcherlich, Liebig, and Dumas, in the same light abroad, it is with some hesitation, lest we should seem to disparage the other great Continental chemists, whose labours have tended to this perfection of the science they profess.

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While referring to the increased exactness of all chemical knowledge, we must give the statement a more particular application to that part of it which relates to the influence of *small quantities* in composition. We have already adverted to the frequent case of an ingredient existing in very minute proportion, yet conveying important, or even essential, chemical properties to the compound of which it forms a part;—or what is an analogous case, to the effect of a slight change in the proportions of one ingredient in altering the qualities of the whole. Modern chemistry is replete with instances of such facts; the proper estimate of which, though only of late duly made, is indispensable to the perfection of the science. It has belonged to the refinements of recent analysis to detect, and assign their proper value, to these more minute ingredients—not merely discovering many new and rare elements, but also indicating purposes which they fulfil in the economy of nature, even by virtue of their diffusion and minuteness. In organic chemistry, whether of animal or vegetable life, we find this admirably exemplified; and to the consummate skill with which such small quantities have been estimated, we owe some of the most striking discoveries in physiology, agriculture, and the arts of life.

We have cause, indeed, to presume, that whenever a particular element is generally present in a compound, and in definite proportion to the other ingredients, such element is essential to its nature, however small the proportion may be. This principle has been continually extended and confirmed as chemical knowledge advanced; and becomes now the expression of phenomena, which may well astonish those not familiar with the subject. It is exemplified by the carbonic acid present in the atmosphere, in a proportion not exceeding  $\frac{1}{1000}$  part of its weight—and presumably also by the iodine and bromine in the waters of the sea, though here the proportion is yet infinitely smaller. The iron existing in a portion of the blood—the phosphorus found in the medullary substance of the brain and nerves—the fluoric acid in bones—the sulphur in albumen, fibrin, and certain other animal matters—and the silica, sulphur, phosphorus, and the metallic oxides or alkalis, found in different vegetable substances—are a few among the many examples which organic chemistry furnishes of the influence of minute quantities in combination. They are relations of deep interest to us, as wonderful and exquisite provisions of Providence for the purposes of life, and for the mutual dependance of the several parts of creation. What they present in natural combinations has its counterpart in the artificial chemical union of different substances, where we still find under various forms this marvellous influence of small quantities, pervading and changing the sensible properties

properties of large masses or volumes of matter. We can destroy the ductility of gold by exposing it, when melted, to the mere fumes of antimony. We can variously change the physical properties of other metals by an amount of alloy much less than a thousandth part their own weight. We can detect by a little starch the presence of iodine in a solution of which it forms less than the millionth part. And there are cases where a proportion of calcareous matter, equally small, suffices to alter the sensible properties of the substance through which it is diffused.

So numerous, however, are the instances of this nature in Chemistry, that the citation of a few rather impairs than enlarges the conception of the great principle they involve. They form, in truth, part of that great attainment of modern science, the discovery of conditions and laws of molecular change in the interior of bodies—of those subtle *inter-penetrations* of matter under the influence of light, heat, electricity, or chemical force, and often independently of the outer forms or densities of the bodies acted upon—the study of which brings us among the more occult relations of the material world, and promises access to physical truths yet higher than those hitherto attained.

Some of the prospects of future science, in relation to this subject, lie on a great scale before us. The Ocean, that vast receptacle of the *detritus* of all the earth, must contain some traces of whatever is soluble among the materials so received. Though unable at present to define more than the general provision thus made for the deposition of future strata or mineral masses, and for the maintenance of that profuse variety of animal and vegetable life which fills the sea, we have every reason to suppose that the conditions of matter here existing will hereafter become better known to us, and illustrate other phenomena still obscure. The double atmosphere of air, and watery vapour which envelopes the globe—each composed of different gases—contains in admixture other known chemical agents; and probably minute quantities of numerous bodies hitherto undetected, derived by vaporization from the earth below, or generated by electricity and chemical changes within the atmosphere itself. We know the entire dependance of all life and organic action on certain elements of this wonderful compound, in which we have our existence almost without consciousness of its presence. But besides the great chemical relations, thus essential to life on the earth, there are doubtless many effects, important in the economy of nature, depending on these small quantities of other ingredients in the atmosphere, and even deriving their efficiency from this rare and diffused state. We may infer the existence of chemical actions tending to obviate or remove miasmata and noxious exhalations, which,

which, if by chance retained or concentrated, become the source of disease and death. What we know of the rarity of diffusion of carbonic acid and ammonia in the atmosphere, as best corresponding with the relation they hold to animal and vegetable life, is probably true as to other agents, still more obscurely present, yet ministering to some of the innumerable organic or inorganic products with which creation is replenished.

In estimating the influence of these small quantities in composition, modern chemists, and particularly Liebig and Dumas, have pursued a method, simple in principle and partially adopted before, but in a manner far below the perfection of present use. This consists in calculating, through the proportion of parts, the absolute or approximate quantities of matters thus minutely diffused—expressing them in weights or volumes—and thence deriving a class of results inaccessible by other modes of research. The positive amount of carbon present in the atmosphere, for example, is a question of much interest to the theory of vegetation, and other phenomena of the earth's surface. This question is solved, first by estimating—which can be done exactly—the total weight of the atmosphere round the globe; next, by taking the fractional proportion which carbonic acid forms of this amount; and, finally, by deducting the further proportion of 27 per cent., which oxygen bears in the composition of carbonic acid, leaving, as a gross result, 3085 billions of pounds of the element of carbon existing under this condition—a quantity which Liebig states, but on less assured grounds, to exceed the weight of all the plants and strata of coal existing on the earth. The same method has been largely and curiously applied to the ingredients of animal and vegetable bodies, and to the parts of inorganic nature on which they respectively depend; and the results have proved singularly interesting in the natural relations thus disclosed, and of great practical utility in agriculture and other arts of life.

A further circumstance, characteristic of modern Chemistry, is the great extension of what may fitly be called the *creative part* of the science, forming one of the most eminent attainments of physical inquiry. The refinements of analysis, already noticed, are even less remarkable as proofs of advancing knowledge, than are the multitudinous combinations which the chemist obtains from the materials submitted to his hands. Creations, in one sense, we may venture to call them; since a large proportion of the compounds, thus artificially formed, have no actual prototypes, as far as we know, in the world that surrounds us—do not exist elsewhere than in the laboratory or manufacture, where a happy accident or happier skill has produced them. That supreme

dispensation of the Almighty, of which the term Nature ought to serve but as an humble exponent, has placed us amidst matter in different forms—organized by life, or lifeless and inorganic—but equally committed to us to mould into new combinations, serving to our uses, or satisfying our curiosity. Human invention, accident, or necessity, has from the earliest time created these combinations—of greater complexity and more refined use, as science and civilization advanced. The chemist of our own day, though not without strong practical motive, at a time when all worldly interests are in a state of such intense activity, has carried the labours and results of pure science far beyond any calculation of this nature. Commanding new resources of experiment, and possessed of the true laws of chemical combination, he pursues the various forms of matter, whether simple or compound, throughout all their relations and affinities; obtaining in his progress, and as a result of these affinities, numerous substances, wholly unknown before, yet possessing qualities as singular and strongly marked as those which nature herself proffers to our inquiry.

Examples of these remarkable products of synthetical chemistry might be endlessly multiplied. In mentioning iodine and bromine we noticed the numerous and complex combinations they have been made to assume;—all of great interest from the relation of these two bodies to other undecomposed elements around us. When speaking of Organic Chemistry we shall have to notice the production artificially of certain organic compounds, not to be distinguished from their prototypes in nature, and forming in this respect a discovery which may well rank among the most eminent in physical science. Of other instances we shall take only a few, for mere illustration. Every new metal discovered—and the activity of modern research has more than trebled the number known to antiquity—has been followed through a long series of combinations with other chemical elements, all determined by the law of definite proportions, yet, while obedient to this great common law, yielding numerous products altogether new to us and to the natural world. Some of these are of eminent utility to man; others possess properties of strange and fearful kind—such as those explosive metallic and gaseous compounds, of which the parts seem to be compelled into an unstable union, prone at any instant to sudden and violent dissolution. Gunpowder—that extraordinary substitute of chemical force for manual or mechanical means of destruction—cannot historically be called an invention of Chemistry, though expressing curious and complex chemical actions. But the explosive cotton, recently discovered, is peculiarly the product of chemical research; depending on very singular affinities, which have

have been sedulously examined by the ablest experimentalists, and are likely to yield other remarkable results.

Another striking example of this chemical creation is the Protoxide of Nitrogen—called from its effects the *intoxicating gas*—a simple combination, in slightly altered proportions, of the oxygen and nitrogen composing the air we breathe; but nowhere existing in nature under the form in which science presents it to us. The admission, now generally made, that atmospheric air is a simple intermixture of gases, and not a chemical compound, scarcely abates the wonder that so small a change in the proportions which minister to common life, should become the cause of those sudden and singular affections of the brain and nervous system, which alter for a time the whole condition of the being. Chemistry, however, and especially organic chemistry, accustoms us to these wonders. More strange and striking still, in their properties recently discovered, are the two creations of the laboratory, Sulphuric Ether and Chloroform. By working with and among the relative affinities of certain elements, man has obtained these compounds—and there may be others of kindred quality—the simple inhalation of which produces a state of insensibility to pain, even under operations the most severe which surgery can inflict. We have spoken much of chemical analysis. This is in effect an analysis of the compound nature of man; the separation and removal for a time of a part of our sensitive existence—having close analogy indeed to certain of the conditions of sleep (itself the great miracle and mystery of life), but even more striking in some of the inferences it conveys; and—unless it be that bodily suffering is allotted to us for moral uses—a discovery profuse of future benefit to the human race.

It would be easy to multiply similar examples of the generation of new compounds, remarkable in physical properties or in their physiological effects. We will give but one instance more, and this rather from its whimsical nature, than from any connexion the substance in question is likely to have with the uses or ornaments of life. Discovered a few years ago, as a definite compound of arsenic, carbon, and hydrogen, it has been called Kakodyle from its peculiar smell,—an odour so intolerable, that even the chemist, inured as he is to vile and noxious exhalations, seems to have shrunk back for a time from the work of his own hands. The Skunk itself (*Mephitis Americana*), an animal living under the protection of the fetid odour it exhales, might well envy this artificial product of the laboratory, which is described in terms transgressing the wonted sobriety of science. Yet such is the interest attached to this substance, as a compound organic radical, fulfilling in composition the part of an elementary body, that

despite the quality just named, and the virulently poisonous and inflammatory nature of its compounds, it has been followed through all its combinations with consummate care and minuteness; and no disgust or danger has checked a single experiment which could illustrate the singular and complex chemical affinities of which it forms a remarkable example.

We have thus far been speaking of the general principles of chemical inquiry, and of those new and improved methods which have so largely extended its dominion over the material world. In doing this, we have naturally sought illustration from some of the many discoveries crowding the later periods of the science; to the most important of which we may now more explicitly allude, in completion of the view of the actual state of Chemistry which we are seeking to convey.

We have already noticed that remarkable series of discoveries illustrating the latter half of the 18th century—the separation and definition of the gaseous bodies—the decomposition of water and atmospheric air—the doctrines of latent and specific heat—the determination of the true nature of oxides—the principle of elective affinity, &c. To these points, now so familiar, we shall not further advert, than by repeating that they gave foundation to Chemistry as a science, and furnished instruments and guidance for the vast and rapid progress it has since made. The first ten years of the present century were marked by several great discoveries, and by one signally pre-eminent above the rest, to which we have already referred, but which requires especial notice, as the basis of all the highest attainments of Chemistry, and the centre towards which all its laws and phenomena continually converge. We allude to what is sometimes called the Atomic theory, but which may better be denominated the *doctrine of definite and equivalent proportions* in chemical combination. Some idea of the importance of the principle may be gained from this mere enunciation; but its real extent and value, and the place it holds among the great laws governing the material world, can only be understood by those well instructed in physical knowledge. On this subject we must speak in some detail; not solely for the reason just given, but also from its inevitable complexity; and as being indispensably connected with all we have to say of the other changes and discoveries of this period.

Chemistry we have before defined as the science which regards the attractions or affinities of the elementary molecules of matter—those upon which all its laws and phenomena depend, including the great law now under consideration. This term of attraction may seem on first view to describe a simple and common principle

principle of action, readily applied in explanation of its effects. Such, however, is far from being the case. Chemical affinity acting on elementary particles, and at distances of which we have as little sensible cognizance as of these atoms themselves, is not equal and alike for all kinds of matter; but varies for each particular body, whether simple or compound—and varies for each in relation to every other body; so as to produce by these differences in the energy of attraction, the innumerable combinations and decompositions, and the changes of physical properties thence arising, which are the subjects of observation in nature or of experiment in the laboratory. Further, it is modified and controlled in such way by heat, light, electricity, gravitation, cohesion, and other properties of matter; and related so closely to these great elementary powers, that its true and complete theory is of very difficult attainment,—presenting questions which even yet perplex the ablest philosophers of the age. Accordingly, we find one of the most curious pages in chemical history to be that of the theory of affinities; and the successive opinions on this subject, from the time of Bergmann downwards, furnish a striking series of inductive inquiries, conceived and pursued in the spirit of true philosophy.

The doctrine of elective affinity held by Bergmann, Geoffroy, and other chemists of that day, and the tables founded upon it—indicating the relative affinities of different bodies, and the order of the decompositions produced by their mutual actions—was the earliest attempt at a systematic view of chemical combinations, based on the simple principle that one body displaces another from combination, and unites with it, by an attractive force superior to that of the body with which it was before combined. This view, just up to a certain point, fell into error from neglecting the other forces which change or control chemical actions; and the tables founded upon it became practically faulty and deficient, in effect of the omission. Berthollet was the first to see and correct this source of fallacy. He showed that simple elective affinity did not always, or solely, determine the results of chemical action. But while seeking to determine the influence of the other physical conditions in which matter is placed, he and his followers carried their views to an opposite extreme, and attributed so much to these collateral causes—and especially to the influence of quantity and cohesion—that the main fact, of a definite attraction between the particles of different kinds of matter, was in some danger of being discarded altogether from view.

The minds of chemists were still divided upon this subject, and certain questions arising out of it, when a new light was effused upon the science by the discovery of certain great laws of  
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chemical combination, which not merely solved these doubts, but gave a mathematical precision to the whole doctrine of affinities. The fixed and invariable composition of bodies—the determinate proportions of weight or volume in which their parts combine or displace each other—the faculty of expressing by proportionate numbers these relative quantities—and the arrangement of such ratios in certain simple series of multiples, so as to obtain numerical formulæ in place of vague tables of names—these are the outlines of the course of discovery which effected as great a revolution in Chemistry, as did the Newtonian law of gravitation in Astronomy, or the principle of induction, discovered by Oersted, in the theory and progress of Electrical science. We might expatiate further on the nature and magnitude of this change, and the wonderful results derived from it; but we shall do better in passing on to some of these results, which may more happily illustrate the fact than any general phrases we could employ.

A few words first, however, as to the history of this discovery—a subject of interest, as one of the pages in the records of the human mind. In parity with other physical discoveries, for we can scarcely name half a dozen exceptions to the rule, close approximations were made to it at an earlier time. Even in 1777, Wenzel, a Saxon chemist, from experiments upon the reciprocal decomposition of neutral salts, deduced a principle forming part of the great law of chemical equivalents; and his observations were confirmed and extended by the succeeding researches of his countryman Richter. In 1789, Mr. Higgins, of Dublin, in a work on the Phlogistic and Antiphlogistic theories, approached the very margin of the Atomic system, as applied to chemical affinity; and might even have been deemed its discoverer, had not Dalton—fourteen years later, but independently and without knowledge of these prior views—so completely defined this theory, and applied it so largely and successfully to the whole doctrine of chemical combinations, that his name will remain associated with it in all future time—and worthily so associated. Not only from this one great achievement, but from other important additions to physical knowledge, the memory of Dalton will ever be recorded and honoured in the annals of science.

We ourselves are old enough to remember this remarkable man—uncouth in his gait, habits, and fashion of speech, but noble in his intellectual expression—lecturing with a sort of apostolic simplicity and earnestness on this very subject of his Atomic theory, shortly after its first announcement—to an auditory far from numerous, and only slightly awake to the vast influence the doctrine was destined to have on our knowledge of the material world. At later periods in his life, we have visited him in his  
laboratory,

laboratory, and seen the venerable old man working amidst his broken glasses and rude self-contrived apparatus—materials with which, by the higher aids of zeal, perseverance, and an ardent love of scientific truth, he accomplished more than many whose appliances and means of research have been ten times as great. The warm and generous tribute of respect which he received, shortly before his death, was equally honourable to himself, and to his fellow-labourers in the field of science.

By giving the *Atomic form* to his views of the definite proportions of chemical union—assigning a spherical form and relative weights to his atoms—and even depicting by figures certain of their combinations, Dalton alarmed some timid persons with the notion that the old theories of Anaxagoras, Democritus, and Epicurus were to be revived in his system. A deeper and sounder philosophy happily pervaded it. Chemists soon saw that the term Atom, in denoting the *simplest and smallest combining proportion of any body*, became, though not a necessary, yet a very justifiable exponent of the great physical principle thus developed; and one in truth which almost ceased to be hypothetical under the facts and proofs resulting from the discovery. However this might be, the views of Dalton speedily engrossed the attention of the greatest chemists of the day. Berzelius and Wollaston, in particular, adopting them as a basis of their exact and beautiful researches, brought from every side fresh and accumulated evidence of truth; each successive refinement of analysis placing the facts in closer relation to the general law, and removing anomalies which perplexed the earlier steps of the inquiry. In France, Gay-Lussac, with equal felicity of experiment, brought a new and striking attestation, by proving that the volumes also in which gases combine, have a definite ratio, single or multiple, to each other—thus showing how deeply this great law of fixed combining proportions, expressed by numerical series, lies at the foundation of all material phenomena—determining the relations of the invisible atoms of different kinds of matter, by conditions as invariable as those which govern the movements of suns and planets in the universe of space.

Though somewhat beyond our design, it may be well to give one or two examples, illustrating these curious relations of atomic weight, upon which all chemical combinations depend, and the method of their discovery. The first steps here indeed designate the whole progress. If we can exactly fix the relative weights of a few of the great elementary bodies, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, &c., by an extension of the same process we solve the question for all other simple bodies, and for the most complex compounds into which they enter. And this process is one of  
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pure induction, with a single postulate in the outset, wholly justified by the result. Water, composed of oxygen and hydrogen, is found to contain these ingredients in the proportion of 8 to 1 by weight. Assuming, which many reasons make probable, that it is their simplest form of union, viz. of atom to atom, we obtain at once the relative atomic weights of oxygen and hydrogen, as 8 and 1 respectively. Again, we have a series of five chemical compounds of oxygen and nitrogen, in which the proportion of oxygen increases uniformly in the ratio of the simple numbers, so that nitric acid, the 5th in order of these compounds, contains exactly 5 times the weight of that which exists in the protoxide of nitrogen, the first of the series. Concluding that the latter is the simplest form, and consists of a single atom or combining proportion of each of its elements, we obtain, by analysis of this gas, the relative weights of 8 and 14 for the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen composing it. Here then we have already a short scale of proportions fixed; in which hydrogen is the unit, oxygen 8, and nitrogen 14. The next step, in completing the circle of combination, furnishes a test of the truth of these results. Ammonia is a compound of hydrogen and nitrogen; and its analysis, exactly made, gives proportions of the two which involve the same numbers as were obtained by the preceding methods.

This test obviously becomes more stringent and complete as we extend the number of bodies thus brought into conjunction, and find the relative weight, so determined for each, strictly maintained in all their forms of combination. The atomic weight of sulphur, for instance, is found, by analysis of its compounds with oxygen, to be 16. Examining its simplest form of union with hydrogen, in sulphuretted hydrogen, the proportion is found to be exactly 16 to 1, or one atom of each, thus verifying the respective numbers before obtained.—while the sulphurous and sulphuric acids equally attest the fixity of the proportions in which oxygen combines with the sulphur. Carbon and its compounds furnish proofs precisely similar in kind. The metals, and their numerous oxides and salts, have all been submitted by exact experiment to the same law, and thus the circle of demonstration has been continually enlarged; the evidence increasing in a geometrical ratio with the number of objects brought within the scope of inquiry. The conclusion is as certain and complete as any one of pure mathematics; or, if there be deficiency, it is only such as may be ascribed to imperfect analysis, or other causes not infringing on the truth of the fundamental principle.

If we have made clear the outline of this great law, its subordinate parts and conditions will be easily comprehended. The most important of these is the fact that compound bodies, as well

as simple, have their fixed combining proportions—the law here being, that the combining number of a compound is exactly the sum of the combining numbers, or atomic weights, of its constituent parts. Thus potash, composed of an atom of potassium 39, and one of oxygen 8, has 47 as its combining proportion or weight. Sulphuric acid is composed of sulphur 16 and three proportions of oxygen 24, giving a combining proportion of 40; while the sulphate of potash, the product of the union of these two substances, is exactly represented in all its chemical relations by 87, the sum of its component parts.

It is almost a natural corollary of the same general law, that compound bodies unite together in multiples of their combining proportions, as well as in single equivalents. And a further circumstance, of yet higher import to chemical theory, is the fact that bodies *replace* each other in combination in fixed equivalent quantities; so that in the mixture of certain neutral salts, if equivalents of each be brought together, the two bases exchange acids by an exact compensation; the original compounds are altogether lost, and two new salts evolved, without either loss or addition of any kind in the process. So numerous, however, are the facts and tables illustrating this doctrine of chemical equivalents, and so various the forms under which the subject may be viewed, that we must rest on this exposition of the general principle, and proceed to other results from the great law which is the basis of the whole.

In the tables of atomic weights, to which Berzelius contributed more than any other chemist, we have seen that hydrogen is taken as the unit in the series. Without going into details, we would mention as one instance of the refinements of this inquiry, the question started by Prout, and ably pursued by Dr. Turner, whether the atomic weights or equivalents of all the elementary bodies are not exact multiples of that of hydrogen; so as to give a series of *whole numbers* in relation to this unit of the scale? Experiments, strictly made, have proved various exceptions to such law; but in so doing have furnished curious evidence of its truth, if half the equivalent of hydrogen be taken as the basis of the scale. The ambiguity thus thrown on the unit and series of ascending numbers, has been met by the speculation of Dumas, representing what may be termed chemical atoms, as themselves made up of groups of molecules, and divisible into sub-multiple parts. Whatever be thought of this hypothesis, the importance of the inquiry, and its abundant promise of future and more perfect results, will be readily understood.

Our space will not allow more than a short allusion to other points connected with this great discovery—such as the question

as to the relation of combining volumes or *measures* of gases to their atomic weights—and the curious inquiry first prosecuted by Didong and Petit, which led these chemists to the conclusion that all simple atoms, of whatever substance, have the same capacity for heat. Though by no means verified throughout, yet the investigation, as extended by Neuman and Regnault, shows some remarkable relation between the specific heat of bodies and their atomic weight, which will doubtless become the subject of more exact knowledge hereafter.

Another still more curious result has been derived from the researches of Berzelius among the chemical relations of the molecules of matter. This has received the name of *Isomerism*, as expressing the fact that, in certain cases, the same elements may be combined in exactly the same proportions, yet produce compounds having very different chemical properties. Two conditions of Isomerism may be noted; one in which the *absolute number* of atoms and consequently the atomic weight of the compound is the same—the other, where, though the *relative proportions* of the elements are the same, the absolute number of atoms of each is different. But taking the simple and general expression of the phenomenon, it necessarily implies a difference, in certain cases, in the *grouping together* of atoms, absolutely alike in nature, number, and relative proportion—a circumstance conceivable indeed, but never before proved. The whole investigation, still in its infancy, and preplexed by several ambiguities, is of singular importance as applied to the theory of compound bodies and to every part of organic chemistry; and promises moreover closer insight into those primary laws and conditions of matter in its atomical forms, which have hitherto been approached only by the rash speculator or imaginative poet.

The same may be said of another great discovery, analogous in nature, made by Mitscherlich of Berlin; and to which the name of *Isomorphism* was applied, to express the fact involved in it, that the chemical elements of certain bodies may be arranged in groups, so related together, that when similar combinations are formed from elements belonging to two, three, or more of them, such combinations will crystallize in the same geometric forms. Tables of these groups have been formed, and many of the results are exceedingly curious; especially those which indicate this peculiar isomorphic relation between various chemical substances, having in themselves other singular resemblances—thus associating physical properties by new points of connexion, and suggesting means by which we may hereafter discover the common radical of substances now appearing as distinct elements; an object ever before the mind of the philosophical chemist. Sulphur and

and selenium—arsenic and phosphorus—lime and magnesia—chlorine, iodine, and bromine—are instances in their various forms of this curious connexion of Isomorphism with other physical resemblances. The vast scope of the inquiry has led to various modes of arranging and viewing the results—of which the '*law of substitution*,' by Dumas, may be considered one form—but these modifications are beyond the limits of our survey; and we must hasten to notice another topic in connexion with the great law still before us.

This topic, however—the theory of that vast class of chemical compounds to which we give the name of *salts*—must of necessity be passed over hastily, and with very imperfect illustration of its importance. The great complexity of the subject—enhanced by successive changes of doctrine and by the need of employing modern nomenclature to give any conception of these changes—limits us to such mere outline as may suffice to show its nature, and bearing upon other parts of chemical knowledge.

There was a simplicity and seeming completeness in the old notion of oxygen as the acidifying principle—of the alkalis, earths, and metals as elementary bases—and of neutral bodies or salts as produced by their union, which made it difficult for chemists to acquiesce in any change of these views. But such acquiescence became needful, when it was found that the most essential chemical characters of an acid might exist without the presence of oxygen, and that the alkalis and earths, with one exception, are compounds of this very element with metallic bases; and when the introduction of the new elements of chlorine, iodine, bromine, and fluorine, multiplied the classes and distinctions of salts; involving the whole theory in a net-work of new names and arrangements, which it required consummate chemical skill to unravel. Without speaking of the oxygen, hydracid, sulphur, haloid, and polybasic salts (names which, as well as the word *salts* itself, may best be viewed as the provisional phrases of imperfect knowledge), we may simply record our belief that chemistry is here still far short of the point it is destined to reach. The true road, however—first indicated by Davy in his admirable inquiry into the nature of chlorine—seems fairly laid open by the researches of Graham, Liebig, Dumas, and other eminent chemists of our own day. Water, in itself, and in the two elements composing it, forms the foundation of the new doctrine. It was already known that its presence is essential to the crystallization of many bodies, and to the developement of certain acids; and further known that water was always separated in certain quantity, when an acid was combined with alkalis or other bases, to form a salt. But these observations long remained barren

barren of all result. It is only of late that chemistry, in recognising hydrogen as essential to the constitution of a free acid, has shown why water is necessary as furnishing this element—and in proving that in the combinations of acids with alkalies or metallic oxides, the hydrogen is displaced by an equivalent of the metallic base, combining with the oxygen set free from the latter—has shown the origin of the water separated in the formation of neutral salts.

What we thus briefly state, is the foundation of the modern view of the constitution of acids and salts—a doctrine, as we have said, still imperfect or faulty in parts, yet verified by so many tests, and simplifying so much the relations of these very numerous and complex bodies, that we cannot but admit a strong presumption in its favour, when compared with all prior views on the subject. If the theory be not what is true, it seems at least in close kindred and approach to it. None, however, but a chemist can understand the difficulty and ambiguity of these questions—the *doublesidedness* of all the objects and relations involved in them. The history of Chemistry speaks so largely of revolutions of doctrine, even in the vital parts of the science, that it would be hardihood to accept any one as final and complete.

All this is strikingly illustrated in the question regarding the nature of Chlorine, to which we have just alluded. Discovered by Scheele in 1774, this element received successively the stamp of the phlogistic and antiphlogistic theories, as they respectively governed the chemical world. By neither of these was its real character determined. It came into the hands of Davy, a supposed compound of oxygen and muriatic acid—it was raised by his sagacity to the rank of an elementary body, of the same class as oxygen; combining with an equal volume of hydrogen to form muriatic acid; largely diffused through the ocean as one of the constituents of sea-salt; and exercising powerful affinities throughout the whole range of chemical elements. This result, however, was not attained without a long and ardent controversy, which evoked in its progress the highest powers of reason and experiment; and well deserves study, both as an illustration of the singular difficulties of the inquiry, and as conducing in its conclusion to those new and larger views of chemical combinations we have been seeking to explain.

Closely connected with, and dependent upon, this great law of definite proportions, comes the subject of Organic Chemistry; presenting in its present progress and attainments one of the most signal triumphs of physical science, and promising future results which in a thousand ways may affect the condition and welfare of mankind. No part of Chemistry so wonderfully expounds the  
power

power which has been gained over the elements of matter, by the methods of analysis and synthesis, submitted to strict numerical relations, even in the most complex combinations which nature or art place before us. A still higher interest belongs to the subject as the *Chemistry of life* and of vital products—of matter, whether animal or vegetable in kind, organized under that mysterious power, which we term the *vital principle*, in default of more exact understanding of this wonderful operation of Providence in the world. And yet further is it interesting, as extending research to the numerous artificial compounds obtained from the decomposition of these substances; a field of inquiry ample, and prolific of curious and profitable results.

Of the fifty-nine undecomposed elements now known and which enter into the combinations of inorganic nature, sixteen may be numbered as more or less essential to the products of organic chemistry. Among these, however, the four elements of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen are so largely predominant in quantity, if not more essential in their presence, that to them the name of *Organic Elements* may especially be applied. Every organic compound contains three—a large proportion, especially among animal substances, all four of these elements. The remainder—including sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, iodine, the metallic bases of the alkalis and earths, iron, &c., though comparatively of small amount, yet appear to be necessary to the organized bodies in which they are severally found. Out of these materials, but mainly from the four first mentioned, are formed the countless combinations, which the chemist has subjected to his science—analyzing those which nature has so profusely presented in the animal and vegetable world—forming new compounds by intermixture and varied proportions of these great elements—and in some cases, by a still higher art, even producing certain of those organic compounds, which were known before only through the occult chemistry of living beings. We should despair of giving those of our readers who are new to the subject, any adequate idea of the vast labours, and not less vast results, which illustrate this department of the science. Scarcely is there a principle or product of organized existence which has not been submitted to rigid examination, and tried in all its relations of affinity with other bodies; and nomenclature has been taxed to its utmost power, to record and classify the results derived from this great scheme of systematic inquiry.

We are again compelled by want of space to limit ourselves to a mere outline of these methods and results; a circumstance, however, of less moment, as we have in former articles noted the remarkable discoveries of Liebig in animal and vegetable chemistry;



chemistry; and the practical application he has given them to physiology, medicine, agriculture, and other arts of life. These applications—in which, as well as in the labours that led to them, the names of Dumas and Prout are largely associated—give to the subject of organic chemistry its peculiar colouring and character. It is a science eminently practical in relation to the most important physical interests and necessities of man. In analyzing and otherwise examining the various solids and fluids which enter into the fabric of animal life—and in submitting to similar experiment the ingesta of aliment and air which minister to its growth and preservation, and the egesta which provide for the perpetual and necessary change of parts—this branch of Chemistry becomes a main pillar of physiology, and offers the fairest hope we can entertain of raising medicine to the rank of the more exact sciences. While by researches of equal exactness, directed to vegetable substances; and to those elements in the atmosphere, in soils, and in manures, which serve to their nutriment and various properties, agriculture is made to assume the character of a science, and man obtains new and more definite dominion over that earth on which it is his destiny to labour for existence.

All alimentary substances, in fact, whatever their nature, originate in vegetable growth; and upon this was founded an inference that, by the processes of vegetation, inorganic materials are converted into organic compounds; which, serving again as food to animal life, create a new class of organic products fulfilling higher purposes in the economy of the world. This view, plausible in itself, has merged in the later discoveries of Liebig, Mulder, and others, which prove that not merely the saccharine and oleaginous principles of animals and vegetables are almost identical in chemical composition, but that even the three great principles of animal tissues—albumen, fibrin, and casein—have their exact counterparts in certain of the principal products of vegetable life; the proportions of carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen being precisely the same in each. This discovery, startling by its unexpectedness, was followed by a yet larger generalization of Mulder; who, upon these and other results of analysis, sought to establish the existence of a fundamental principle, compounded in fixed proportions of the four great elements, and present in precisely the same quantity in the several animal and vegetable organic products just mentioned—their differences arising solely from the varying proportions of sulphur, phosphorus, and salts entering into combination. To this organic basis, which he obtained separately, he gave the name of *Proteine*, as designating its fundamental nature and relations both to animal and vegetable life. The doctrine, thus associated with these remarkable discoveries, met with  
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ready—perhaps too eager acceptance. While professing to explain the strange anomaly of substances, so closely alike in chemical composition, differing so widely in properties, it seemed to open a new path to those ‘ultimate secrets of Nature’ which philosophers have ever been ardent to pursue. Later research, however, has thrown considerable doubt over this theory, and even upon the formula of composition assigned to proteine; and a controversy yet exists on the subject between Liebig and Mulder, somewhat more angry than is befitting a question of pure science, certain to be solved in the further progress of inquiry.

Connected closely with this topic, and better established as a principle in Organic Chemistry, is the important doctrine of Compound Radicals, already mentioned as one of those great general views which especially mark the present æra in science. The term expresses a class of compound bodies, possessing a certain unity and stability of composition, through which they fulfil every part of simple bases—uniting as such, not only with elementary bodies, but with each other; and generating large classes of secondary products, which have all relation to the compound radical thus assumed as a base. Some of the compounds thus characterised, have been obtained in a separate state—as Cyanogen, for example, in which two atoms of carbon and one of nitrogen combined act as a single atom or combining equivalent—and the strange substance called Kakodyle, already described, in which carbon, hydrogen, and arsenic combine to form a radical, singularly marked and active in all its affinities. Others of these peculiar bases are known only conjecturally, but their existence is inferred from the analogy of the compounds they form—as in the example of Ethyle, the hypothetical radical of all the ethers, which is defined to us through its various combinations, though never yet obtained in a separate state. In naming the *hydrate of oxide of ethyle*, as the equivalent of alcohol in the new chemical phraseology, we at once illustrate the theory of these compound radicals, and the nomenclature which is needed to express their presumed character and relations.

It must be conceded that in this very abstruse part of Chemistry various assumptions are made, which may be disproved by future research; and that among the numerous contingencies of combination, furnished by the complex series of combining bodies and proportions, the particular schemes now adopted may not be those which actually exist in nature. This uncertainty, which time and future inquiry will doubtless dispel, belongs to the modes of union only; and in no way impeaches the truth of analysis, or the exactness of those laws of definite proportion which form the foundation of the whole. The doctrine of compound radicals occurs,

occurs, indeed, as a sort of corollary from these laws. Chemical affinity, acting on the molecules of different bodies with every degree of force, produces combinations infinitely various in stability; and this is especially true as regards organic compounds; the simplest of which in aspect—as sugar, starch, albumen, &c.—are composed in their smallest atoms, not of single ratios of the organic elements, but of multiple proportions of the atomic weights, absolutely definite for every body, and giving to each its peculiar properties. It is a natural inference, confirmed by observation, that these complex molecules must differ greatly in stability—some running hastily into dissolution, others holding tenaciously together, so as to be capable of entering as bases into new combinations without losing their identity. Under the latter conditions we find the probable theory of compound radicals, thus merging in those great laws which govern all chemical affinities in the endless forms which nature or art place before us.

The vastness of this subject of Organic Chemistry precludes those examples which might animate, as well as illustrate, our review of it. We would willingly bring some instances of those beautiful series in which, whether we ascend the scale from the simplest, or descend from the most complex, we find organic compounds, infinitely various in properties, produced by the simple addition or subtraction of elementary atoms—each such change in the series defined by strict numerical relations, and capable almost of being expressed by algebraic symbols. A striking example we have in that remarkable series which ascends from olefiant gas—the simplest atomical union of carbon and hydrogen—through formic acid, pyroligneous acid, acetic acid ether, and alcohol, to sugar as the summit of the scale—each successive step rendering the arrangement of atoms numerically more complex; but all so submitted to definite proportions, that the chemist, in dealing with these substances, can predicate exactly what number of atoms must be added, or removed, to effect each successive change from one to another. In this series it is probable that olefiant gas, as the simplest and most stable combination, acts the part of a compound radical throughout, and that its oxidation in different degrees produces these various results.

A wonderful part of the phenomena of Organic Chemistry is the diversity of properties produced, even by slight changes in elementary composition and proportions. We have already noted this in certain instances; but the proofs, most singular and impressive, are those connected with the influence of organic agents on animal life. An atom added to, or abstracted from, a compound determines whether the product be wholesome or noxious—an aliment or a poison. So closely is the Chemistry of the material  
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world around us associated with that still more refined and mysterious Chemistry, which ministers to the phenomena of life! Every solid tissue, every fluid of the body, has its appropriate chemical composition and relations. Every organic function depends upon, or involves, chemical changes in its progress. The air we breathe is no sooner within the lungs than these changes begin; analogous to combustion in their nature, and effecting that transformation from venous to arterial blood, which is essential to life in its every part. The food we take hardly enters the stomach before it becomes the subject of chemical actions, which are continued and multiplied, till its final assimilation and admission into the mass of circulating fluids. All the secretions and excretions from the blood, many of them singularly complex in nature, depend on like agency; subordinate, however, as is all besides in the animal frame, to that vital principle, which we everywhere see in its effects, though unable to separate or define it. Morbid changes and growths may frequently be referred to the same actions, abnormal in kind; and we have cause to believe that, under deficient vitality, either from disease or old age, these purely physical processes do often so usurp upon the fabric and functions of life, as to become the causes of death. Equally is it to be presumed, from recent researches of physiology and pathology, that certain diseases have their origin in chemical changes of the blood; either generating morbid agents within itself, or multiplying, by an action analogous to fermentation, poisons and morbid matters received into the body. This wonderful fluid, ever in motion and change, and subject at once to chemical laws and to the principle of life, is in itself a mine of future discovery; not to be worked otherwise than by consummate skill and perseverance, but promising results which, as respects both science and human welfare, may well reward the highest efforts of research.

We have spoken of actions analogous to fermentation; and are thence led to notice shortly another great attainment of Organic Chemistry in regard to the remarkable process so named, and the kindred changes of putrefaction and decay—all chemical phenomena of decomposition occurring in organic compounds, and especially in those of which nitrogen is a principal constituent. They make provision for that constant succession in plants and animals, which is the condition of organized existence on the earth. Carbolic acid, ammonia, and water are supplied by the atmosphere as the elements of vegetable life, and of animal life as derived from it—the same three compounds are rendered back as the ultimate products of fermentation and decay. *Liedig* and *Berzelius* have deeply studied these processes; and the theory of fermentation proposed by the former has found general adoption.

It is based on the curious fact, of which Chemistry is prolific in examples, that a body in a state of intestinal motion or change among its particles may, by mere contact, produce in another body analogous changes, decompositions, and new products—and this, though the exciting body be infinitely small in proportion, and yields none of its own elements to the products evolved. The importance of this doctrine of ferments will be readily understood, not only in its bearing upon various familiar phenomena around us, and in its contingent application to the theory of animal poisons and disease, but also as one of the many modes we have had occasion to indicate, through which new access is obtained to the atomical actions and relations of matter.

The same cursory view we must take of a more signal attainment of Organic Chemistry, *viz.*, the formation artificially of various organic bodies, both of animal and vegetable kind, not merely analogous, but identical with those presented to us in nature. The number of such substances thus produced, may now exceed twenty; including urea, kreatinine, the oxalic, benzoic, formic, lactic, succinic acids, &c., but not including any organized tissue, or the substances, albumen, fibrin, gelatine, &c., out of which such tissues are formed. Further, it must be stated that the products thus artificially obtained, are not derived from the simple inorganic elements, as in the original processes of nature, but formed by change and new combination from other organic compounds—a distinction obviously of much importance. We are here, indeed, approaching to the margin of that gulf which separates physical facts from the proper phenomena of life; and it is possible that the intervention of vitality as an element of action, may arrest all ulterior progress of Chemistry in this direction; though, seeing what physical science has effected in these latter days, it would be rash to draw the line of demarcation too closely or definitely around. The wonders of sidereal astronomy, of electricity in its various forms, of light and the solar spectrum as now disclosed to us, may well suggest caution as to any such inferences. Still the line of limitation must somewhere exist; and admitting that Chemistry may succeed in producing the materials of organized tissues, we have reason to believe that here its power will stop; their actual formation being due to the intervention of that higher process, the operations of which we see and designate by name, but may never hope to reach or imitate by human art.

The outline we have given of Organic Chemistry can afford but a slight idea of the magnitude and variety of these researches. Scarcely have we even named the great class of vegetable alkaloids obtained by modern analysis; many of them most singular in their

their action, medicinally or as poisons, on the animal economy. Of the acids, nearly 300 in number, which are catalogued and described in this department of chemistry, we have spoken almost as cursorily. In all these various discoveries the name of Liebig, as we have seen, comes out more prominently to view than any other; and if there were licence for comparison in things so different, we should be tempted to name him the Rubens of the chemical school. His admirable execution in analysis is scarcely more remarkable than the power he possesses of grouping together his results boldly and skilfully, and enforcing conclusions which have escaped more timid reasoners. Yet while thus successful in reaching great truths—*felicissimè audax*—we are bound to admit a certain impetuosity, verging on rashness, which hurries him on to inferences, not tenable under more exact knowledge—a fact especially to be noted in his applications of chemistry to animal physiology. Though hasty or premature, however, in some of his conclusions, none will refuse to admit the magnitude and success of his labours. To these he has lately added by a new work on ‘The Chemistry of Food,’ comprising much that is curious in present result—much also suggestive of further inquiry. What he has attempted and accomplished for the chemistry of agriculture is well known to the world.

In every part of this picture of modern Chemistry it will be seen how wonderfully the objects cohere together; and amidst the immense multiplication of facts, and even of new classes of phenomena, how strikingly all converge around the law of definite proportions in combination—the keystone of Chemistry, and the true index to all the actions involved in it. To complete our survey we have still one great subject before us; to which, though prior in date to others already discussed, we have hitherto only slightly alluded. We mean the connexion of chemical laws and actions with those of electricity and light—a theme far too vast for any space we can afford to it, but too important to be passed over wholly without notice.

The decomposition of water by voltaic electricity, with disengagement of oxygen and hydrogen at the opposite poles, was the first great fact which associated chemical and electrical phenomena. Further experiments extended this law of decomposition to other compound bodies, acids, alkaline and metallic salts, placed in solution in the electric circuit—certain of their component parts uniformly appearing at the positive pole of the battery, others at the negative. The admirable researches of Davy in 1806-7, while confirming these results, enlarged their scope by showing that such chemical decompositions might be

effected when the poles of the electric circuit were plunged into separate vessels, connected only by moistened amianthus—certain of the decomposed parts not merely showing themselves, as if transferred by the electric current from one vessel to another, but even appearing to pass freely, under this polarized condition, through an intermediate vessel, containing other chemical agents, with which, in ordinary circumstances, they would instantly combine. In sequel to these beautiful experiments, and by the same agency, Davy succeeded in obtaining the metallic bases of the alkalis and earths—a discovery more imposing on first aspect, and effecting great change in every part of chemistry, yet of less real import than that great principle of electro-chemical action just adverted to, of which it formed a particular result.

The views as to the nature and conditions of this action were, however, imperfect and faulty, until the genius of Faraday—successfully exercised in every part of science—determined certain laws, which, though they may be modified and extended hereafter, will probably form the basis of our future knowledge on the subject. Earlier opinion had supposed a peculiar energy of the poles, or extremities of the wires, in an electric circuit, determining the chemical actions which manifest themselves at these points. Applying to them the name of electrodes, Faraday regards the poles as simply opening a way or passage to the electric current; and draws attention more explicitly to the electrolite, as he terms any chemical compound interposed between them, and thus submitted to the influence of the current. This electrolite, to admit of decomposition, must be so far in fluid state as to allow mobility of particles, and must be continuous between the poles—conditions which, in conjunction with other phenomena, justify and illustrate the theory now adopted, that there is in these cases no actual transference of material particles by the electric current, but a series of successive decompositions and recompositions in the line of particles between the poles, evolving the component parts of the electrolite only where the current ceases to flow through it. This may seem, to a mind untutored in such subjects, a strange complexity of action. But it will not so appear to those accustomed to regard the atomical relations of matter, as they must necessarily exist, to fulfil the various conditions of chemical change which are now made known to us.

No further details are needful to show the importance of these electro-chemical actions, and the close connexion they establish between two great elements of power or force in the material world. The theory of this relation has been, and even yet is, a *quæstio vexata* among philosophers. It pertains to Electricity equally as to Chemistry; and its entire solution, if attained, will probably

probably be from the same source for both. The doctrine of Volta, deriving the phenomena of the pile from the contact between different metals, regarded the chemical actions in the electric current as secondary and subordinate effects. Wollaston, more justly appreciating them, found in these very actions the motive-power developing all electricity. The opinions of Davy on the subject were less determinate; but the more recent labours of Faraday, while adding to our knowledge by new discoveries, have given firmer basis to the chemical theory of Wollaston, by proving that no chemical action or change can occur without developement of electricity; and conversely, that the electric element is never put into activity without some evidence of chemical change. This, however, being ascertained, how much yet remains to be solved as to the mysterious relation before us! We may well describe it in the phrase of an eminent philosopher, 'l'abîme des incertitudes est le théâtre des découvertes.' It abounds in difficulties—it is rich in the promise of great results.

We might speak nearly in the same terms of the connexion between chemical phenomena and those of light. Science has only recently approached this subject; but with a success which may well justify the ardour of present pursuit: and Photography, under whatever name or manner of use, has already taken its place as a separate branch of human knowledge, and an admirable acquisition to the arts. The whole depends on the chemical changes produced by light; and it is worthy of note that the substances most sensitive to this action, are compounds of iodine, bromine, and chlorine—three elements peculiarly belonging to modern chemistry—the combinations of which with each other, and with silver, have been so exquisitely refined, that surfaces are now obtained nearly 100 times more sensitive to light than that which Daguerre originally employed. Considered simply as an art, it is certain that photography has not reached its limit of perfection, which may possibly yet be made to include the effects of colouring by solar light. Viewed as a science, it opens still wider space to research. The beautiful experiments of Herschel in 1840, followed by those of Becquerel, Draper, &c., disclose connexions between chemical action and the different parts of the spectrum, which render still more marvellous the physical properties of the solar beam—that splendid problem of the natural world, including within itself, or evolving by its presence, all the great elements of material action and power; and through this very complexity of its nature promising the discovery of relations more profound than any yet compassed by philosophy. The *principle of polarity* is likely to be a main object and guide in the inquiries thus directed to the connexion of elementary forces; and the summary we have



have given of modern chemistry will show in how many ways the atomical actions of matter depend on this common principle of power, which operates so largely in the other great phenomena of the universe.

This summary we must now bring to a close; though in so doing, we omit many other discoveries which have given lustre to the period under review. Such are the singular phenomena of catalysis,—the reduction of various gases to the liquid, or even the solid form, by compression and cold,—the numerous new metals discovered,—the relations of volume in hydrated salts to the constituent water, &c. Enough, however, has been given to justify our assertion of the wonderful progress of this science; and our anticipation of future results hardly less remarkable than those now attained. We have been careful to indicate, as the subjects came before us, the probable paths of future discovery; each giving access to new truths, yet all converging towards common principles and powers. If there be less of epic character here than in Astronomy, yet does the science of Chemistry form a noble didactic poem—admirable and harmonious in all its parts—and carrying us forwards, through a long series of wonderful phenomena, to those great and eternal laws which express the Providence and the wisdom governing the world.

ART. III.—*Clément XIV. et les Jésuites.* Par J. Créteineau Joly. Paris, 1847.

WE must confess that something like profane curiosity arrested our attention, and compelled us, as it were, to a more careful examination of this book. Its author had previously published a History of the Company of Jesus, in six volumes; and with that patience which belongs to our craft, we had perused them from the beginning to the end. M. Créteineau Joly is so awfully impressed, not only with the greatness of the Jesuit order, but with the absolute identification of their cause and that of true religion, almost with their impeccability, that he can scarcely be offended if we pronounce his work, in our opinion, far below the dignity of his theme. That theme would indeed test the powers of the most consummate writer. The historian of the Jesuits should possess a high and generous sympathy with their self-devotion to what they esteemed the cause of their Master, their all-embracing activity, their romantic spirit of adventure in the wildest regions; but no less must he show a severe sagacity in discerning the human motives, the worldly policy,

policy, the corporate, which absorbed the personal ambition ; he must feel admiration of the force which could compel multitudes, lustre after lustre, century after century, to annihilate the individual, and become obedient, mechanically-moving wheels of that enormous religious steam-engine, which was to supply the whole world with precepts, doctrines, knowledge, principles of action, all of one pattern, all woven into one piece ;—and at the same time, exercise a sound and fearless judgment as to the workings of such an influence on the happiness, the dignity of mankind. He must have the industry for accumulating an appalling mass of materials : yet be gifted with that subtle and almost intuitive discrimination which will appreciate the value and the amount of truth contained in documents, here furnished by friends who have been dazzled into blindness by the most fanatic zeal—there by enemies who have been darkened into blindness, no less profound, by that intense hatred, which even beyond all other religious orders or bodies of men it has been the fate of the Jesuits to provoke. He must be armed with a love of truth, which can trample down on all sides the thick jungle of prejudice which environs the whole subject ; he must be superior to the temptation of indulging either the eloquence of panegyric or the eloquence of satire : endowed with a commanding judgment, in short, which, after rigid investigation, shall not only determine in what proportions and with what deductions the charges entertained by a large part of the best and most intelligent of mankind against the Order are well-grounded, but at the same time account for their general acceptance ; that acceptance marked sufficiently by the one clear fact that Jesuitism and kindred words have become part of the common language of Roman Catholic, as well as of Protestant countries.

The work of M. Crétineau Joly is too incoherent and fragmentary, too much wanting in dignity and solidity, for a history ; it is too heavy and prolix for an apology. It is a loose assemblage of materials, wrought in as they have occurred, as they have been furnished by the gradually increasing confidence of the Jesuits themselves, or have struck the author in the course of rambling and multifarious reading—of passages pressed into the service from all quarters, especially from Protestant writers, who may have deviated through candour, love of paradox, or the display of eloquence, into praises of the Jesuits ; of long lists of illustrious names, which have never transpired beyond the archives of the Order—interminable lists in which the more distinguished among the foreign missionaries and martyrs, and the few who have achieved lasting fame as theologians or pulpit orators, historians, men of letters, or men of science, are lost, and can only be detected by patient

patient examination; of elaborate vindications of all the acts the whole Order, and almost every individual member of it, with charges of ignorance, calumny, heresy, Jansenism, Gallicanism, Protestantism, Rationalism, Atheism, against all their adversaries. The 'History of the Company of Jesus' does not appear to us superior to the general mediocrity of those countless ultra-montanist histories, biographies, hagiographies, and treatises which have been teeming from the Parisian, and even the provincial press of France for the last few years, scarcely one of which, notwithstanding their mutual collaudations, has forced its way into the high places of French literature.

Under these impressions, we might not have been disposed to linger long over this seventh or supplementary volume of Jesuit history from the same pen: but the following paragraph, in one of the earliest pages (p. 7), seized upon us like a spell.

'Nevertheless, when my labours were ended, I was appalled at my own work; for high above all those names which were conflicting against each other to their mutual shame and dishonour, there was one pre-eminent, which the Apostolic Throne seemed to shield with its inviolability. The highest dignitaries of the Church, to whom I have long vowed affectionate respect, entreated me not to rend the veil which concealed such a Pontificate from the eyes of men. The General of the Company of Jesus, who for so many and such powerful motives could not but take a deep interest in the disclosures which I was about to make, added his urgent remonstrances to those of some of the Cardinals. In the name of his Order, and in that of the Holy See, he implored me, with tears in his eyes, to renounce the publication of this history. They persuaded even the sovereign pontiff, Pius the Ninth, to interpose his wishes and his authority in support of their counsels and their remonstrances.'

The good Catholic must have yielded, but the author was inexorable. In vain Cardinals implored; vain were the bursting tears of the General of the Company; vain was the judgment of Infallibility itself. The stern sense of justice, the rigid love of truth in an historian of the Jesuits, admitted no compromise, disdained all timid prudence, inflexibly rejected prayers, tears, commands. The hesitating printers were ordered to proceed—the irrevocable work went on. Shall we betray our want of charity if we suggest a further motive for this lofty determination? To us Reviewers, unhappily its most pitiable victims, and therefore endowed with a peculiar acuteness in discerning its workings, a new passion seems to have taken possession of the human heart, and to vie with those old and vulgar incentives, the love of fame, money, power, and pleasure. It partakes, to a certain degree, of some of these, but it surpasses them all in its intensity—we mean the love of book-making and of publishing books. Men have sacrificed

sacrificed their children, their sons and their daughters; men have abandoned their country at the call of duty, have given up place, have vacated seats in Parliament, have neglected profitable investments of capital;—but who has ever suppressed a book which he expected to make a noise in the world?

The dreadful epilogue, then, has issued from the press: but we most ingenuously acknowledge, that if any unconscious anti-papal prepossession disturbed the native candour of our mind, it has by no means found full gratification. We have not been shocked so much as we hoped by our author's disclosures. We cannot think that the fears of the Cardinals will be altogether realized. The devoted heroism of the General of the Jesuits, who would sacrifice the interests, and even the revenge of his Order against a hostile pontiff, rather than expose the questionable proceedings of a holy conclave, and the weakness, at least, if not worse, attributed to a Pope—even the natural solicitude of good Pius IX. for the unsullied fame of all his predecessors—all these, we suspect, have been called forth without quite adequate cause. The papacy has undergone more perilous trials—recovered from more fatal blows. We can, in short, hold out no hopes to Exeter Hall that their denunciations against the Lady in bright attire are hastening to their accomplishment—that Anti-Christ is about to fall by a parricidal hand—that M. Crétineau Joly's is the little book of the Revelations which is to enable them to pronounce the hour of the fall of Babylon.

To the high ultra-montane theory it may indeed be difficult to reconcile these revelations. We cannot be surprised that the historian of the Jesuits should have some serious misgivings when about to immolate a pope to the fame of the suppressed order—to display (as he thinks he displays) a pontiff, raised to his infallibility by unworthy covenants, at least bordering on simony; afterwards endeavouring by every subterfuge to avoid the payment of the price for which he had sold himself; and at length on compulsion only fulfilling the terms which he had signed, issuing with a cruel pang the fatal bull which he himself knew to be full of falsehood and iniquity—and dying literally of remorse.

Such is the pious scope of M. Crétineau Joly's tome.\* We

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\* M. Crétineau Joly supposes a tacit confederacy of Jansenism, Protestantism, Philosophism, Rationalism, Atheism, to hunt the Jesuits, the sole safeguard of Christianity, from the earth; and a regularly organized conspiracy of the ministers Choiseul, Florida Blanca, and Pombal, to expel them from the dominions of France, Spain, and Portugal. The former allegation is true enough, if it means only that a fervid hatred of the Jesuits was common to some of the most religious and many of the most irreligious of mankind; though none protested against the bad usage they met with more strenuously than Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Frederick II. The conspiracy of Choiseul and Co. is a dream.

who have nothing to do with the delicate question of papal infallibility, cannot think that our author has made out his case against Clement XIV. Ganganelli, we still think, was a good and an enlightened man; whose end was calamitous because he wanted the decision and inflexibility absolutely necessary for carrying out the policy which he had fearfully, perhaps reluctantly undertaken. It required the energy of a Hildebrand either boldly to confront Europe, which was trembling in its allegiance, not merely to the papacy, but to Christianity itself; or to break with the past, and endeavour by wise and well-timed alterations to rule the future. Ganganelli was unequal—but who would have been equal to the crisis? Count St. Priest, in his recent work, has related the Fall of the Jesuits; their expulsion—sudden, unresisted, almost unregretted, at least not attended or followed by any strong popular movement in their favour—from Portugal, from Spain, from France, and even from some of the states of Italy. The ‘*Chute des Jésuites*’ has been translated into English.\* It is written with spirit and eloquence; and, on the whole, with truth and justice. Though it is described by M. Crétineau Joly as little trustworthy (*peu véridique*), we do not discover much difference in the facts, as they appear in the two accounts; nor, where these differ, do we think the advantage is with the later writer. But though this preliminary history is necessary, at least in its outline, to the understanding of ‘Clement XIV. and the Jesuits,’ the fall—the inevitable fall of the Order may be traced, and briefly, to a much higher origin.

The Jesuits, soon after their foundation, had achieved an extraordinary victory. After the first burst of the Reformation they arrested the tide of progress. The hand on the dial had gone back at their command. They had sternly, unscrupulously, remorselessly—in many parts of Europe triumphantly—fought their battle. Where the mighty revolution could only, in all human probability, have ended in anarchy, their triumph was followed with beneficial results; where, as in England, there were materials for the construction of a better system, by God’s good providence they were frustrated in their designs. They had terrified the sovereigns of Europe by the regicidal doctrines of some of their more daring writers. These doctrines had been carried into effect by some mad fanatics, and the like attempted by more.

Peace was restored: and from that period the Roman Catholic kings of Europe were for the most part under the dominion of the Jesuits. Through them, and by them, monarchs ruled. The Jesuit director was a secret, irresponsible, first minister of the crown, whom no court intrigue could supplant, no national re-

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\* In Murray’s Home and Colonial Library.

monstrance force into resignation—he was unshaken alike by royal caprice, by aristocratic rivalry, by popular discontent.

Throughout the same period the Jesuits, if they did not possess a monopoly, had the largest share in public education. Inheriting the sagacity which had induced their great founders to throw off all needless incumbrance of older monastic habits and rules, and accommodating themselves with the same consummate skill to the circumstances of that age, they had endeavoured to seize upon, to pre-occupy, the mind of the rising generation. Their strength was in their well-organized technical plan of instruction—in their manuals: but above all, in their activity, in their watchfulness, their unity of purpose. They had attempted, it has been well said, to stereotype the mind of Europe. They had been the only schoolmaster abroad; they had cast every branch of learning, every science, in their mould; they had watched every dawning genius, and pressed it into their service; they possessed everywhere large establishments, enormous wealth, emissaries as secret and subtle as unseen spirits, working to this one end, moving with one impulse.

This dominion lasted, with greater or less interruption in different countries, for about two centuries; and all this time these royal races were gradually becoming worn out and effete. How far physical infirmities, from perpetual intermarriages, may have contributed to this result it is beyond us to decide; but, with rare exceptions, the mental growth appears to have been stunted and dwarfed. With all the fears, but without the noble aspirations or the salutary restraints of religion, they were at once inflexibly orthodox—orthodox to the persecution of all dissentients—punctilious in all the outward formalities of Catholicism, and unblushingly, indescribably profligate. In some cases, especially in Spain, secluded as much as oriental despots from all intercourse even with the nobility, they forgot or seemed unconscious of their divine mission, the welfare of their kingdom. The affairs of state were abandoned to an upstart minister or an imperious mistress. Their most harmless occupation was in the sports of the field or costly pomps and ceremonies: disgraceful intrigues and orgies had ceased by degrees to shock the public morals. M. Crétineau Joly has described in Joseph of Portugal the character of his class:—‘*Ce prince, comme la plupart des monarques de son siècle, était soupçonneux, timide, faible, voluptueux, toujours prêt à accorder sa confiance au moins digne et au plus courtisan.*’ But who had been chiefly concerned in the training—under whose influence, if not direct spiritual guidance, had grown up, or rather had dwindled down, this race of sovereigns?

At the close of this period what was the general state of the  
Continent?

Continent? Religion had become a form, a habit, a conventional discipline. The morals of the higher orders were fearfully corrupt—the ignorance of the lower preparing them for the wildest excesses when the tocsin of revolution should sound. In most countries—in Italy, Spain, Portugal—the intellect of man might seem dead; the creative fires of genius in arts and letters wavered, expired. Here and there, perhaps, some bold effort was made. An eccentric philosopher, like Vico, uttered his oracles, prudently, or at least fortunately, wrapped in darkness and ambiguity—not only not comprehended, but utterly disregarded in his own day. In France, the one intellectual nation—the great and ubiquitous body-guard of the papacy must succumb, as to their bolder ultra-montane theories, before the pride and power of Louis XIV. The Great Monarch and the Great Nation reject the vulgar, abject subordination to the supremacy of Rome: they will remain Catholics, but will not be without some special and distinctive prerogative. The Gallican Church, according to the happy phrase of Gioberti, set itself up as a permanent Anti-pope. In France, therefore, the Jesuits must content themselves with sharing with the mistress wife, Le Tellier with Madame de Maintenon, the compensatory satisfaction of persecuting the Protestants, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Dragonnades.\*

But while some of the loftier minds, like Bossuet, were absorbed in building up their system and asserting the immemorial, traditional, and exceptional independence of the Gallican church—while gentler spirits, like Fénelon, were losing themselves in mysticism—the more profound religion of France broke at once with the cold formalism, the prudent expediency, the casuistic morality, the unawakening theology of Jesuitism. Jansenism arose. Protestant in the groundwork of its doctrine, in its naked Augustinianism; Protestant in its inflexible firmness, in the conscious superiority of its higher spirituality: most humbly Catholic in its language to the See of Rome; Catholic in its rigid asce-

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\* M. St. Priest, in his Preface, has described with perfect truth their rule over Louis XIV. 'Le plus fier des hommes, le plus indépendant des rois ne connut d'autre joug que celui des Jésuites, le porta par crainte et l'imposa à son peuple, à sa cour, à sa famille. Une jeune princesse, qu'il aimait, non pas comme son enfant, ce serait trop peu dire, n'osa comme lui même, oser refuser les derniers aveux à un confesseur Jésuite, et n'échappa à la disgrâce que par la mort. Partout leur présence se fit rudement sentir. Un Jésuite, la bulle *Unigenitus* à la main, devenait l'arbitre de la France et la remplissait de terreur. Des évêques, dont il avait fait ses esclaves, veillaient au lit de mort du Grand Roi, et lui défendaient la réconciliation et l'oubli; plus tard ce moine rentra dans la poussière, mais son esprit lui survécut. Qui ne rappelle les billets de confession? Des mourants, faute de s'associer aux haines des Jésuites, succombèrent sans recevoir les consolations de l'Eglise.'—'Their success was complete: they ruled, without contest, the consciences of the great and the education of youth. They alone were exempt from taxation to which the clergy were compelled to yield,' &c.—P. vii.

ticism ; Catholic, or rather, mediæval in all its monastic discipline and in its belief in miracles—it declared war against Jesuitism, which accepted the challenge to internecine battle. Pascal sent out the ‘*Provincial Letters*.’ Jesuitism staggered ; rallied, but never recovered the fatal blow. No book was ever so well-timed or so happily adapted to its time. Independent of its moral power, which appealed with such irresistible force to the unquenchable sentiment of right in the heart of man, that which resists all tampering with the first sacred principles of integrity and truth, the very office and function of casuistry—at a period when the French language had nearly attained, or was striving to attain, that exquisite vividness, distinctness, objectivity of style, which is its great characteristic, appeared the most admirable model of all these qualifications. At a period when high aristocratic social manners and a brilliant literature had sharpened and refined to the utmost the passion and the nice and fastidious taste for wit—came forth this unique example of the finest irony, the most graceful yet biting sarcasm, this unwearying epigram in two volumes. The Jansenists even invaded the acknowledged province of their adversaries. The Port Royal books of education not merely dared to interfere with, but to surpass in the true philosophy of instruction, as well as in liveliness and popularity, the best manuals of the Jesuits.\* Jansenism struck at the heart of Jesuitism :—but it was foiled, it was defeated ; its convents and its schools were closed ; its genius too expired with the first generation of its founders—Arnauld, Pascal, Nicole, Sacy, had no legitimate successors ; it became a harsh, a narrow, an unpopular sect ; it retained the inflexible honesty and deep religious energy—but the original aversion had been not only retained—that sterner element had been goaded by persecution and fostered by exclusiveness into absolute and inveterate hostility to the established religion ; still professedly humble Catholics and loyal subjects, the later Jansenists were at heart Dissenters, and in training for severe Republicans. But Jansenism, both in its origin as a reassertion of high religious faith, and to its close, as a separate sect, was confined within a certain circle. It had followers, if not proselytes, whose history it might be worth while fully to trace out, in Italy and elsewhere : yet everywhere it was the secession, the self-seclusion of a few, who either dwelt alone with their profound religious convictions and occupations,

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\* It is amusing to observe that but one of the Jesuit books of education keeps its ground, and that (is the Duke of Newcastle alive to the fact ?) in daily, hourly use, especially in the greatest of our public schools. Who has suspected that every copy of sense or nonsense verses composed at Eton may be infected by Jesuitism ? The ‘*Gradus*’ is a Jesuit book. Let Dr. Hawtrey look to it.



or communicated by a timid and mysterious freemasonry with a certain circle of kindred minds. They had fallen, and they knew it, on ungenial times. Their sympathies were not with the prevailing religion: they were repelled and revolted by the growing irreligion.

Thus in Europe, more particularly in France, the result of the whole, the melancholy close of two centuries of Jesuit dominion, or at least dominance, over the human mind, was in the higher orders utter irreligion, or a creed without moral influence; ignorance, and the superstition, without the restraints of religion, among the lower. With the aristocracy religion displayed itself as an usage, a form, as a constantly recurring spectacle; it lingered as a habit, perhaps with some stirrings of uneasiness at excessive vice, and was ready to offer a few years of passionate devotion as a set-off against a life of other passions. Never was that compensatory system, which is the danger, we will not aver the necessary consequence, of the Romish Confessional and Direction, so undisguised or unmitigated in its evil effects. A Lent of fasting and retirement atoned for the rest of the year, however that year might have been spent. The king parted from his mistress, he to the foot of his confessor, she perhaps to a convent; intrigues were suspended by mutual consent; the theatres were closed, religious music only was heard. Corneille and Molière gave place to Bourdaloue and Massillon; sackcloth and ashes were the Court fashions. The carnival had ushered in—more than a carnival celebrated the end of this redeeming, this atoning, this all-absolving season. The past was wiped off, the bankrupt soul began life anew on a fresh score; in an instant all again was wild revelry, broken schemes of seduction united again, old liaisons resumed their sway, or the zest, thus acquired by brief restraint, gave rise to new ones. The well-bred priest or bishop made his bow and retired; or hovered; himself not always unscathed, upon the verge of the dissipated circle. The director of the royal conscience withdrew his importunate presence, or only attended with the *Feuille des Bénéfices*, to grant some rich and convenient preferment to some high-born Abbé; to place at the head, nominally at least, of some monastery founded by a St. Bernard, some successful author of gay couplets, some wit whose sayings had sparkled from salon to salon; to raise to the most splendid prelacies not always Fénéçons or Vincents de Paul. M. St. Priest has a rich sad story of the religion of Louis XV. ‘You will be damned,’ said the King to Choiseul. The minister remonstrated, and ventured to observe that his Majesty ought to be under some apprehensions, considering his exalted station, by which ‘*elle avait de plus que ses sujets le tort du scandale, et le danger de l’exemple.*’

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'Nos situations,' replied Louis, 'sont bien différentes—je suis l'oint du Seigneur!'—(p. 47.) The King explained his views, says M. St. Priest, that God would never permit the eternal damnation of a *Roi très Chrétien, Fils de St. Louis*, provided he maintained the Catholic religion.

Literature had burst its bonds. The Jesuits were reposing in contented pride on their old achievements; they surveyed with complacency, as imperishable, unanswerable, the unrivalled controversial treatises of Bellarmine, or the ponderous tomes of Petavius, who, in desperate confidence in his strength, strove to turn the rationalising tendencies of the age in favour of an antiquated system, and sacrifice the Bible, the one hope and saving power of Christianity, to the waning supremacy of the Church; or such compilations as those of Sirmond, who rivalled the industry, in some respects the honesty, of the great Benedictine scholars. They had indeed, as if even they were conscious that something more popular, more effective, was necessary for their spiritual warfare, their great preacher, the most solid, the most judicious, if not the most brilliant of that unequaled triad of pulpit orators, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Massillon; they had the most pleasing of the second order, the Père Neuville. But where were those who could stir the depths of the religious heart like the earlier Jansenists, Arnauld, Pascal, Nicole? They had not, perhaps they cared not to have such perilous enthusiasts, to break in upon their calm, orderly, and systematic rule; still less had they those who could put on the lighter armour, or wield the more flexible weapons which were necessary for the inevitable collision with the new philosophy. They could not encounter wit with that stern rough satire with which it has sometimes been put down, as for instance by Bentley; they could not meet malevolent and ignorant misrepresentations of Sacred history by plain and popular expositions of the genuine Sacred writings, still less by the vernacular Bible itself, for which they had not prepared the mind—nay, rather had overlaid and choked the innate feeling which would have yearned towards it: they wrote nothing which could be read, published nothing which obtained circulation; they continued to compile and to study folios, when Europe was ruled by pamphlets and tales. They could not perceive that mankind had outgrown their trammels; and, without strength or pliancy to forge new ones, they went on riveting and hammering at the old broken links. On one memorable occasion they attempted to advance with the tide; but so awkwardly, as to earn ridicule for the uncouthness of the effort, rather than admiration for its courage. What must have been the effect of the famous Preface to Newton's Principia, on the religious, on the irreligious—on those

those especially who were wavering in their allegiance to the faith? To the former class the acknowledgment that the new astronomy, though of undeniable truth, was irreconcilable with the decrees, or at least with the established notions of the Church, must have been a stunning shock; among the others it could not but deepen or strengthen contempt for a faith which refused to harmonize with that truth which it dared not deny. We have always thought it singularly fortunate that this question arose in England at a time when our Bibliolatriy had not attained its height. No sooner had Bentley from the post, then authoritative, of the pulpit in the University of Cambridge, and in his Boyle Lectures, showed the perfect harmony of the Newtonian Astronomy with a sound interpretation of the Bible, than men acquiesced in the rational theory that the Scriptures, unless intended to reveal astronomical as well as moral and religious truth, could not but speak the popular language, and dwell on the apparent phenomena of the universe in terms consistent with those appearances.

But while in Europe Jesuitism, unprogressive, antiquated, smitten with a mortal lethargy, retained any hold on the human mind only by the *prestige* of position, an all-embracing organization, and a yet unextinguished zeal for proselytism among the rising youth:—in its proper sphere—in more remote regions—it was still alive and expansive. It was still the unrivalled missionary; it was winning tribes, if not nations, to Christianity and to civilization.

In the East, indeed, the romance of its missions had passed away with Xavier and his immediate followers. In all that world their success had ceased to be brilliant, and their proceedings became more and more questionable. The much-admired Chinese had become more and more blind and obdurate to the teachings of Christianity: still, however, they fully appreciated European knowledge—they retained the Jesuits in high honour as scientific instructors, while they treated them with secret or with open contempt as preachers of religion. In other parts of the East the fatal quarrels between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic, and the still fiercer collisions between the different orders of the Roman Catholic missionaries, had darkened the once promising prospects of Christianity. The Jesuits were accused of carrying their flexible principle of accommodation to such an extent, that instead of converting idolaters to the faith, they had themselves embraced idolatry. Europe had rung with reclamations against their overweening arrogance, their subtle intrigues, their base compliances. The work of the Capucin friar Norbert, which embodied all these charges, had made a strong impression at Rome.

Rome. They had been condemned by more than one Pope ; but, at that distance, while they still professed their profound, unresisting, passive obedience to the see of Rome, they delayed, they contested, they sent back remonstrances ; they complained of being condemned on unfair, partial, and hostile statements ; appealed to the Pope against the Pope ; disregarded mandates, eluded bulls ; did everything but obey. The Cardinal Tournon was sent out to make inquiries, and with summary powers of decision on the spot ;—they harassed him to death.

But, if it fared thus with them in the oldest part of the Old World, in the New they were the harbingers, the bold and laborious pioneers of discovery ; the protectors, the benefactors, the civilizers of the indigenous races. If in North America the Red man could ever have maintained a separate and independent existence ; if he could have been civilized, and continued as a progressive improving being, it would have been by the Jesuits. If in those trackless wilds was found any rivalry between the different orders and their missionaries, it was the generous rivalry of religious adventure, of first exploring the primeval forest, the interminable prairie, of tracing the mighty river, of bringing new tribes into the knowledge of the white men ; of winning their confidence, learning their languages, taming them, and endeavouring to impart the first principles of Christian faith by the ministrations of Christian love. Mr. Bancroft, in his history of his own country, has well told, and told with truly liberal sympathy, the history of the Jesuit missions of North America. It is impossible not to pause with admiration on such efforts, although they were in their nature desultory, and led to no permanent results. But it was far otherwise in South America : in Paraguay the Jesuits had founded those republics, those savage Utopias, the destruction of which was the crime and calamity attendant on the abolition of the Order. There they had free scope ; their wisdom and benevolence, their love of rule, working on congenial elements, brought forth their fruits abundant, without exception ! Among the South American Indians, child-like absolute submission was advancement, happiness, virtue ; the mild unoppressive despotism a fatherly government. It would have required years, perhaps centuries, before those simple tribes had outgrown the strong yet gentle institutions under which they were content to live. We have directed attention on another occasion to the singular resemblance between the institutions of the Jesuits in Paraguay and those of primitive Peru. In Paraguay, the Jesuits were the Manco Capac of a poorer, more docile, more gentle, but not less happy race. Nothing could be more unjust, ungrateful, or impolitic, than the conduct of Spain and Portugal

Portugal with regard to that country. By their reckless and capricious exchange of vast, and almost unknown territories, the sovereigns or their cabinets destroyed with one stroke of a pen the work of centuries; they seem not to have wasted one thought on the great experiment, which for the first time was making with any hopes of success, towards raising up in the depths of South America a race of Christian subjects, who would never have denied their allegiance to their European master. If all accusations against the Company of Jesus had been equally groundless with those adduced against them on this subject, history would fearlessly have recorded its verdict in their favour.

They were charged with breaking the rule of their Order by engaging in commerce. In other countries, and more especially in the well known case of Lavalette, there was no doubt strong foundation for the charge; but here their utmost crime could have been only the assisting those whose territory, by their well regulated system of industry, they had made productive, in exporting their surplus commodities, and exchanging them for others which they might need. They were afterwards arraigned as having stimulated resistance among the Indians, who had been transferred by a few lines of ink from one crown to another. The resistance never took place—it was altogether imaginary and fabulous; and, though to excite it might have been unbecoming and inconsistent in the sworn servants of passive obedience to authority civil as well as ecclesiastical, we are almost liberal enough to think that to follow such advice, if given, might have been justifiable on the part of the Indians. The whole affair is a melancholy illustration of the ignorance, supercilious arrogance, and utter disregard of the great interests of humanity, too common among the statesmen of that period. We do not indeed see why the abrogation of the Order in Europe should have inferred necessarily the destruction of their great work in South America; they might have maintained their authority there under a commission from the crown, not as a religious society, but as a kind of civil government, a local administration under certain regulations, subordinate and responsible to the mother country. The most curious part of this whole transaction is, that Pombal feared, or affected to fear, that negotiations were going on between the Jesuits and the court of London, either to declare the independence of the settlements in Paraguay under the protection of England, or to annex them to the dominions of the British crown. He speculates, in a remarkable despatch published by M. St. Priest, on the appearance of a British armament in the river Plate (in case Portugal should join France and Spain in a war with England), and seems to entertain no doubt that they would be welcomed, and received

as allies, by the whole Jesuit order. Conceive at that period, some fifteen years before Lord George Gordon's riots, Jesuit republics in South America under the patronage, if not received as subjects, of George III.!

But we must proceed to the fall of the Jesuits, thus inevitable in Europe, not, as we have said, from any deliberate and organized confederacy against them, but brought to an immediate crisis by accidental circumstances—the hatred of an ambitious and upstart minister in Portugal, the pretended religious scruples of a royal mistress in France, the aversion which sprung from fear in the mind of the best and most rational king that had ruled in Spain since the accession of the Bourbons—the one of that breed that had some will of his own. Their hour was come; they had fulfilled their mission; the world was far beyond them—the eighteenth century had passed its zenith, it was declining towards its awful close: that which was of the sixteenth, notwithstanding its pliancy, and power of accommodation to political and social change, was out of date. The world was utterly astonished at the ease with which it shook off the yoke of the Jesuits. There had been a vague and almost universal awe of their power, wealth, and influence. They had been supposed to have a hold in every family, if not on the attachment, on the fears of every Roman Catholic heart. They were thought to possess the secrets not only of every court, but of every private household; to conduct a secret correspondence extending over all Christendom, and propagated with the speed of an electric telegraph; to command enormous wealth, unscrupulously obtained, and expended as unscrupulously; to transmit orders with a fine and imperceptible touch, like the spider, to the extremity of their web, in constant and blind obedience to which every Jesuit in every part of the world bent all his faculties, and concentrated all these influences on the immediate object; as their enemies asserted, and many who were not their enemies believed, if that object was the power, the fortunes, the life of any devoted individual, he was suddenly struck by some unseen hand; he was carried off by some inscrutable means. From each of the great Roman Catholic kingdoms this formidable body was expelled unresisting, under circumstances of extreme harshness and cruelty, by measures of gross injustice, executed in a manner to excite the compassionate sympathy of all the candid and generous. In Portugal, the adventurer Pombal led the way; and this upstart minister dared to crush by one blow, to involve in one common ruin, the Jesuit community and the old nobility of the land. This too by acts of the most insulting and revolting cruelty—especially the public execution of the greatest family in

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the country, even its females, as concerned in a conspiracy against the life of the king—a conspiracy, no doubt, real, but stretched to comprehend all those whose ruin had been sworn by Pombal. The Jesuits were not merely driven without mercy from the realm, but some, especially Malagrida, at the worst a dreaming enthusiast, probably a harmless madman, were burned for heresy. Pombal employed the Inquisition to sear as it were the last vestiges of Jesuitism.

The Duke de Choiseul, the libertine and unbelieving minister of Louis XV., extorted the condemnation of the Jesuits from the reluctant and superstitious king. A few parliaments feebly remonstrated, a few unregarded voices were raised against the sacrifice; but it was accomplished without the least difficulty or struggle. In Spain Charles III. had thrown himself among the adversaries of the Order with something almost of personal hostility. The Jesuits had been seized, with all the secrecy of a conspiracy, at one moment throughout Spain, embarked in wretched and insufficient vessels, and insultingly cast, as it were, on the Pope's hands, to maintain them as he might, with hardly a pittance out of their confiscated property.\* Naples and Parma had followed the example; Piombino, Venice, Bavaria, all but Austria, either openly joined or were prepared to join the anti-Jesuit league.

About this juncture died Clement XIII. (Rezzonico). This Pope—a man of profound piety, with views of the supremacy hardly lower than those of Hildebrand or Boniface VIII.—had stood alone against Europe in favour of the Jesuits, as the great champions of the papacy and of Catholicism; he had approved the saying uttered by, or attributed to, their inflexible General, Lorenzo Ricci, on the proposition to appoint a vicar of the order in France: '*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint.*' He had threatened an

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\* As to a passage connected with this business, on which M. C. Joly impeaches the accuracy of M. de St. Priest, that writer has adopted the very language of the French ambassador at Rome, M. d'Aubeterre. When the Spanish Jesuits, to the number of 6000, had been suddenly seized, crowded into small vessels, more like slave-ships than transports, with hardly any provisions, and under orders to discharge them at once upon the Papal territory, the Pope, indignant at this insult added to injustice and cruelty, and fearing the famine which this sudden importation might cause among his people, issued directions to warn off the Spanish vessels, by turning the guns of *Civita Vecchia* against them. The General of the Order had acquiesced in this hard necessity. The Jesuits, thus as it seemed to them inhospitably driven from those shores by their natural protectors, broke out, according to M. d'Aubeterre, in loud murmurs, clamours, even curses against the Pope and their own Superior. And is it *primâ facie* improbable that some, that many of these poor, starved, sickness-suffering men, under a blazing sun, heaped together like bales of Africans in the middle passage, could not control their natural indignation, forgot that they were Jesuits, and remembered that they were men? Or shall we say that all this was not pardonable even in monks inured to the most entire and prostrate submissiveness?

interdict

interdict against the Duke of Parma; the duke, strong in the support of the kings of France, Spain, and Naples, replied in a tone of haughty defiance; these powers threatened, and, indeed, commenced hostilities. Maria Theresa, to whom alone the Pope could look for succour, coldly refused to involve herself in a war for such an unworthy object: Clement XIII. (writes M. St. Priest) 'était un pape du douzième siècle égaré dans le dix-huitième.' On the 9th of February, 1769, broken-hearted, as it is said, at the prostrate state of the papacy, he was released from this perilous strife.

On the 13th of the same month met that conclave, the secrets of which M. Crétineau Joly professes to reveal with a damning distinctness—impelled, in spite of all remonstrances, to drag to light with remorseless conscientiousness all the base manœuvres, intrigues, acts and threats of violence, corruptions, venalities, simonies, and weaknesses which disgraced that august assembly. We, who in the course of our historical studies have caught glimpses, at least, if not clear revelations of the proceedings of other conclaves, contemplate his picture (as we have already hinted) without the anticipated surprise. From those days, centuries before the election was vested in the college of Cardinals, when the heathen historian describes the streets of Rome as running with blood in the contest between Damasus and Ursicinus—from the days when Theodoric the Ostrogoth and the Exarch of Ravenna were compelled to interpose in order to maintain the peace of the capital—down through the wild tumults of the ninth and tenth centuries—the succession of popes at Avignon, appointed by the court of France—the frequent collisions of pope and anti-pope, till the Councils of Pisa and Constance took on themselves to decide between three infallible heads of Christendom—the less violent but not less antagonistic struggles of the great European powers to obtain a pontiff in the French, or Spanish, or Austrian interest—throughout the papal history, in a word, the election of the Bishop of Rome has been the centre either of fierce conflict or subtle diplomatic negotiation. \* All the great Roman Catholic States were now leagued together for one end—the abolition of the Jesuits; to this they were solemnly pledged by their own irrevocable acts, by their pride, and by their fears—it might be by a strong conviction as to the wisdom of their policy, as well as by that hatred which becomes more intense from its partial gratification, and from the lurking suspicion of the injustice with which it has wreaked itself on its victim. We have read, therefore, these disclosures with considerable equanimity; it moves no wonder that, at such a juncture, such scenes should take place within



within the venerable walls of the Monte Cavallo; we feel neither less nor more respect for the papal see. Still, though without actual astonishment, we cannot trace without a lively curiosity, day by day, the acts of a Roman conclave, the struggle of interests, the play of passions, the lights and shades of opposed characters, the tentative processes, the bold hazards, the skilful advances—the adroit proposal of names without pretensions, to cover the real intentions as to more hopeful candidates—the well or ill timed exclusions—the artful approximations—the slow or sudden conversions—till at length some almost instantaneous impulse or audacious movement decides the game: till from all this conflict of subtleties—sometimes, we fear, of worse than subtleties—emerges a supreme father of Roman Catholic Christendom; in later days, we are very ready to acknowledge, a pontiff always blameless in character and unimpeachable as to his own religion, usually venerable, respected, and beloved.

This conclave was, of course, divided on the one great question of the day. There was, as there usually has been, a strong Italian party, and these, the friends and supporters of the late pope, were called the *Zelanti*. They were mostly stern ultramontanists, determined to maintain the Jesuits at all hazards: the heads of this party were the two Cardinals Albani. The adverse or anti-Jesuit interest, which combined the cardinals of France, Spain, and Naples, was, at first, before the arrival of the Spanish electors, headed by De Luynes and De Bernis, especially by the latter. It is from the correspondence of Bernis, and of the French ambassador D'Aubeterre, with strong confirmations from that of Roda, the Spanish ambassador, that we are about to discover the secrets of this prison-house.

The Cardinal de Bernis had begun life as a man of wit and pleasure, the elegant and courtly abbé of that their palmy time. He was a poet, in his early period, light and amatory, in the later, serious and religious. We fear that the gay and graceful stanzas of his youth found more readers than the solemn couplets, the '*Religion Vengée*,' written when the deeds of the French Revolution could not but awaken solemn thoughts in a cardinal of the age of Louis XV.\* In allusion to his first style, Voltaire had called him Babet le Boutiquier, from a vender of flowers at one of the theatres; while Frederick II., probably with the bitterness of personal dislike, had written:—

'Évitez de Bernis la stérile abondance.'

In those florid days, it is said that Cardinal Fleury reproved the gay abbé for his dissipation: 'Vous n'avez rien à espérer, tant

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\* He died at Rome, in 1794, above seventy years old.

que je vivrai.' 'Monseigneur, j'attendrai,' replied Bernis, with a respectful bow; and till Fleury's death he did live in poverty, which he supported with such gaiety as to increase his social popularity. Preferments at length showered upon him; to what interest he was supposed to owe his red hat, will presently appear. De Bernis had shown great talents for business in certain negotiations at Venice, and had some aspirations—not towards the papacy—but to the office of Cardinal Secretary of State. He had latterly been out of favour with the court\*—living in retirement in his diocese of Alby in the south of France, and winning approbation there by his decorous manners and liberal charities. We may add, that during his later residence at Rome, as representative of France, his palace was famous throughout Europe not only for the splendour and the taste with which it received all the talent, the wit, the distinction of the world in perfect social ease, but at the same time for the dignified decency which became a Prince of the Church.

This remarkable conclave had met on the 15th of February, thirteen days after the death of Clement XIII. A desperate attempt had been made by the Italian zealots to precipitate the election, while it was almost in their own power, before the electors usually residing in Spain or even in France could arrive. The Cardinal Chigi wanted only two voices to secure his election. The French and Spanish ambassadors protested with the utmost vehemence against this proceeding. They even threatened, according to our author, that France, Spain, Portugal, and Naples would withdraw their allegiance from the papal see. The more moderate cardinals, from base timidity, or, according to M. Crétineau Joly, a mistimed though excusable desire for conciliation (he says nothing of the flagrant injustice of depriving their colleagues of their right of suffrage), refused to proceed further till the conclave was full. Early in March arrived De Bernis—but he was only the ostensible head of the anti-Jesuit party; he was but their manager *within* the conclave. It had been hoped that, by his fascinating manners and his knowledge of the world, he might deal on more equal terms with the subtle Italian cardinals; but in fact he was to move only as directed by persons more entirely in the confidence of the cabinets of Versailles and Madrid.

'The majority of the Sacred College (says M. Joly) was no doubt adverse to the wishes of the Bourbons: endeavours were made to modify it according to their views, first by corruption, afterwards by violence. The Marquis d'Aubeterre, Thomas Azpuru (Archbishop of Valencia), Nicholas d'Azara, and Count Kaunitz undertook to play this part.

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\* It was just before his disgrace that he received his cardinal's hat. 'C'est un para-pluie que le roi a bien voulu me donner contre le mauvais temps.'

They had accomplices in the Conclave. They wrote, they received communications, both officious and official (*officieuses et officielles*), from the Cardinal de Bernis and the Cardinal Orsini. The *ministers* of Louis XV. and of Charles III. sent instructions from Paris and Madrid. It is in this autograph correspondence, of which no one suspected the existence, that the proofs are to be sought of the inveterate hatred (*acharnement*) against the Jesuits. This hatred degraded ambassadors, confessors, the ministers of the most Christian King and of the Catholic King, into intriguers of the lowest class.'—p. 212.

'By a series of accidents (proceeds our author) which *can only have an attraction for the curious, but no historical interest whatever*, these autograph documents relating to the Conclave of 1769 have fallen into my hands.' With all respect to M. Créneau Joly, the manner by which he has obtained these documents, if they are as important as he supposes, must be of very great historical interest. On that question must depend their genuineness, their authenticity, their fullness, their freedom from interpolation, and from the suppression of inconvenient passages; in short, their whole historical value and credibility. Through whose hands have they passed? are they entirely free from party manipulation? are they the whole, unbroken correspondence? how far do they agree with the other authentic documents cited from the French archives by Count St. Priest, and by other earlier and later writers? We are rather too well versed in this kind of inquiry to receive with full trust *extracts* from documents even when presented to us by the most honest writers—writers absolutely without prepossession or partiality. With no impeachment on the integrity of M. Créneau Joly, he would scarcely wish us to rank him in that class. Without some satisfaction for these doubts, we cannot rightly appreciate

'the luminous discovery by the aid of which it is possible to follow, step by step, minute by minute, the plot which great criminals and men of extraordinary improvidence organized, out of hatred to the Jesuits, against the dignity of the Church. . . . Nor are dissolute and imbecile kings, governed by their mistresses and by their diplomates, the only actors on this scene; cardinals and prelates throw themselves into the fray. It is this conspiracy which it is necessary to reveal to the Catholic world without any timid disguise, but still without passion; for justice to all is the true and only charity of history.'

—A sublime sentiment, which our author, somewhat whimsically, closes with this sentence from S. François de Sales: '*C'est charité que de crier au loup quand il est entre les brebis, voire où qu'il soit.*' If charity consists 'in crying wolf,' M. Joly is a model of this cardinal virtue. Then comes the usual quotation from Cardinal Baronius, who first struck out the happy thought of raising an argument for the uninterrupted authority of the Apostolic See

See from the flagrant, total, and acknowledged interruption of all Apostolic virtues during certain periods of the papal history. Nothing but the manifest favour of God could have restored the papacy, after it had sunk, in the days of Theodora and Marozia, to such utter degradation.

Let us accompany, under our author's guidance, the Cardinal de Bernis (in the month of March) into the Conclave. He was anxiously awaited by Cardinal Orsini, who conducted the Neapolitan interest, and had almost stood alone in counteracting the march which the Zelanti had endeavoured to steal upon the Assembly. The first act of Bernis was, in violation, we fear not unusual, of the fundamental laws of the Conclave—to establish a regular correspondence with the ambassador of the French court, the Marquis d'Aubeterre. D'Aubeterre had already come to something like an understanding with the Austrian ambassador, Count Kaunitz. The instructions of Maria Theresa to that minister were to support the Jesuits, but Kaunitz looked to the rising sun. Her son and heir was himself at Rome, and the prince's philosophism must be flattered, rather than the antiquated prejudices of the Empress-Queen. Roda, the Spanish ambassador, as well as D'Aubeterre, took care that his opinions should be known within the Conclave. The conduct of Joseph II. and his visit to the Conclave are described with some point by Count St. Priest: 'He affected the most supercilious indifference as to the question of the Jesuits, and even the election of the Pope. He inquired for the Cardinal York. The grandson of James II. presented himself. Joseph saluted the last of the Stuarts with marked attention, and asked to see his cell. "It is very small for your highness." In truth Whitehall was much larger.' (*St. Priest*, p. 92.)

But we must examine the Conclave more closely. We find the following names, distributed into four classes by the Spaniards.

Eleven were by them considered *good* :

Sersale.	Branciforte.
Calvachini.	Caracciolo.
Negroni.	Andrea Corsini.
Durini.	<i>Ganganelli.</i>
Neri Corsini.	Firelli.
Conti.	

Six very bad, *pessimi*; a glorious title, says our author, in the eyes of Christendom :

Torregiani.	Chigi.
Castelli.	Boschi.
Buonacorsi.	Rezzonico.

Fifteen bad :

Oddi.	Lanze.
Alessandro Albani.	Spinola.
Rossi.	Paracciani.
Calini.	Francesco Albani.
Veterani.	Borromeo.
Molino.	Colonna.
Priuli.	Fantuzzi.
Bufalini.	

Three were doubtful—

Lante.	Stoppani.	Serbelloni.
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Nine (M. Créineau gives but eight) were nothing (*nada*), or indifferent :

Guglielmi.	Malvezzi.
Canale.	Pallavicini.
Pozzobonelli.	York.
Perelli.	Pamphili.

The Spanish Cardinals, De Solis and De la Cerda—the French, Bernis and De Luynes—and the Neapolitan, Orsini, are reckoned in none of these categories.\*

Cardinal de Bernis was furnished, besides this surveillance of D'Aubeterre, with instructions from his court. There seem to be two such documents : one of an earlier date, printed by Count St. Priest, composed before the vacancy, and intended for whatever cardinals might eventually be intrusted with the French interests in a future Conclave ; the other, from which extracts are given by M. Créineau Joly, actually addressed to Bernis and De Luynes. The former thus advises the French cardinal on the character of those with whom he will have to deal :—

‘No one is ignorant to what extent the Italians carry the science of dissimulation : among all the Italians, it may be with truth averred, none have carried this to such a point of perfection as the Romans. Individual interests, as well as the national character, have placed them under a perpetual necessity of concealing their true sentiments.’ ‘No one has any chance of success if he cannot disguise his real opinions, and make them appear to every one such as will advance his peculiar interests.’ ‘In each case (*i. e.*, whether there is a supreme pontiff or a vacancy), it is the great study of every one to mask, by all kinds of outward demonstrations, his real thoughts, and to be impenetrable. The art of self-concealment is considered by the Romans as the first and most essential to obtain their ends. This perpetual occupation in outreaching each other makes them by no means delicate as to what are called principles ; with them roguery (*friponnerie*) is ability ; they glory in it, and it is their vanity ; hence the verb *minchionare*, which, happily

\* There is some confusion about these lists : here are 46 names, yet Bernis says that the Conclave consisted of only 45 or 46 cardinals, and it appears that 16 (one-third of the whole) formed an Exclusive.

for France, has no corresponding term in the French language.'—*St. Priest*, p. 282.

These instructions refer also to former elections. Cardinal Polignac was the only instance of a French diplomatist in the Conclave who had ever outwitted the Italians. He had made Clement XII. (Corsini) Pope. Tencin had attempted, and well-nigh succeeded, in favour of Aldrovandi, but had been defeated by Annibale Albani, who had carried Lambertini (Benedict XIV.). In fine—

'The great test of ability is to find means to make others propose what is your own object, and to seem to take no interest in the step. The French cardinal has nothing to do but to listen; to open himself to no one as to his opinion on different subjects which may arise: to answer all who attempt to sound him, that he comes to no determination except in the Church. This is the usual language in the Conclave, and every one knows what it means. When a name is proposed, and begins to gather voices, then he must strain every nerve (*faire l'impossible*) to ascertain the numbers. If the candidate is acceptable to France, as soon as the French cardinal shall perceive that he can carry the election by the voices of his faction, then is the moment to explain himself, and to make known his demands to the person proposed for election. It is very seldom that a cardinal who wants but this one step to become Pope refuses to agree to whatever may be required of him!'

Such were the general views entertained by the statesmen of that day as to the proceedings of a conclave. They are important as enabling us to judge whether any very extraordinary means were adopted in 1769.

The special instructions to Bernis dwelt on the passionate and fanatic counsels followed by Clement XIII. (whose sincere piety and upright intentions are acknowledged), which had compelled France, Spain, the Two Sicilies, Portugal, and Venice, to assert their rights of sovereignty. 'The King has no decided plan as to the elevation of any pontiff:—his exclusive is only to be used in case the voices should seem likely to be united in favour of some cardinal, whose personal prejudices, particular affections, and blind and imprudent zeal might render his administration dangerous, if not pernicious and fatal to religion and to the tranquillity of the Catholic states—of this number are the Cardinals Torregiani, Boschi, Buonaccorsi and Castelli.'

The first object of Bernis was to obtain an Exclusive—sixteen voices. He commanded ten; six Neapolitans, two French, two Spaniards; and hoped to obtain six more at least among the following: York, Lante, the two Corsinis, Ganganelli, Guglielmi, Malvezzi, Pallavicini, Pozzobonelli, and Colonna. The two latter had large possessions, as well as Colonna's brother the Prince, in the

the kingdom of Naples, and would not, it was thought, vote for a pope unacceptable to that court.

But already D'Aubeterre began to develop his more decided views. He suggested to De Bernis that he should make the abolition of the Jesuits a preliminary condition. 'A cardinal before he is pope lends himself willingly to anything in order to become pope; there are many instances of this kind of bargain. We must insist on this point alone, and reserve all others. We must have a written promise, or, if that is refused, a verbal promise in the presence of witnesses' (p. 219). Bernis shrunk from this bold measure; D'Aubeterre insists that, as it only concerns the secularization of a religious order, it cannot be considered an unlawful covenant. He recommends Bernis to consult Ganganelli, one of the most celebrated theologians of the day, who had never been suspected of lax moral principles: '*j'espère que peut-être il rapprocherait de mon sentiment.*' 'No dependence can be placed on what a pope may do after he is elected, if he is not bound down before.' (p. 220.)

Bernis thus describes to Choiseul the persons with whom he has to deal: 'The sacred College was never composed of more pious or edifying persons—but their ignorance and narrowness are extreme.' He could not make them comprehend what was necessary to prevent them from compromising the Holy See with the Powers of Europe. 'Their whole politics are confined within the walls of Monte Cavallo. Daily intrigue is their sole occupation, and, unhappily for the peace of the Church, their only knowledge.' He writes to D'Aubeterre—'*Le plus grand de tous est de choisir un Pape qui ait la tête assez large et assez bien faite pour sacrifier les petites considérations aux grandes. Mais où est-il ce Pape? Où est le Secrétaire d'Etat supérieur aux misères locales de ce pays-ci? Je le cherche en vain.*'—D'Aubeterre had flattered Bernis in his hope of being Cardinal Secretary of State himself.—'Je ne trouve que quelques nuances de plus ou de moins dans la médiocrité des uns et des autres: car il ne faut pas s'y tromper, on gagnera plus sur l'objet intéressant des Jésuites avec un homme fort qu'avec un homme faible, pourvu qu'il ne soit fanatique.' At that time Bernis seems to have apprehended that the other parties were uniting in favour of Fantuzzi; indeed 'Fantuzzi must have secret dealings with the Jesuits.' He speaks favourably of Calvachini, 'who is ten years too old;' and, as we shall see hereafter, of Ganganelli. His great difficulty was to keep his colleague De Luynes quiet:—'*Je n'effarouche personne, et j'ai (Dieu merci) persuadé au Cardinal de Luynes de ne point trop agir et parler. Dans le fond c'est un honnête homme, et qui sera toujours ce que le Roi voudra,*

voudra, excepté ce que nous ne pourrions pas faire sans nous déshonorer in *secula seculorum*.'"

The Spaniards still delayed; they had given hopes that they would make the speedier journey by sea. They took fright, or pretended to take fright, at the sight of the Mediterranean, and began their tardy progress by land; but Bernis had now made great way towards an Exclusive. He had flattered the older Corsini into a pledge to play the part assigned him; Lante had promised his voice; Conti spoke little, but favourably; he was enchanted with Malvezzi.

An interview (on the 18th of April) with the leaders of the Zealots, of which Alexander and John Francis Albani were the spokesmen, did not pass off so easily. After a long discussion about the Jesuits, both parties seem to have lost their temper, and high words ensued, not over seemly in a conclave. 'We should be all equal here,' said Bernis; 'we sit in this assembly by the same title.' The old Alexander Albani lifted up his red cap—'No, your Eminence, we are not here by the same title; this *berretino* was not placed on my head by a courtesan.' The allusion to Madame de Pompadour, according to our author, silenced De Bernis, who took his revenge by making Orsini drop some significant hints to 'the old fox,' as to the uncertain tenure of his estates in the kingdom of Naples.

According to M. Créteineau Joly there was an underplot. A certain Dufour, described as an agent or spy of Choiseul, acting in concert with the Jansenists and philosophers (a strange and impossible alliance which haunts the imagination of M. Créteineau), had proposed, three years before the vacancy, to secure the election by a summary process, no less than downright straightforward bribery. The passage must be given entire:—

'Sans que personne puisse soupçonner la moindre chose, on arrivera au point de se rendre maître du futur Conclave. Les Cardinaux Français auront la liste des amis et ne feront que les observer. On pourrait ajouter au marché fait avec eux que l'argent ne sera délivré qu'après le Conclave, et que sur la parole du Cardinal chargé des instructions de la Cour; que de plus, la somme de . . . sera ajoutée à la somme principale pour chaque suffrage que *l'ami* aura procuré; mais avec cette condition, que le Cardinal chargé des instructions de la Cour en sera convaincu, et que celui qu'on aura procuré n'aura pas été auparavant assuré.'

This last provision against a cardinal being twice bought is exquisite. But after all we have some suspicion of this same Dufour, who seems to us not improbably a meddling intriguer, anxious to make himself an agent, not with any trust or commission from Choiseul or any one else. Choiseul, it is admitted, declined



declined this unsafe and expensive course ; it was taken up, however, by the Spanish Court, and its ministers (for the cardinals were even now not yet arrived) had instructions accordingly from Madrid. Azparu obeyed, Azara betrayed the secret to Bernis. Bernis' objections are capital—

‘ As to the *idée abandonnée*, surely you have bethought yourself that such matters are safely intrusted to one individual alone (and one who you know beforehand has no scruples) and not to five or six different ministers, and consequently to five or six secretaries ; to five cardinals, some of them still friends of those whom we wish to destroy. Who is the ecclesiastic imprudent enough (even if he approve of the measure) to intrust his honour to the discretion of so many persons ?’

Affairs did not proceed ; day after day passed in plots and counterplots, intrigues and counter-intrigues ; April wore away. No less than a miracle, says Bernis, can settle a business in which so many are engaged. The great point, the plain, positive, signed and sealed and witnessed covenant to abolish the Jesuits, was too uncanonical, too simoniacal, at least for the arts of Bernis. He himself felt or affected scruples. D'Aubeterre plies him with theological authorities, which he had industriously obtained from some unknown quarter. Bernis suggests, that if a cardinal were capable of making so simoniacal a bargain, he might perhaps be capable of breaking it. Matters do not seem to have been mended by the sudden activity of Cardinal de Luynes, who in his correspondence (*toute gastronomique*) had hitherto stood aloof from business. He too caught the fever of intrigue, and bestirred himself in a combined attack upon the Jesuits. We have here likewise an episode of Bernis bargaining with Choiseul for the payment of his debts, which were enormous, for Bernis was always prodigal and necessitous. Unless Choiseul complies with these reasonable demands the Cardinal threatens to *strike*.

Intimidation was now tried ; the great powers gave actual orders to occupy Avignon, Benevento, and other papal territories. Once indeed Malvezzi was near success. Malvezzi, Archbishop of Bologna, was the prelate who had enchanted Bernis ; but he was *too enlightened* (in Bernis' phrase)—he openly avowed *at least* Gallican opinions—he was the farthest removed from ultra-mon-tane principles of the whole conclave. He was almost a *philosophe* ; and a *philosophe* it was the great object of the Roman Catholic Powers of Christendom (according to our author) to place in the papal chair. We do not quite understand whether the exclusive now possessed by France, Spain, and Naples was actually employed, so as to decimate the conclave, and to reduce the number of *Papable* subjects within the narrowest limits—or whether

whether this plan was only a matter of deliberation. The system of intimidation was, however, carried even further; it was distinctly intimated that if the conclave persisted in their obstinacy, Portugal, France, Spain, and Naples would throw off the papal supremacy. Affairs seemed more inextricably involved than ever, except that Fantuzzi was out of the field,\* and Pozzobonelli (Archbishop of Milan, who represented Austria) had now become a kind of favourite; he 'four times a day came and made false confidences to Bernis.' Poor Bernis was at his wits' end—'To find out who are the real enemies of the Jesuits one must become God and be able to read the hearts of men.'

The Spaniards were now arrived, and not long after their arrival on a sudden Bernis received an intimation that everything was settled, and that he had nothing to do but to bring up all his votes for Cardinal Ganganelli. The grave, and silent, and serious Spaniards, particularly the Cardinal de Solis, Archbishop of Seville, who was in the confidence of Charles III. and of his minister D'Aranda, had achieved in a few days (by one account in eight and forty hours) that on which the elegant and loquacious Frenchman had wasted weeks in vain. Ganganelli had agreed to certain terms; what they were was not at first communicated to Bernis (D'Aubeterre, though he protests to the contrary, was probably in the secret). More surprising still, secret communications had been going on between the Spaniards and the Albanis; they too, with the Zealots, were to vote for Ganganelli. The disgust of Bernis is infinitely amusing, but there was no help; he must console his wounded vanity by persuading Ganganelli that he owed his promotion to France. This was Bernis' first and last care. 'Au reste je ferai savoir à Ganganelli dès ce soir que sans notre concours rien ne réussirait pour lui, et qu'ainsi il doit être attaché à la France. Il faut qu'il nous craigne un peu, mais pas trop. Je crois cette précaution essentielle, sans quoi notre rôle serait absolument passif et ridicule.' (p. 265.) Accordingly l'Abbé de Lestache (the Conclaviste of Bernis) 'va à une heure de nuit chez le futur Pape. Il y porte un Mémoire par où il démontre que c'est à la France qu'il doit la tiare.' (p. 267.) Ganganelli submitted to be proposed; De Bernis and his few troops could but follow the general movement. Clement XIV. ascended the throne of St. Peter.

No one impeaches the calm equity of Ranke, or his careful fidelity in the use of all documents accessible at the time when he wrote. His brief character of Ganganelli, therefore, may as well be kept in view, while we are examining that now offered us:—

'Of all the cardinals Lorenzo Ganganelli was, without question, the mildest

mildest and most moderate. In his youth, his tutor said of him, "that it was no wonder he loved music, for that all was harmony within him." He grew up in innocent intercourse with a small circle of friends, combined with retirement from the world, which led him deeper and deeper into the sublime mysteries of true theology. In like manner, as he turned from Aristotle to Plato, in whom he found more full satisfaction of soul, so he quitted the schoolmen for the fathers, and them again for the Holy Scriptures, which he studied with all the devout fervour of a mind convinced of the revelation of the Word. From this well-spring he drank in that pure and calm enthusiasm which sees God in everything, and devotes itself to the service of man. His religion was not zeal, persecution, lust of dominion, polemical vehemence, but peace, charity, lowliness of mind, and inward harmony. The incessant bickerings of the Holy See with the Catholic states, which shook the foundations of the Church, were utterly odious to him. His moderation was not weakness, or a mere bending to necessity, but spontaneous benevolence and native graciousness of temper.—*Ranke's Popes*, Austin's translation, iii. 212.

We should with deep regret see this beautifully proportioned statue thrown from its pedestal and broken to pieces: not because Clement XIV. abolished the Jesuits; not because he was a liberal, as he was sometimes called a Protestant, pope; but for the sake of our common nature and our common Christianity, which is not rich enough in such examples to afford the loss of one. But—

*'Curramus præcípites . . . calcemusque Ordinis hostem.'*

It is this spotless victim which M. Crétineau-Joly, with unaverted face, would sacrifice to the manes of the Order. Ganganelli, according to him, was a man of unscrupulous but subtle ambition, who played fast and loose with the supporters and the adversaries of the Jesuits, endeavoured to break faith with his inexorable creditors, bartered his soul for the papal tiara, lived a few years of miserable remorse—if not of madness; and, but for the intervention of a most astonishing miracle, would have died in despair—'unhouselled, unanointed, unannealed.' All this is chiefly made out on the faith of these new historical discoveries.

Now, accepting these documents as imparted to us by the historian of the Jesuits, the first great question, whether Ganganelli 'played most foully' for the triple crown, rests on three points. 1st. What was the agreement which he entered into with the Spanish cardinals? 2nd. How far can he be accused of double-dealing, as concealing or dissembling his views concerning the Jesuits? 3rd. Was he or was he not honestly and conscientiously adverse to the Order? Did he sincerely believe its suppression a wise sacrifice for the peace of the Church?

I. Ganganelli may have been ambitious of the papal crown, and without blame. He may have devoted himself with true Christian heroism

heroism to the awful office. He may have thought, humanly speaking, the accession of a man of his own mild and conciliatory character the only safety of the pontificate. The great powers of Europe actually menaced secession; the ease with which they had all expelled the Jesuits, was a fearful omen that they would meet with no dangerous resistance—would, perhaps, be hailed by the spirit of the times—in breaking for ever with Rome. The vitality of the popedom had not yet been tried in such days as when it was saved by the lofty and serene patience of Pius VII.:—it was trembling—at least, in its old stern Hildebrandine character—towards its extinction. There was something vague, dreamy, mystic, in the religion, and even in the worldly ambition of Ganganelli. He is said to have listened in youth to predictions of his future greatness; an imaginary popedom may have floated before his imagination, which should awe mankind by gentleness, and this notion he might cherish even throughout the dark dealings of the Conclave: the belief in such day-dreams, in an Italian, might not be inconsistent with much prudence and even subtlety in his dealings with men, nor need he perhaps surrender it till it was actually shattered to pieces by the harassing cares of the pontifical administration, the imperious demands of the Bourbons, the busy and perilous intrigues of the Jesuit faction, the bitter realities and responsibilities at that time so peculiarly the doom of him who wore the triple crown. What then was, in fact, the agreement of Ganganelli with Spain and France? It was a Note in which Ganganelli declared—we transcribe our author's own words—'*qu'il reconnaît au souverain pontife le droit de pouvoir éteindre en conscience la Compagnie de Jésus, en observant les règles canoniques; et qu'il est à souhaiter que le futur pape fasse tous ses efforts pour accomplir le vœu des couronnes.*' M. Crétineau Joly admits that this is not explicit. The right in question was one which could not be denied without annulling the papal supremacy; the Order subsisted by papal authority, and might doubtless be abolished by it. The Note implied, however, a desire to comply with the wishes of the crowns. Our author adds, that though Ganganelli refused to commit himself further in writing, he fully explained his own views to De Solis. 'He opened his whole soul, and acknowledged that it was his ambition to reconcile the pontificate with the temporal powers; he aspired'—our author subjoins this bitter and unwarranted inference—'to unite them in peace over the dead body of the Order of Jesus, and thus to obtain restitution of the cities of Avignon and Benevento.'

But the curious part of all this is, that every fact and every circumstance of this wonderful disclosure was perfectly well known.

known before. The whole was known probably to Ranke; it was at least surmised pretty clearly by Count St. Priest (p. 402). It was known to M. Crétineau Joly himself; and is found, word for word, with the same observations, in the fifth volume of his 'History of the Jesuits,' p. 333. So far as these new discoveries affect the promotion of Ganganelli, the cardinals might have been spared their anxieties, the General of the Order his tears. The character of Clement XIV. stands exactly as it did before; and thus far M. Crétineau Joly may take comfort in the utter harmlessness, in the unwelcome innocence, of his fatal Supplement.

II. Did, then, Ganganelli play a double game, and hold out to each party the hope that he was theirs? It is clear that, at the first, he stood aloof; he might dread the danger of being struck down by a random Exclusive. It is no less clear that he understood and mistrusted Bernis. Nothing could be more ungenial to the silent, recluse, and dreaming monk than the courtly blandishments, the restless intrigue, and the self-importance of the garrulous Frenchman.\* Ganganelli was one of the four named in the original instructions of Choiseul as Cardinals whose elevation would be consistent with the interests of France. Though D'Aubeterre suggested to De Bernis Ganganelli as the greatest theologian and casuist, who best could resolve the question as to the legality of a covenant for the destruction of the Jesuits, he by no means felt confident that the decision would be in his favour. Ganganelli's calm prudence baffled De Bernis; he would not be the tool of his intrigues. Early in the affair, De Bernis writes—

'Si Ganganelli n'avait pas tant de peur de se nuire en paraissant lié avec les couronnes, il y aurait pour moi plus de ressources en lui qu'en tout autre; mais cela ne se peut plus; à force de finesse il gâte ses affaires; mais il a été accoutumé à cette conduite dans son cloître, et il a peur de son ombre; c'est dommage.'—p. 222.

Again, on the 20th of April, De Bernis has a little secret coquetry (*galanterie sourde*) with Ganganelli, who promises his voice—but, in the meantime, to keep up appearances, votes on the other side. 'He does not like the manner in which my colleagues conduct their negotiations; but professes great esteem for me' (p. 228). When Ganganelli, among others, is proposed for pope, De Bernis says that 'he is feared, but not of sufficient consideration' (p. 230). Much later he writes, 'One must have great faith to feel sure that Ganganelli is with us. He wraps himself up in impenetrable mystery.' To pass over some circumstances, hereafter to be noticed—to the last De Bernis found

\* It is true that Ganganelli at an after time became fond of the Cardinal poet—and his acceptance of the flattery of Voltaire was no doubt the fruit of that intercourse; but we speak of the feelings of the conclave period.

Ganganelli calm and cold, promising nothing, entering into no engagement.

But how were the Zelanti, the Albani, and their party induced to vote for Ganganelli? De Bernis roundly asserts that it was the pistoles of Spain which wrought this change; that more than once the Albani had made advances of the kind to him (*se sont jetés cent fois à ma tête*); but as he (Bernis) had no money to offer, he was obliged to content himself with keeping on good terms with them. '*L'argent comptant vaut mieux que toute chose. Si l'Espagne s'attache les Albani par de bonnes pensions, elle sera la maîtresse de ce pays-ci.*' He adds, that if Azparu has not come down with large sums and still larger promises, the Spaniards will, after all, be duped; that the Albani will only vote for Ganganelli after having obtained positive assurances for the maintenance of the Society. M. Crépineau Joly assures us, indeed, that De Bernis himself utterly destroys these odious suspicions thrown out against the Albani; but all that De Bernis says is, that 'they had made their own arrangements with Ganganelli.' Of these arrangements, if made, it is clear that the French Cardinal was not in the secret; and as though M. Crépineau Joly were conscious of the weakness of his case, with regard to this supposed retraction of the charge of bribery by Bernis, he suddenly bewilders his reader at this very instant with a clever irreverent letter of Voltaire, which might have come in anywhere else quite as well. By thus shocking the religious, and diverting the profane, the attention of each class of readers is withdrawn from the grave question stirred. Bernis' wounded vanity may indeed have ascribed to these coarse means the success of the Spaniards in an affair in which he himself had failed; he may have been ambitious of having it in his power to distribute large sums of money, and to make magnificent offers; and he may have estimated too highly the influence which he would have obtained by such advantages. But whatever may be the truth of the charge, it remains uncontradicted as far as Bernis is concerned. But of all improbable solutions of this difficulty, the most improbable is that these subtle and suspicious and experienced conclavists were themselves overreached by Ganganelli, and persuaded by a few careless and doubtful sentences, dropt at random, that he was a Jesuit at heart. The Albani must have known that the Spaniards were negotiating with Ganganelli, as well as Ganganelli and the Frenchman knew that negotiations were going on between them and the Spaniards. The two significant sentences which are supposed to prove Ganganelli's duplicity are these:—To one party he said, '*The arms of the Bourbon princes are very long, they reach over the Alps and the Pyrenees.*' To

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the other he said (M. Cr  tineau Joly of course adds, 'in tones of perfect sincerity'), 'Destroy the Company of Jesus! you might as well think of overturning the dome of St. Peter's.' Moreover the Cardinal Castelli is reported to have heard Ganganelli say on one occasion, 'I will never vote for Stoppani; if he were Pope, he would oppress the Jesuits.' And we are to suppose that Castelli, 'the chief of the fanatics,' was suddenly converted by these words into a partisan of Ganganelli.

III. But after all (and this is the main question), was Ganganelli a Jesuit in his heart and conscience; and did he wrench that heart from its dominant inclination, and sell that conscience for the Papal tiara? All the proofs on one side are, a formal oration which in his younger days he made on some commemoration festival, in which he spoke handsomely of the learning and depth of some of the great Jesuit writers; his elevation to the Cardinalate by Clement XIII., who was completely under the influence of Ricci, general of the Jesuits; his habitual civility to the Jesuits wherever he encountered them; the perplexities of Bernis, which we have already described; and those loose sayings ascribed to him during the conclave. These vague proofs are crowned by a passage from a manuscript history by the Jesuit Cordara, 'whose wish,' we may not unreasonably conclude, 'was father to his thought.' But even Cordara admits that the world in general considered Ganganelli opposed to the Jesuits. To these few and trivial facts are opposed the character of the man; his Order, which in many of the missions had come into hostile collision with that of Jesus; his reputation, which from the first pointed him out as one of those who might be promoted by the anti-Jesuit interest; above all his prospective views, which manifestly had foreseen that the old ultra-montane government of the world by terror alone, by the terror of interdict and anathema, had passed away; that unless Catholicism, unless Christianity could attach mankind by the cords of love, its day was gone. These views implied the most profound confidence, rather than cowardly mistrust, in the promises of God to the Church at large, or in those special promises which the Roman Catholic believes to have been made to St. Peter, and through him to the bishops of Rome. There was, moreover, one act of Ganganelli—an act acknowledged by M. Cr  tineau Joly, and by all who are hostile to the memory of Clement XIV.—which seems to us conclusive as to his previous Anti-Jesuitism. He it was who had succeeded the Cardinal Passionei in conducting the proceedings for the canonization of Palafox, bishop of Puebla. But this canonization, pertinaciously opposed during many years by the whole Jesuit interest, was by all the world considered as a direct and positive condemnation

demnation of the Order, who were asserted to have persecuted that blameless Bishop to his dying bed. It was to them a question of life and death; Ganganelli's voluntary undertaking of this cause, therefore, was little less than an open declaration of war against them. On the whole, then, we can have no doubt that Ganganelli was, *ab initio*, in his heart convinced of the justice, the policy, the wisdom of the suppression of the Jesuits, though, from prudential motives, perhaps from the gentleness of his temper, he abstained from betraying those views more than was necessary; and when the time for action was come, shuddered and recoiled at the difficult task—one which it would have required a far different cast of mind to accomplish without fear, without doubt, without regret.

The end of a Papal election usually throws the population of Rome into a state of tumultuous exultation; Clement, on his accession, was hailed with a perfect frenzy of joy. This M. Crétineau Joly describes, interspersing covert allusions to more recent rejoicings on the election of a liberal Pope, and solemn and ominous warnings of the fickleness of the Roman people, and the instability of this kind of popularity.

Count St. Priest condemns severely the weakness and irresolution of Clement XIV., who delayed for three years the great work of his Pontificate. Ganganelli shrunk before the magnitude of his task—the utter extinction of an Order which had been approved by so many Popes, had the Council of Trent in its favour, and was still considered by friends and foes the Janisary force of the Papal power. ‘Far,’ says the Count, ‘from displaying that inflexibility, that unshaken firmness, ascribed to him by his enemies and his panegyrists, he resolved to temporise, to amuse the sovereigns by promises, to restrain the Jesuits by premeditated hesitations; in a word, to elude rather than brave the danger. From this day he devoted his Pontificate to all the subtleties and all the artifices of a laborious feebleness.’ Our reader will find the history of all these transactions told with admirable brevity, spirit, and truth, in M. St. Priest’s fourth chapter. Nothing can be more striking than the developement of Clement’s character—his conduct to Bernis—his happiness when for a short time relieved from the intolerable burthen of immediate decision—his struggles in the inflexible grasp of Florida Blanca. But M. St. Priest has hardly made allowance for the difficulties of Clement’s position. The sovereigns and their agents were for forcing the measure with immediate, indecent haste: Clement had stipulated from the first that the affair should proceed *legally*; he would act slowly, canonically, charitably. Giving him credit for having conscientiously determined

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to keep his positive or implied promise, under the full conviction that the peace of the Church required the dissolution of the Order, it is hardly surprising that he should have been perplexed as to the safest and least offensive means of achieving his design. He had hardly any one to consult; his private friends, two good simple Franciscans, could give him no assistance in such perilous questions. The Cardinals were hostile; he felt himself obliged to withdraw from their counsels: the ambassadors, till he had made a friend of Bernis, were for driving him on with headlong, merciless, cruel precipitancy. His caution may have led to more than the proverbial tardiness of proceedings at Rome, his irresolution may have been weakness, he may have yielded too much to his fears; according to Bernis, from the day of his elevation he had a dread of poison. But the justice and gentleness of his character were perhaps more embarrassing than his scruples or his timidity. The measure could not be accomplished without inflicting much suffering—without wounding the most tender and sacred feelings of many who admired and loved at least individual Jesuits—without condemning many excellent, pious, and devoted men to disgrace, degradation, poverty. It was a light thing for despots and unscrupulous ministers, who never thought or cared at what amount of private and individual misery they carried their purposes, to suppress the Jesuits. It was but to issue a decree of expulsion, to confiscate their property, and to proscribe their persons. It required but administrative ability to seize, as in Spain, every member of the Order, to tear them away from all their own attachments, and the attachments of others, to embark them and cast them contemptuously on the shores of Italy. But it was a severe trial for a kindly and benignant Ecclesiastic to trample all these considerations under foot; to inflict so much individual wrong and sorrow, even for so great an end as the adaptation of Christianity to the spirit of the age. And, moreover, Clement knew too well, he felt at every step, the power of the Jesuits, which in Rome encircled the Pope as in an inextricable net. ‘*Dans les palais de Rome les Jésuites étaient les intendants des maris, les directeurs des femmes; à toutes les tables, dans toutes les conversazioni, régnait despotiquement un Jésuite*’ (St. Priest, p. 113). Better motives than timidity might make him reluctant rudely to break up throughout the civilized world connexions, which might be as intimate, more holy, more truly spiritual than those at Rome. Accordingly, we find him casting about for every kind of device to break the blow; he thought at one time of a Council to give greater solemnity to the decree; he thought of allowing the Order to die out, by prohibiting them from receiving novices; of appointing no successor  
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to the aged Ricci. He ventured to offend Charles III. by favourable expressions with regard to their missions; he gave them opportunities of parting with their property to relieve their present distresses. But he was attempting an impossibility—to avoid the blow might have baffled a great man, to a good man it was utterly desperate and hopeless. At length, after three years' delay, appeared the fatal Brief, *Dominus et Redemptor*. It was a Brief, not a Bull—but we must plead guilty to that obtuseness or blindness which cannot comprehend how Papal Infallibility can depend on its decrees being written on paper or on parchment, accompanied or not accompanied by certain formularies of publication.

All that follows the publication of the brief—the death of Ganganelli, the fierce and yet unexhausted disputes about the last year of his life, and the manner of his death—are to us indescribably melancholy and repulsive. The two parties are contending, as it were, for the body and soul of Pope Clement, with a rancour of mutual hatred which might remind us of the Spaniards and Mexicans during their great battle on the Lake—the Mexicans seizing the dying Spaniards to immolate them to their idol—the Spaniards dragging them away to secure them the honours and posthumous consolations of Christian burial. We have conflicting statements, both of which cannot be true—churchman against churchman—cardinal against cardinal—even, it should seem, pope against pope. On the one side there is a triumph, hardly disguised, in the terrors, in the sufferings, in the madness, which afflicted the later days of Clement; on the other, the profoundest honour, the deepest commiseration, for a wise and holy Pontiff, who, but for the crime of his enemies, might have enjoyed a long reign of peace and respect and inward satisfaction. There a protracted agony of remorse in life and anticipated damnation—that damnation, if not distinctly declared, made dubious or averted only by a special miracle:—here an apotheosis—a claim, at least, to canonization. There the judgment of God pronounced in language which hardly affects regret; here more than insinuations, dark charges of poison against persons not named, but therefore involving in the ignominy of possible guilt a large and powerful party. Throughout the history of the Jesuits it is this which strikes, perplexes, and appals the dispassionate student. The intensity with which they were hated surpasses even the intensity with which they hated. Nor is this depth of mutual animosity among those or towards those to whom the Jesuits were most widely opposed, the Protestants, and the adversaries of all religion; but among Roman Catholics—and those not always Jansenists or even Gallicans—among the

the most ardent assertors of the papal supremacy, monastics of other orders, parliaments,\* statesmen, kings, bishops, cardinals. Admiration and detestation of the Jesuits divide, as far as feeling is concerned, the Roman Catholic world, with a schism deeper and more implacable than any which arrays Protestant against Protestant, Episcopacy and Independency, Calvinism and Arminianism, Puseyism and Evangelicism. The two parties counterwork each other, write against each other in terms of equal acrimony, misunderstand each other, misrepresent each other, accuse and recriminate upon each other, with the same reckless zeal, in the same unmeasured language—each inflexibly, exclusively identifying his own cause with that of true religion, and involving its adversaries in one sweeping and remorseless condemnation.†

To us the question of the death of Clement XIV. is purely of historical interest. It is singular enough that Protestant writers are cited as alone doing impartial justice to the Jesuits and their enemies: the Compurgators of the 'Company of Jesus' are Frederick II. and the Encyclopedists. Outcast from Roman Catholic Europe, they found refuge in Prussia, and in the dominions of Catherine II., from whence they disputed the validity

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\* See Crétineau Joly, p. 151, for the accusations adopted by the Parliament of Paris, which only comprehend simony, blasphemy, sacrilege, magic, idolatry, astrology, irreligion of all kinds, superstition, unchastity, perjury, false witness, prevarication, theft, parricide, homicide, suicide, regicide. The charges against the doctrines of the Jesuits are equally enormous: they had taught every heresy, from Arianism to Calvinism (all carefully recounted), blasphemies against the Fathers, the Apostles, Abraham and the Prophets, St. John the Baptist and the Angels, outrages and blasphemies against the blessed Virgin, tenets destructive of the divinity of Jesus Christ, deistical, Epicurean, teaching men to live as beasts, and Christians to live as Pagans!

† Even now a writer, in some respects, in copiousness, in eloquence, in vigour, in extensive knowledge, the most remarkable of modern Italy, Vincenzio Gioberti, seems to have concentrated within himself all the traditionary hatred of the Jesuits, and fixed on himself their no less vindictive detestation. His huge volume, the 'Primato d'Italia,' soon came to be a text-book with a large part of the Italian clergy, especially in Piedmont. The theory of the 'Primato' is to us simply preposterous. The eternal, the inalienable, the unforfeitable primacy of Italy, of Rome, and of the Pope is as wild a vision as ever haunted the poet, or him whom in imaginative creativeness Shakespeare ranks with the poet, the lunatic. This indefeasible primacy we will begin to discuss when Italy shall have given birth to new Dantes, new Ariostos, new Tassos, new Da Vincis, new Michael Angelos, new Raffaelles, new Galileos—with greater Watts, more ingenious Fultons, more inventive Wheatstones. But even the 'Primato,' with all its eloquent appeal to the patriotic and ecclesiastical passions of Italy, was looked upon with mistrust so long as there were suspicions that Gioberti inclined to the Jesuit party. In another vast volume of 'Prolegomeni,' Gioberti not merely disclaimed all such alliance, but began a fierce war against the Jesuits. This gauntlet was taken up; he was replied to with bitter and unsparing, and, as far as we are informed, unjust personality. The 'Gesuita Moderno,' in five thick volumes, is Gioberti's pamphlet in rejoinder—a work which we could only have commended a few months ago to those who were anxious to measure the extent of modern Italian prolixity, and gauge the depths of modern *odium theologicum*; but which has now acquired other claims to attention: for there is no doubt of its having had great influence on the late general *promanciamento* against the Jesuits in Italy.

and disobeyed the decrees of the Pope. Moreover, to us the beauty of Clement's character depends by no means on his conduct in the affair of the Jesuits, but on his piety, his gentleness, his universal benevolence, his toleration. We care not much for his greatness; but we have a tender, almost an affectionate, regard for his goodness. We cannot forget that, if he hesitated to suppress the Jesuits, he was bold enough to prohibit, immediately on his accession, the publication of the famous bull, *In Cœna Domini*; he was the first so-called Vicar of Christ, for a century or two, that did not commence his reign by maledictions on all but one particular division of those professing the faith of Christ—the first—(and last?)—whose inaugural edict was not an anathema.

M. Crétineau Joly informs us that the Pope signed the terrible brief with a pencil on a window in the Quirinal, and adds:—'It is reported (*on raconte*), and I have this narrative from the lips of Pope Gregory XVI., that after having ratified this act, he fell in a swoon upon the marble pavement, and *was not taken up till the next day* (et qu'il ne fut relevé que le lendemain).' Does M. Crétineau, or did Gregory XVI. mean that he was so utterly neglected by his attendants as to have been left on the floor? or that he did not recover his senses, for the whole day? We presume that the relation of the late Pope closed here. M. Crétineau proceeds:—

'Le lendemain fut pour lui un jour de désespoir et de larmes, car, suivant la relation *manuscrite*, qu'a laissée le célèbre théologien Vincent Bolgeni, le Cardinal de Simone (alors auditeur du Pape) racontait ainsi lui-même cette affreuse scène. Le Pontife était presque nu sur son lit; il se lamentait, et de temps à autre on l'entendait répéter, "O Dieu, je suis damné! l'enfer est ma demeure. Il n'y a plus de remède." Fra Francesco, ainsi s'exprime Simone, me pria de m'approcher du Pape, et de lui adresser la parole. Je le fis; mais le Pape ne me répondit point, et il disait toujours:—"L'enfer est ma demeure!" Je cherchai à le rassurer: mais il se taisait. Un quart d'heure s'écoula; enfin il tourna ses yeux vers moi, et me dit, "Ah! j'ai signé le bref; il n'y a plus de remède." Je lui répliquai qu'il en existait encore un, et qu'il pouvait retirer le décret. "Cela ne se peut plus," s'écria-t-il, "je l'ai remis à Monino, et à l'heure qu'il est, le courrier qui le porte en Espagne est peut être déjà parti." "Eh bien! Saint Père," lui dis-je, "un bref se révoque par un autre bref." "O Dieu," reprit-il, "cela ne se peut pas. Je suis damné. Ma maison est un enfer; il n'y a plus de remède."—p. 331.

The Pope's misjudging friends, adds our author, would deprive him of the virtue of remorse. That remorse preyed upon him incessantly, as we are left to infer, from the 21st of July, 1773, to the day of his death. Cardinal de Bernis is quoted as revealing

ing his fears of dying by poison, which had haunted him ever since his accession. He became mad; he had only glimpses of reason ('des éclairs de raison'); the first and last pope, asserts M. Crétineau, who has suffered that degradation of humanity. The stern historian will waste no word of commiseration.

But all this is in direct contradiction with De Bernis' express, distinct, and particular statements quoted by M. St. Priest, and adduced in a more convenient place by our author. 'Sa santé est parfaite et sa gaité plus marquée qu'à l'ordinaire:' thus writes the French cardinal on the 3rd of November, 1773. Bernis is, on all points where his own vanity and display of influence are not concerned, an unexceptionable witness. He was living in the most friendly intercourse with the Pope. And his story is confirmed by anecdotes—some cited by M. Crétineau himself, others by St. Priest, and many other writers. The date of Clement's first illness is marked with absolute precision. About the Holy Week, 1774, the Pope (who up to that time had shown himself in public in the streets and in the churches in apparent health and vigour) suddenly shut himself up in his palace—even the ministers of the foreign powers were not permitted to approach him. It was not till the 17th of August that they were admitted to an audience. They were struck with his altered appearance—he was shrunk to a skeleton. He spoke cheerfully of his health; but every one saw that it was an effort. The account which transpired was that one day, as he rose from table, he was seized with violent internal pains and cold shiverings. He recovered; but soon after alarming symptoms appeared, not merely in the body, but in the mind also. He became wayward, peevish, mistrustful. Daggers and poisoned phials were ever before him. He ate exciting food, which he dressed with his own hands. His mind wandered: he could not sleep; if he did, his sleep was broken with wild visions: he constantly prostrated himself before an image of the Virgin, and there lay sobbing, 'Mercy! mercy! —compulsus feci! compulsus feci!'

After six months of these horrible sufferings his faculties and his reason entirely returned. In the words of Cardinal de Bernis, cited by Count St. Priest, 'the Vicar of Jesus Christ prayed, as his Redeemer did, for his implacable enemies, and, at this moment, so great was his delicacy of conscience, that he scarcely allowed the suspicions, which had haunted him since the Holy Week, to escape from his lips. He died on the 22nd September. His body was in the most loathsome state—a state which we shrink from describing. An examination, however, did take place; the result of which by no means removed the dark suspicions which spread abroad.'

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The statements of Cardinal Bernis are confirmed in every point and every particular by another contemporary account—the Relation of the sickness and death of Clement XIV. sent to the court of Madrid by the Spanish ambassador. This Relation was printed in the ‘*Storia della Vita, &c. di Clemente XIV.*’ (Firenze, 1778.) It was reprinted from another copy, found among the papers of Ricci, bishop of Pistoia, in the life of that prelate by De Potter, i. p. 236-256. This account is full, minute, and circumstantial: it describes every symptom, every change, the whole medical history of the case—the hour (here we request our readers to fix their attention, for reasons which will hereafter appear) at which the dying pontiff partook of the Holy Sacrament, and that at which he received extreme unction—(the persons who officiated at this ceremony were well known; at least there was nothing strange or unusual, and the Pope was faithfully waited upon by his usual attendants and friends). The post-mortem examination is afterwards given with the utmost precision. In short, as far as internal evidence goes, we know nothing which can appear more trustworthy than this document—a document likely to be forwarded to the court of Madrid by the ambassador, and that ambassador in a position to command the most accurate information.

Our own disposition is towards severe mistrust in all such crimes as the poisoning of great people. We decline, therefore, to express any positive opinion on this historical problem. It is clear that Cardinal Bernis, who had carefully collected all the circumstances connected with the last illness of the Pope (a document unfortunately lost), believed in the poison. ‘The physicians,’ he says, ‘who assisted at the opening of the body, express themselves with prudence—the surgeons with less caution.’ According to Cardinal Bernis, the successor of Clement, Pius VI., led him to believe that he was well informed as to the death of his predecessor, and was anxious to avoid the same fate. Bernis adhered to his opinion to the last; so asserts M. St. Priest; the authority adduced by M. Crétineau Joly for his change of opinion seems to us utterly worthless. M. St. Priest expresses his own strong conviction of the poisoning, attested, as he says, ‘by the pope’s successor himself, in a grave conversation with a prince of the Church.’

M. Crétineau Joly, of course, treats the story of the poison with contempt; one of his arguments appears to us singularly unfortunate. It is, in plain English, that the Jesuits could not have poisoned Clement XIV. after his accession, because they did not before. Then it would have been to their advantage: now it was too late, and of no use. It is a strange defence of the Order, that they would not perpetrate an *unprofitable* crime. But is not  
revenge

revenge a motive as strong as hatred, even with fanatics? Moreover, till the actual publication of the brief, the Jesuits might and did entertain hopes of averting their doom, through the fears or irresolution of the Pope. On the other hand, we cannot think the prophecies of the speedy death of the Pope, which were industriously disseminated among the people, by any means of the weight which is usually ascribed to them, as against the Jesuits. A peasant<sup>\*</sup> girl of Valentano, named Bernardina Renzi, who signified by certain mysterious letters, P.S.S.V., *Presto Sara Sede Vacante*, was visited, it is said, by many Jesuits, and even by Ricci, the General of the Order—of which latter fact we should have great doubts. But, granting that all these prophecies were actively propagated, encouraged, suggested by the Jesuits, it would only follow that they were pleasing and acceptable to their ears; they might have vague hopes of frightening Clement to death; at all events, to all who believed that they were of divine revelation, it showed that God was for the Jesuits and against the Pope. But if they, or any party of fanatics among them, entertained the design of making away with the Pope, it was not very consistent with Jesuit wisdom to give this public warning to the Pope and his friends—to commit themselves by frauds which would rather counteract than further their purpose. Crime of this kind is secret and noiseless; it does not sound a note of preparation; the utmost that can be said is that these prophecies may have worked on the morbid and excited brain of some of the more fanatical, and prompted a crime thus, as it might seem to them, predestined by heaven.

M. Crétineau Joly dwells on the disdain with which Frederick II. treated the story of the poisoning. We are not aware that his Prussian Majesty possessed any peculiar means for ascertaining the truth, except from the Jesuits whom he had taken under his especial patronage, thinking that he could employ them for his own purposes. The judgment of many Protestant writers, somewhat ostentatiously adduced, may prove their liberality: but the authority of each must depend on the information at his command. The report of the physicians would be conclusive if we knew more about their character and bias; and if Bernis had not asserted that the surgeons held a different language. On the physiology of the case we profess our ignorance—how far there are slow poisons which, imbibed into the constitution, do their work by degrees and during a long period of time. There is certainly no necessity for the ‘*dæmon ex machina*,’ the Jesuit with his cup of chocolate,\* to account for the death of Clement, if

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\* M. Crétineau Joly has great respect for the traditions of the higher, the priestly circles

if it be true (and there is no improbability in the case) that he was of a bad constitution, aggravated by improper diet and self-treatment,\* and by those worst of maladies in certain diseases of the body, incessant mental agitation, daily dread of death, and horrors which, darkening into superstition, clouded for a time his reason. What we *know* of the state of the body after death might perhaps be ascribed to a natural death under such circumstances, as well as to poison.

But we have not done with the death-bed of Pope Ganganelli. We have alluded to the beautiful incident related by Cardinal Bernis, that just before his dissolution his full faculties returned, and that his dying words, like those of his Master's first martyr, of his Master himself, were of forgiveness to his enemies.† With this prayer we should have left the Pope in humble hope to the mercies of Him to whom all judgment is committed by the Father.

But this is not enough; a Pope, even though guilty of suppressing the Jesuits, must have a secure and certain absolution. In the extract which we are about to make we assure our readers that we invite their attention to no scrap from a monkish chronicle of the middle ages, no fragment of hagiography disinterred from any of the Greek menologies, or from the Golden Legend, but a grave statement offered to us in the nineteenth century as an historical fact, and guaranteed by a solemn decision of the papal see:—

‘In his last moments his understanding was fully restored. The Cardinal Malvezzi, the evil angel of the Pontiff, was attending him at the hour of death. God did not permit the successor of the apostles to expire unreconciled with heaven. To snatch away the soul of the Pope from hell, which, according to his own words, had become his dwelling, and in order that the grave might not close without hope on him who ceased not to repeat, “O! Dio! sono dannato,” a miracle was necessary—a miracle was wrought. Saint Alphonso de Liguori was then Bishop of Santa Agata dei Goti, in the kingdom of Naples. Providence, which was *jealous rather for the honour of the supreme pontificate than for the salvation of a Christian compromised by a great fault*, designated Alphonso de Liguori as his intermediiator between heaven and Gan-

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circles at Rome: the popular traditions are the other way. When the present Pope visited one of the Jesuit establishments, the mob cried out, ‘Take care of the chocolate.’

\* It is right to state that in a voluminous Dictionary of Ecclesiastical History, by Gaetano Moroni (a work the publication of which was commenced under the auspices of the late Pope, Gregory XVI.), among other arguments to discredit the poisoning, it is alleged that a celebrated Florentine surgeon, Nannoni, being in Rome, was consulted by the Pope. Nannoni told him that his malady was an *affezione scorbutica universale, troppo avanzata nel sangue*; that proper care and diet might alleviate but could not cure the disorder.—*Art. Clement XIV.*

† The Spanish document is here more brief—‘In mezzo agli atti di contrizione e pietà veramente esemplare rese l'anima al suo Creatore, verso l'ora 13,’ &c.—P. 246. ganelli.



ganelli. In the process for the canonization of that saint we read in what manner the prodigy was accomplished:—"The venerable servant of God, living at Arienzo, a small town in his diocese (it was on the 21st September, 1774), had a kind of fainting-fit. Seated on his couch, he remained two days in a sweet and profound sleep. One of his attendants wished to wake him. His vicar-general, Don John Nicolas de Rubino, ordered them to let him rest, but not to lose sight of him. When he at length awoke, he immediately rung his bell, and his servants hastened towards him. Seeing them much astonished, 'What is this?' he said; 'what is the matter?' 'What is the matter!' they replied; 'why, for two days you have neither spoken nor eaten, nor given any sign of life.' 'You indeed,' said the servant of God, 'thought that I was asleep; but it was no such thing: you do not know that I have been away to minister to the Pope, who is now dead!' Before long, information arrived that Clement XIV. had died at thirteen o'clock (between eight and nine in the morning)—that is to say, at the precise moment when the servant of God rang his bell."

*'Such is the statement which Rome, so difficult in the affair of miracles, and which does not avouch them till after mature examination, has guaranteed in the Acts of Canonization of Alphonso di Liguori.\* Rome has discussed; Rome has pronounced: this bilocation—[this being in two places at the same time]—is an historic fact!!'—p. 375.*

And M. Crétineau Joly is not content to leave this story in privileged obscurity in the acts of canonization. Verily, we comprehend at length the solicitude of the Cardinals, the tears of the general of the Jesuits, the desire of the Pope for the suppression of M. Crétineau Joly's book.

ART. IV.—*Letters addressed to the Countess of Ossory from the year 1769 to 1797 by Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford; now first printed from the original MSS.* Edited, with Notes, by the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1848.

WE have so often and so recently explained our views of the personal and literary character of Horace Walpole, that we shall on this occasion have little more to do than to give our readers a brief notice of an unexpected and by no means inconsi-

\* 'Informatio; animadversiones et responsio super virtutibus V. S. D. Alphonsi Mariæ di Ligorio' (Rome, 1806). These acts we have not seen. We take them as quoted by our author. In Morone's Dictionary we read that Bishop Liguori was Beatified in 1816 and Canonized in 1839; but he died in 1786, and the taking of evidence about his claims had, of course, been begun early—and the decision on the various miracles recorded from time to time by the proper authorities, according to the rules which our readers may consult in the first three volumes of the 'Opera Omnia' of Pope Benedict XIV., edition the 14th—for no less than three of those folios are occupied with his grand Treatise *De Beatificatione Servorum Dei et Canonizatione Beatorum*.

derable addition to the already vast harvest of his miscellaneous correspondence. In our number for September, 1843 (vol. lxxii. p. 516), we stated that his published letters (including the last batch of those to Sir Horace Mann then announced) fell little short of two thousand, and we expressed an opinion that the discovery of many others might be reasonably looked for. These volumes are come to confirm our former, without diminishing our further, expectation; for they are from a source which we had not anticipated. We knew that Lady Ossory had been an early and intimate acquaintance of Walpole; but we were not aware of their having been such frequent correspondents as that her cabinet could supply us with above four hundred of his letters; and we now see some reason to believe that there must have been many more.

We are sorry to begin with repeating the complaints which we have had to make of the very defective way in which Walpole has been recently edited—perhaps our grievance on this occasion would be better phrased if we said that these volumes are not edited at all. The title-page, indeed, tells us that they are *edited* by Mr. Vernon Smith; but there is scarcely any other page of the work that confirms this promise. This is a great disappointment; because of all Walpole's letters, this batch especially and peculiarly needed marginal illustration, and the talents and position of Mr. Smith raised a confident hope that the task he had undertaken would be not merely adequately, but brilliantly, executed. From what causes Mr. Smith has to so great a degree abdicated his editorial functions, and, in the rare instances in which he has done anything, done it so superficially, we cannot conjecture. The kind of apology he makes is not unmingled with a sneer at the duty he has thus neglected:—

'The few notes which I have added relate only to such circumstances as my relationship enabled me to explain of family history. I have purposely abstained from the repetition of accounts of persons which have been given in former editions of Walpole's letters, which are derived from registers and magazines, open to the observation of *all who think it worth while to pursue such inquiries.*'

We readily admit that if Mr. Smith considers his publication as a mere continuation—the 11th and 12th volumes as it were—of the vast mass of Walpole's letters,\* it would have been needless to identify or characterise persons incidentally mentioned, and who were already familiarly known to all Walpole's readers; but as this is edited as a separate work, and, as is stated, for 'the amusement of the public,' we think as much should have been

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\* Mr. Bentley's collective edition of 6 vols., and the 4 vols. of the second set of the letters to Mann.

told as would insure that necessary ingredient to amusement—the comprehending what and whom the correspondents are writing about; it is a little hard that those who take up a gossiping volume should be obliged to provide themselves further with the Annual Register, Gentleman's Magazine, and a succession of old Peerages, to discover the object and meaning of one of Walpole's jokes on Lady A or Lord B. Mr. Smith must feel this, and has accordingly in a very few instances afforded us some such lights; but unluckily he holds up his candle—almost, we think, without exception—where there was the least call for one. When Walpole mentions 'a dear old blind friend in Paris,' Mr. Smith—habitually so sparing of illustrations—need hardly have told us (i. 25) that '*Madame du Deffand*' was meant: when Walpole, after having said that Lord Shelburne had married Lord Ossory's sister, calls him '*votre beau-frère*,' it was rather superfluous in an editor usually so taciturn to repeat that it means 'Lord Shelburne, who had married Lord Ossory's sister,' p. 93: or when Walpole says that Lord Waldegrave had died at Lord Aylesford's house in the country, and that the scene of the catastrophe was 'Packington'—we could have guessed, without a note, that Packington was 'Lord Aylesford's house,' p. 401. And these, be it observed, are three of, we believe, not much above a dozen explanatory notes in the whole volumes.\* We don't object even to such almost superfluous information, but we wonder that one who thought it necessary in such cases should have neglected it in so many others where it was more wanted.

But Mr. Smith, in his contempt of the humble duties of an annotator, mistakes we think the question. It is not merely of the want of such illustrations as may be collected from registers or magazines that we complain—they may be obtained, as Mr. Smith remarks, 'by all who think it worth while to pursue such inquiries,' or, as we should rather have said, by those who wish to be able to read his book without laying it down an hundred times to consult an hundred others—but what the reader most indispensably needs, and what registers and magazines cannot supply, is the explanation of small events, slight allusions, obscure anec-

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\* And of the rest of the dozen, several are, we suspect, essentially erroneous; as these, for instance—in vol. i. p. 54, which is made nonsense by confounding a *Poussin* with a *Claude*—in p. 88, where a wrong name is given—in p. 153, where irony, we believe, is mistaken for a serious statement, which makes a puzzle in another note, p. 203—in p. 259, where Mr. Smith has forgotten the old French jeu d'esprit (if it can be so called) of *La Patisserie*, whence Goldsmith pilfered his *Madam Blaise*. We submit these to Mr. Smith's reconsideration; two of them are of some importance. There are also some strange errors of the press. What do our readers think of a comparison of General Elliot, the governor of Gibraltar, to 'the old man of the mountain, who destroyed *enemies with his few Gregeois*'?—ii. 113.

dotes, traits of individual character, the gossip of the circle, and all the little items and accidents of domestic, social, and political life, which constitute in a most peculiar degree the staple of Walpole's correspondence—the most frequent occasions and chief objects of either his wit or his sagacity, and without some knowledge of which his best letters would be little more than a collection of riddles. Let us give a few examples. In describing a severe fit of the gout he says,—

‘I am still dandled in the arms of two servants, and not yet arrived at my go-cart. In short, I am fit for nothing but to be carried into the House of Lords to prophesy.’—vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

Many of the present generation of readers would require here to be reminded of one of Lord Chatham's remarkable exhibitions in the House of Lords, which Walpole, who was at this time angry with Lord Chatham on General Conway's account, sneers at.

‘Have you read the Character of Lord Chatham by Dr. Robertson in to-day's Public Advertiser? It is finely, very finely written.’—vol. i. p. 118.

‘The character of Lord Chatham was written by the Irish Mr. Flood, and published in Dublin a year ago in a book called *Barataria*.’—vol. i. p. 120.

Should not the editor have added, that this famous *Character* was written neither by Dr. Robertson nor by Mr. Flood, but by Mr. Grattan? It first appeared in a collection of *jeux d'esprit* against Lord Townsend's administration in Ireland, called *Baratariana* (p. 240): the editor of which, for the purpose of mystification, stated it to be an extract from *Robertson's* forthcoming *History of America*; and this led to Walpole's momentary mistake.

And again, when Horace Walpole (i. 299), on the first appearance of the celebrated verses to Mrs. Crewe, attributed them to *Sheridan*, a note ought, we think, to have told that they were really *Fox's*.

Walpole makes frequent sarcastic allusions to one Mr. Martin as his ‘*heir-apparent*’—a pleasantry unintelligible to those who may not have discovered that Mr. Martin, Secretary of the Treasury in 1760, had, to Walpole's great annoyance, obtained a reversion of his lucrative sinecure in the Exchequer.

‘I believe I am really Kottoho, a Chinese that comprehends nothing he sees or hears.’—vol. i. p. 350.

This enigma should have been corrected and explained by observing that amongst Walpole's fugitive pieces, in the 4to. edition, vol. i. p. 205, is a Letter from *Xo Ho*, a Chinese philosopher, to his friend at Pekin. We doubt whether Mr. Smith has found time even to look into that edition of his author, for we see that he has reprinted in these volumes a stupid Irish tale

already published there. But, stranger still, he seems not to have consulted the contemporaneous letters of Walpole to his other correspondents. Walpole, offering a visit to the Ossorys at Amptill, calls it *Houghton Park*, upon which one of the editor's rare notes observes—

'Either a slip of the pen for Amptill, or an allusion to the ruin of Houghton on Lord Ossory's estate.—Ed.'—vol. i. p. 7, note.

Mr. Smith we suppose is good authority on all matters relating to Amptill; but this is assuredly no *slip of Walpole's pen*. In a letter to Conway, 17 June, 1771, and elsewhere, he mentions *Houghton Park* synonymously with Amptill.

'I tremble lest Mr. Conway should have an opportunity of being romantic and defending a pebble, because he has nothing else to defend.'—vol. i. p. 358.

This *pebble* was Jersey—then menaced by the French—of which General Conway was governor.

'La Signorina I have not seen, and, in truth, did not ask to see her. I love David too well not to be peevish at an Abishag of eight years old.'—vol. i. p. 382.

If this was worth printing, it was worth telling that George Selwyn and his little pupil Mademoiselle Fagniani are meant.

'In short, alas! your ladyship's gazetteer is grown such a favourite at a certain tiny *Court in Cavendish-square*, that he is called to *sit at the board three nights in a week*. I really think that I should *accept*, if I was sent for to the Queen's house, if only to recover my liberty, as Lord North set a precedent of being as idle as one pleases.'—vol. ii. p. 146.

This pleasantry—written in the celebrated ministerial crisis of March, 1783—is unintelligible to those who do not happen to remember that Lord North had been just turned out of the Home Office, which he had accepted reluctantly and executed with indifference; and that Princess Amelia lived at the corner of Cavendish Square, where Walpole was *too often* honoured with invitations to the *loo-table*.

In August, 1783, after stating the 'such sums of money' that his maid Margaret gets by showing Strawberry Hill, and pleasantly hinting an intention to marry her himself, lest some fortune-hunter should carry off so great a prize, he proceeds—

'Mr. Williams said this morning that Margaret's is the best *place* in England; and wondered *Mr. Gilbert* did not insist on knowing what it is worth. Thank my stars he did not! Colonel Barré, or Dunning, would propose to suppress housekeepers, and then humbly offer to *show my house themselves*; and the first would calculate what he had missed by not having shown it for the last ten years, and expect to be indemnified.'—vol. ii. p. 165.

In order to understand these allusions, it is necessary to recollect

lect that Mr. Gilbert had taken a forward part in some recent inquiries into public offices, which had discovered—to Walpole's great vexation, and a little to his discredit—that one of his many places, the Ushership of the Exchequer, which he returned as producing 1800*l.* a-year, really produced 4200*l.*; and that Barré and Dunning, who had been great economical reformers while in opposition, had lately obtained, the one a great pension, and the other a lucrative sinecure.

'I was told t' other night that Lady Cathcart, who is still living, danced lately at Hertford, to show her vigour at past fourscore—ware an Abbé de Gedoyh!'—vol. ii. p. 280.

This must be obscure to those who do not remember two very extraordinary stories. The Abbé Gedoyh was the hero of the, we believe, fabulous story of Ninon de l'Énclos' octogenarian flirtation. The Lady Cathcart was Sarah Malyn, who died in 1789, aged 98. She had had four husbands, of whom Lord Cathcart was the third; the fourth was a Captain Macguire, an Irish officer, who, not much pleased with the posy on her wedding-ring—

*'If I survive  
I will have five,'—*

took her to Ireland, and kept her there in solitary durance for near 20 years, when he died, and her ladyship came back to dance at the Welwyn assembly. Some details of her treatment are told in 'Castle Rackrent.'

'I have seen good old Lord George, and would have persuaded him to read the pamphlet, which I acknowledged I admired, as I have to Mrs. Bouverie; but did not prevail.'—vol. ii. p. 429.

One is curious to know who the 'good old Lord George' was, who would not so much as read Mr. Burke's great work on the French Revolution. We, on behalf of all other Lord Georges, venture to guess that it was Lord George Cavendish.

'My servant's death was shocking indeed, and incomprehensively out of proportion to his fault, and to the slight notice taken of it; and that gentle treatment is my consolation, as I had in nowise contributed to, nor could foresee nor prevent, his sad catastrophe!'—vol. ii. p. 455. This relates to the suicide of a young footman, which exposed Walpole to some obloquy. It should, we think, have been stated that the story is told by Pinkerton in his 'Biographical Sketch,' who shows that, Walpole was wholly blameless.

We have noted on the margin of our copy a hundred desiderata of this kind—some more important, which we could not explain without more space than we can spare to such notes. It may be said that the matters themselves are trivial—they are so—the whole book will by some persons be thought trivial; but if it

be worth while to print trivialities—supposing even they were such—it is surely worth while to enable us to see whatever little meaning they may have. But we do not rate them so lightly—they are items in the history of society always entertaining and sometimes curious, and ought to be made intelligible. In short such letters are amusing or valuable exactly in proportion to the degree in which the present reader is able to understand them, as the original receiver did. Mr. Smith seems to despise those who think it worth while to pursue such inquiries; but, for our parts, we belong to the old-fashioned school of wishing to understand what we read, and to taste of the banquet which Mr. Smith—worse than Sancho's Doctor—serves up to us in covered dishes.

These observations are applicable to all familiar letters, but especially to Walpole's, and above all to the series now produced, which, from peculiar circumstances, are likely to be more obscure to common readers than any other class of his correspondence. The reason, as we think, is this:—In the former successive batches we had grown acquainted with his personages; the contemporaneous letters to different quarters illustrate each other, and the subjects are commonly of general interest, public or political, or of fashionable notoriety; and the notes of other editors, however imperfect they may have been, have still thrown a good deal of light on the more obscure passages; but this collection is—particularly in the earlier portion, and in some degree throughout—of a somewhat different complexion—the chief personages are not those we have been in the habit of meeting in Walpole's society—*Lady Ossory's* name is not, that we recollect, to be found in the preceding ten volumes. One letter to her, but *omitting her name*, closes the correspondence published by Mr. Berry in 1798, and has been reprinted with her name at the end of the collective edition. The main cause of this reserve is to be extracted from the following short note at the bottom of one of his pages, which contains, strange to say, all that Mr. Smith tells us of the history of the lady to whom the letters were addressed:—

'The Earl of Upper Ossory was married to the Hon. Miss Liddell, late Duchess of Grafton, daughter of Lord Ravensworth, March 8, 1769.—*Ed.*'—vol. i. p. 2, note.

The plain truth is, she had been *divorced* by Act of Parliament from her first husband, Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, and married immediately after the parther of her offence, John, second and last Earl of Upper Ossory. There was almost as much excuse for this poor lady as there could be in any case. A formal separation by deed had taken place between the Duke and Duchess in January, 1765. The cause was incompatibility of temper, and we know that the Duchess's patience was severely tried. There

There was no imputation on the lady's personal character, while Junius has immortalized the public immorality of the Duke's conduct. It was in this state of *quasi* widowhood, and under such provocation and insult, that she became intimate with Lord Ossory; and was at last, about the middle of August, 1768, secretly, as she hoped, brought to bed of a daughter—but the fact could not be concealed, and a divorce necessarily ensued. Walpole, in a letter to Conway of the 19th of June, 1768—when we know from the evidence given on the trial that the Duchess was in deep perplexity at finding herself within two months of an accouchement—says that 'he called on the Duchess, and found her *looking melancholy enough, but she did not ask wherefore:*' but he has in the same page afforded an excuse for the Duchess's fault by recording that 'The Duke of Grafton, like an apprentice, thinks the world should be postponed to a w—— and a horse-race.'

In consequence of this error, however extenuated by the Duke's behaviour, Lady Ossory found herself, by the severe but salutary rule of English society, excluded from the circle of which she was originally a distinguished ornament, and confined to a limited one composed principally of the family and immediate connexions of Lord Ossory. Walpole, who had been so intimate an acquaintance of hers that he familiarly called her '*My Duchess*,'\* seems to have good-naturedly adhered to her under this cloud, and he maintained to his last days a correspondence with her, of which these volumes are the produce. We have already pointed out the kind of instinctive discrimination with which Walpole selected his topics, and even varied his style, with reference to his correspondents; and it is evident that the circumstances in which Lady Ossory was placed have given to these letters a character different in some respects from his usual style. He does not entertain her with the chit-chat and anecdotes of *la haute société* of London which she had forfeited—we meet few of the once familiar names and scenes of the general correspondence. Though there is of course a proportion of politics and of literature, his communications are rather of a more domestic character—he takes more notice than in his other correspondences of plays and players, on which topics many of his opinions seem very heterodox—and is sometimes driven to fill up his pages with very insignificant matters and with superabundant details of his growing age and ailments. This certainly makes the letters less amusing, but it gives them *en revanche* an air of good-

\* We have little doubt that Walpole must have written a great number of letters to the *Duchess of Grafton*. Perhaps in the giddy heyday of her life she may have neglected to preserve them.



nature, which, to borrow Mr. Smith's odd expression, 'places Lord Orford in a *more amiable attitude as to feelings and friendships* than he has hitherto stood' (*Preface*, p. vi.).

But there is another circumstance that very disagreeably in our opinion distinguishes these letters, and in palliation of which we hesitate to accept Mr. Smith's prefatory explanation:—

'As they are written to a lady, they illustrate the tone of society of that day; for while they preserve a formality of address which no one would now use after so long an acquaintance, they contain allusions and anecdotes scarcely permissible to the more refined taste of our own times.'—*Preface*, p. v.

We are well aware that the style of that day was, though tagged with more ceremonies, much less refined than ours; but it must be observed that Walpole's numerous letters to his other female correspondents have nothing (except, we believe, one obscure hint to Lady Aylesbury) that can be called indelicate. Either former editors have chastened the style of his correspondence with other ladies, which we doubt, or else he had the bad taste of talking more freely—we might even say more grossly—to *Lady Ossory* than we think he would have done to the *Duchess of Grafton*. And, much as we dislike mutilations, there are some most offensive sneers at sacred subjects, as well as many breaches of delicacy and even decency, which we wish had been omitted; and the rather because Mr. Smith has observed in one instance, and we fancy that we can trace in some others, that these freedoms were by no means to the taste of Lady Ossory herself, with whose name it is unfortunate, and we believe unjust, that they should be in any way connected.

We have made the foregoing observations, and we submit them to Mr. Smith's better judgment, because we cannot doubt that these letters—forming as they do a not unimportant portion of *Walpole's great History of his Own Times*—will sooner or later be reprinted, and we should hope that Mr. Smith, in preparing them for republication, may be induced to pay some attention to our certainly not unfriendly suggestions.

Every reader is so well acquainted, not merely with the style of Walpole's letters, but with all the principal events on which he exercises his indefatigable pen, that it would be absurd to exhibit specimens of this correspondence, either in a literary or historical view; but we shall select for their amusement a few passages that seem to us to have some novelty or interest:—

'11 *March*, 1773.—Mr. Burke is returned from Paris, where he was so much the mode, that, happening to dispute with the philosophers, it grew the fashion to be Christians. St. Patrick himself did not make more converts.'—vol. i. p. 54.

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This little extract is not only interesting as evidence of the sincerity of Mr. Burke's religious opinions, and of the zeal, talent, and success with which he professed them, even in the infidel society of Paris, but it reveals the motive of a splendid passage of a speech made in the ensuing session, in which he pointed out 'this conspiracy of atheism to the watchful jealousy of governments;' adding—

'and though not fond of calling in the aid of the secular arm to suppress doctrines and opinions, yet, if ever raised, it should be against those enemies of their kind who would take from man the noblest prerogative of his nature—that of being a religious animal. Already, under the systematic attacks of these men, I see many of the proofs of good government beginning to fail. I see propagated principles which will not leave to religion even a toleration, and make virtue herself less than a name.'—*Prior's 'Life,'* vol. i. p. 247.

The eye and tongue of a prophet!

On the subject of the 'Heroic Epistle,' of which Walpole was early suspected to be the author, he says,—

'March 16, 1773.—Your ladyship is but too apt to think of me far above my merit; yet never did you overrate my parts so much as in bestowing the Heroic Epistle on me. However, excuse me for saying, that, if in one respect you have done me greatly too much honour, you have at least lowered my character in another. What must I be, if, living in intimacy with Lord Holland, and being a frequent witness of his unhappiness, I had stabbed him by a most barbarous line? I must be a rascal, and a brute: after that need I, and yet I do, give you my honour solemnly that that Epistle is not mine. I hope you, madam, and Lord Ossory will treat me as I should deserve, if you ever find it is.'—vol. i. p. 55.

The passage referred to must be,—

'On Tyburn tree  
Hung fragments dire of Newgate's history,  
On this shall Holland's dying speech be read,  
Here Bute's confession and his wooden head.'

We confess we do not see the deep malignity which Walpole attributes to this line, unless it was supposed to allude to the precarious state of Lord Holland's health; it may have ~~had~~, however, some more secret venom that escapes us; but we cannot read without surprise Walpole's protestations of good feeling towards Lord Holland,\* concerning whom we find in his Memoirs—

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\* There is no letter of 1778—an hiatus occasioned, Mr. Smith supposes, by the death of Lord Ossory's sister, Lady Holland; but this must be a mistake; Lady Holland did not die till the October of that year; even if her death had occasioned a subsequent interruption of the correspondence, it could not have affected the *nine preceding months*.

of George III.—written about this time, and left for posthumous publication—such (amongst many) passages as these :—

‘*Detested* by the public, Fox never could recover from the *stain* contracted at this period.’—vol. i. p. 197.

‘Fox had boldness and *wickedness* enough to undertake whatever the Court was led to compass.’—vol. i. p. 249.

‘Lord Holland was *cruel, revengeful, daring, and subtle*.’—vol. iv. p. 126.

And this last passage must have been written nearly contemporaneously with the exculpatory letter to Lady Ossory. We have had but too many instances of Walpole's double-dealing and strange insincerity, but this is, we think, one of the most indisputable and revolting. It would lead us to attach very little faith to his disclaimer of the Heroic Epistle, but other evidence satisfies us that he might with truth disclaim the actual writing of it; it was no doubt *written* essentially by Mason, but we have equally no doubt that Walpole's head guided Mason's hand, supplying most of the wit, all the local allusions, and probably the sharpest points. Mason versified what, we are satisfied, Walpole prompted, and this is not at all inconsistent with the letter in the collective edition in which he compliments Mason on the success of *his* poem.

Here is another instance of his sincerity :—

‘The publication [of certain letters] in question comprehends many of these offences, for it appears by the letters that the authors were much afraid of their being seen, though more goodness of heart appears than anything else. Merciful! if all the foolish things one writes in confidence were to be recorded! For my part, *I never care how silly I am in my letters, as I trust nonsense carries its own mortality along with it*. At least, if one is supposed to have common sense, one may trust, as Sir Godfrey Kneller did about his wretched daubings, that people will say, “Oh! to be sure these could not be his.”’—vol. i. p. 172.

And again :—

‘“*Such letters as mine!*” I will tell you a fact, madam, in answer to that phrase. On Mr. Chute's death, his executor sent me a bundle of letters he had kept of mine for above thirty years. I took the trouble to read them over, and *I bless my stars they were as silly, insipid things as ever I don't desire to see again*. I thought, when I was young and had great spirits, that I had some parts too, but now I have seen it under my own hand that I had not, I will never believe it under anybody's hand else.’—vol. i. p. 225.

All this from one whose chief occupation was letter-writing, of whom we have already near 2400 published letters, the greater part carefully recalled by himself from his correspondents, and in some, we believe the majority of instances—and in this  
very

very one of the 'silly, insipid' correspondence with Mr. Chute—arranged and even annotated by himself for posthumous publication. There is nothing blamable in this, and, on the contrary, we are very much obliged to him, and wish that he could have annotated all his letters (as his editors will not); but what we do wonder at is the perverseness with which a man of such taste and sagacity volunteers, for some little egotistical motive which we cannot comprehend, statements notoriously at variance with both his feelings and the facts. Lady Ossory herself was so well apprized of his anxiety for epistolary fame, that she used, we are told, to relate that when they were near neighbours in town Walpole would omit to pay her the usual visit, if he had anything to say that he thought might be worked into an agreeable letter. There was certainly, as we have before said, some constitutional irregularity in his mind that seems on many occasions and topics to have been too strong for his veracity and common sense.

For the accuracy of the following strange story and stranger exhibition of the gullibility of Charles Fox, Walpole hesitates to vouch, but it was subsequently confirmed at the trial of the swindler.

'You have read in Fielding's Chronicle [the Bow Street Report] the tale of the Hon. Mrs. Grieve; but could you have believed that Charles Fox could have been in the list of her dupes? Well, he was.' She promised him a Miss Phipps, a West Indian fortune of 150,000*l*. Sometimes she was not landed, sometimes had the small-pox. In the mean time, Miss Phipps did not like a black man; Celadon must powder his eyebrows. He did, and cleaned himself. A thousand Jews thought he was gone to Kingsgate [his father's marine villa] to settle the payment of his debts. Oh no! he was to meet Celia at Margate. To confirm the truth, the Hon. Mrs. Grieve advanced part of the fortune—some authors say an hundred and sixty, others three hundred pounds: but how was this to answer to the matron?—why, by Mr. Fox's chariot being seen at her door. Her other dupes could not doubt of her noblesse or interest, when the hopes of Britain frequented her house. In short, Mrs. Grieve's parts are in universal admiration, whatever Charles's are.'—vol. i. p. 102-7.

This seems incredible—and of such a man as Fox! We find, however, that there really was such an adventuress—that 'Elizabeth Grieve, *alias* the Hon. Mrs. Grieve, was tried and convicted at Hicks's Hall of having defrauded several persons of money under false pretences, and was transported for seven years' (Gent. Mag., 1774, p. 492). It was then stated that she had been the year before brought up to Bow Street for having defrauded people by pretending to be the cousin of the Duke of Grafton, and being otherwise nobly connected. This was the affair mentioned by Walpole; but of the inimitable farce—  
better

better even than Foote's *Cozeners*, which was founded on it—of getting Charles Fox to wash himself and *powder his eyebrows*—we do not remember to have heard before,\* and are grateful to Walpole for having immortalized so remarkable a proof of Fox's early good sense.

We had hoped, when we saw Walpole's allusion to Lord Hervey's Memoirs, to find a solution of the question lately propounded by Mr. Croker in his preface to that work, whether Walpole had seen the Memoirs—a curious point, and not unimportant to history; for if Walpole had not seen the Memoirs, the remarkable coincidence between them and his Reminiscences would give a double and mutual character of authenticity and authority to both. Here are Walpole's allusions to this matter:—

'Lord Bristol has left a paper, or narrative, of the Lord knows what, that is to be padlocked till his son is of age—nine years hence—and then not to be published while *whom God long preserve* is alive; this was leaving the boy a fortune indeed, if both live nine years! There, too, is another noble author—not for me, but for a supplement. I had rather the Earl Bishop would publish his father's memoirs.'—vol. i. p. 392.

'My last intelligence was wrong; Lord Bristol's codicil, now printed, seems to relate entirely to his father's papers, to nothing of his own; nay, it seems rather civilly than rudely meant as to the hour of publication, and to prevent disagreeable truths appearing with regard to the late Prince of Wales.'—vol. i. p. 395.

'Lord Hervey did leave a Dialogue of one whole day in the late King's reign, that is, of what commonly passed there. It was not, I believe, exactly what I mean, but rather a ridicule on the individuals of the *dramatis personæ*. I never saw it, but Lady Hervey told me it was the best thing he ever wrote.'—vol. ii. p. 15.

Now Walpole might mystify anybody about anything—but at least there is no expression in these passages that gives any support to the notion of his having seen the Hervey Memoirs. He certainly could not have read them if he was at any loss about the motive or the propriety of the Earl's injunction respecting their publication. There is no reason to suppose that the MS. ever belonged to Lady Hervey: Lord Hervey's son was of age at his father's death; and we know that the MS. passed successively to his brothers. Lady Hervey might very well tell Walpole, without having either the power or the wish

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\* Sir Walter Scott, in his Diary of May 9, 1828, gives the story with some confusion of names, but with one or two amusing variations of circumstance. One important point was, in that edition, that the heiress herself had been announced to Fox as a damsel of colour; and Scott's informant told him, that in her youth it was universally understood what was alluded to 'when the black woman appeared in the *Cozeners*.'—*Life of Scott*, vii. p. 131 (edit. 1838).

to show him her husband's Memoirs, that they were suppressed in consequence of their *disagreeable truths about the late Prince of Wales*; and that is all that Walpole says he ever knew about the matter. As to the *Dramatic Scene* in Queen Caroline's dressing-room on the supposed news of Lord Hervey's death, we readily believe Walpole's assertion that he knew it only from Lady Hervey's eulogistic report, for it has allusions to the Princess Caroline which it is not very likely that *Lady Hervey* should have been willing to show to anybody—least of all to such a gossip as Walpole—during the lifetime of the Princess, which did not close until within a few months of the publication of the 'Royal and Noble Authors.' On the whole, then, we are nearly satisfied that Walpole never did see the Hervey Memoirs, and agree with what seems to be Mr. Croker's opinion, that the coincidences and variations between them and the *Reminiscences* are those of general truth conveyed through distinct and independent channels.

From many specimens of Walpole's peculiar style of wit, which it is in general difficult to exhibit in an extract, we select a few sparks:—

'What was in the letter that diverted Lord Ossory I remember no more than the man in the moon, *whose memory lasts but a month.*'—vol. i. p. 187.

At a disastrous period of the American war he says,

'There was a Gazette this morning that will frighten the combined [French and Spanish] fleets out of their senses. We have destroyed a whole navy of walnuts at a place as well known as Pharsalia, called Penobscot. . . . Flying from D'Orvilliers, beaten by D'Estaing, and comforted by gathering a *wreath of sea-weeds* at Penobscot! How low is a nation sunk when its understanding may be so insulted!'—vol. i. pp. 364-5.

Happening to mention about the same time the virtues and generosity of two old ladies, Miss Stapylton and Lady Blandford, he adds,

'I wish we had some of these exalted characters in breeches! These two women shine like the last sparkles in a piece of burnt paper, which the children call the parson and clerk. Alas! the *rest of our old ladies* are otherwise employed; they are at the head of fleets and armies.'—vol. i. pp. 362-3.

'A *prism*,' he says, 'is the *grammar* of the rainbow,' ii. 23.

To hint at some levities of the then Prince of Wales, he says he expects to be invited to revels 'in *Eastcheap*,' ii. 48.

Announcing the resignation of Lord Shelburne's Ministry before the successors were named, he dates his letter '13<sup>th</sup> March—'

March—*New Style*,—which it was chronologically and politically—and concludes it,—

‘Here ends the first chapter of *Exodus*, which, in Court Bibles, always precedes *Genesis*.’—vol. ii. p. 148.

He describes one of the Villas near Richmond Bridge as—

‘a house in the middle of a village with nothing but a *short green apron* to the river.’—vol. ii. p. 393.

There is a grievance of which all letter-writers are constantly complaining—the shortness of the time between the arrival and departure of the post; but never was it before conveyed in so epigrammatic a way:—

‘Our post, madam, which only *comes in, turns on its heel, and goes out again*, made it impossible for me to answer your ladyship’s letter before dinner.’—vol. ii. p. 438.

It is thus that by the metaphorical use of a single word he combines, condenses, and exhibits in, as it were, one flash, a train of ideas that would cost an ordinary writer a long detail. This is, as we formerly noticed, the chief characteristic and merit of Walpole’s epistolary style: even in this collection—the least pretentious series of his correspondence—it everywhere inspirits and illuminates what would otherwise be very ordinary matter; though it must be confessed that here, as elsewhere, he frequently abuses his facility, and rides his metaphors too hard.

But there are things in these volumes more valuable than the best of their wit. He was during a great part of his life a very dishonest politician; but he really loved liberty, and well understood that it was inseparable from good order. His own temper, too, was cynical and selfish almost to infirmity, but he had a sure and prompt taste for kindness and generosity in others. He was the very reverse of what Swift said of himself, that ‘he loved *Jack* and *Tom*, but detested the human race in general.’ Walpole readily hated and ridiculed individuals, but he loved mankind; and under the surface of his wayward passions and strong prejudices there is always an under-current of good feeling and, above all, of good sense. We have before applauded the sagacity and humanity with which from the very outset he reprobated the American war, and we see him here again writing in the same wise and generous spirit. But it is still more satisfactory to find him, at the close of a long factious life, reclaimed by experience into sounder opinions, and looking at the French Revolution with the same ominous feeling as Mr. Burke—though (as might be expected in familiar letters) with a less extensive scope than the great political philosopher developed it in his more elaborate works. The principles on which the shrewdest wit and the most sublime

sublime statesman of the age, or perhaps of any age, concurred—contrary to all their original prejudices—in auguring ill of the results of the French Revolution, were drawn from the nature of man and the experience of all human society; and Horace Walpole's anticipations of the results of the first revolution are well worthy of the consideration of those who are now speculating on the consequences of the last. The last has not yet (we write in May) been disgraced by the massacres that characterized the first, because there has been neither resistance on one side nor enthusiasm on the other; but the germs of anarchy, indigenous to such sudden and uncontrolled experiments on human tempers—not to say passions—are, to our conviction, as pregnant in 1848 as they were in 1789:—

'4th August, 1789.—The *Etats Généraux* are, in my opinion, the most culpable. The King had restored their old constitution, which all France had so idolized; and he was ready to amend that constitution. But the *Etats*, with no sense, prudence, or temper, and who might have obtained a good government and perhaps permanently, set out with such violence to overturn the whole frame, without its being possible to replace it at once with a sound model entirely new, and the reverse of every law and custom of their whole country,—have deposed not only their King, but, I should think, their own authority; for they are certainly now *trembling before the populace*, and have let loose havoc through every province, which sooner or later will end in *worse despotism than that they have demolished*.'—vol. ii. p. 382.

The despotisms of Robespierre and of Buonaparte!

So early as a fortnight after the taking of the Bastille the prophetic old man—

'For old experience doth attain  
To something of prophetic strain'—

foresaw the murder of the King and the despotism of the Emperor:—

'4th August, 1789.—When they have deposed their monarch, or worse, and committed ten thousand outrages, they will rebound to loyalty, and, out of penitence, confer on *whoever shall be their king* unbounded power of punishing their excesses.'—vol. ii. p. 383.

Then how applicable to the Abbé de Lamennais' recent plan of a constitution is the following observation on the *constitution-mongering* that was then going on in France!—

'An Abbé de Sieyes excuses himself to the *Etats* from accepting the post of speaker, as he is *busy in forming a Bill of Rights and a new Constitution*. One would think he was writing a prologue to a new play!'—vol. ii. p. 386.

Any one who reads the *National* or the *Réforme* of the present day will see that Walpole had been reading some exactly similar publications:



publications: one would suppose he had especially before him the *procès verbal* of the 15th of May, 1848.

'They have launched into an ocean of questions that would take a century to discuss, and, suppose that a *mob of prating legislators, under the rod of the mob of Paris, and questionable by every tumultuous congregation* in the provinces, are an all-powerful senate, and may give laws to other kingdoms as well as to their own; and have already provoked, as they have injured, a very considerable part of their own countrymen. In the midst of this anarchy, is it not supremely ridiculous to hear of a young gentlewoman presenting her watch to the national fund, and a lifeguardsmen five-and-twenty livres? Nay, there are some tradesmen's wives appointed commissioners for receiving such patriotic oblations! . . . . They have either entailed endless civil wars on, perhaps, a division of their country, or will sink under worse despotism than what they have shaken off. To turn a whole nation loose from all restraint, and tell them that every man has a right to be his own king, is not a very sage way for preparing them to receive a new code, which must curtail that boundless prerogative of free will, and probably was not the first lesson given on the original institution of government.'—vol. ii. pp. 391, 2.

This seems as if written yesterday. We suspect that the following prophecy of what then ensued will be found equally true of what is now in progress:—

'When all Europe is admiring and citing our constitution, I am for preserving it where it is. The decay of prerogative on the Continent is a good counter-security to us; I do not think the season will invite anybody to encroach on liberty; and I hope liberty will be content to sit under her own vine and fig-tree, and receive the advantages that France is flinging into her lap. . . . I own I shall be curious to see the new constitution of France when it shall be formed, if formed it can be. It must be a curious patchwork composed from sudden and unconnected motions, started in a hurlyburly of disputes, without any plan or system, and voted as fluctuating interests and passions preponderate, sometimes one way, sometimes another, with no harmony in the compost, but calculated to contradict every view of the old government,—or secretly to preserve enough of it to counteract the new.'—vol. ii. p. 394.

And the following sketch of the issue of such attempts, which turned out to be literally true, will, we fear, be found equally true on the repetition of a still more inexcusable experiment:—

'A pack of pedants are going to be replaced by a pack of cobblers and tinkers, and confusion will be worse confounded. I should understand the Revelations, or guess the number of the Beast, as soon as conjecture what is to ensue in that country. Till anarchy has been bloodied down to a *caput mortuum*, there can be no settlement, for all will be struggling different ways, when all ideas have been disjointed and overturned; no great bodies can find their account in it, and no harmonious system is formed

formed that will be for the interest either of the whole or of individuals. Even they who would wish to support what they now call a constitution will be perpetually counteracting it, as they will be endeavouring to protract their own power, or to augment their own fortunes—probably both; and since a latitude has been thrown open to every man's separate ideas, can one conceive that unity or union can arise out of such a mass of discord?"—vol. ii. p. 450.

And, finally, we recommend to M. Lamartine's serious consideration (if, indeed, he has time or disposition for serious consideration) the example of one of his predecessors in revolutionary popularity. We might remind him of Roland, Pétion, Danton, Robespierre; but a lighter example will be in every way more appropriate:—

'Madame de Coigny, who is here and has a great deal of wit, on hearing that the mob at Paris have burnt the bust of their late favourite, Monsieur d'Eprenenil, said, "*Il n'y a rien qui brûle sitôt que les lauriers secs.*"'—vol. ii. p. 484.

Here we must close our extracts and remarks with thanking Mr. Smith for what he has now given us—with recommending a search for the letters to the *Duchess of Grafton*—and with expressing a hope that he will not be offended by the freedom with which we have suggested the little that is wanted to make these very acceptable volumes, if not more instructive, at least, in their lighter and more gossiping parts, more amusing.\*

ART. V.—*Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., with Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by his Son, Charles Buxton, Esq. London. 8vo. 1848.

THIS book will have its vogue among those whose opinions are not ours: but it should by no means be confined within a party or sectarian circulation. It has raised our estimate of Sir Fowell Buxton's talents, and introduced us to an acquaintance with graces of character which we might not have been likely to infer from the main circumstances of his public life. It affords some very curious pictures of manners—and, let us add, an example of discretion and good taste in one of the most difficult of literary tasks. The Editor has been contented to rely as far as

\* We cannot forbear extracting in a note an anecdote, new to ourselves, for which we could find no fit place amidst the subjects of our text:—

'26 Nov. 1789.—One story will touch you: the little Dauphin, who is but four years old, and a beautiful child, was learning fables: the one in *waiting ended by* saying of the animal that was the subject of it, that, though she had had great misfortunes, she became at last *heureuse comme les reines*. He said, "*Hah! toutes les reines ne sont pas heureuses, car maman pleure depuis le matin jusqu'au soir.*"'—vol. ii. p. 407.

possible on the correspondence and diaries in his possession, and the anecdotes furnished by a few elder friends:—but both classes of material well deserved in this case the advantage of a neat setting, and have received it. When we consider how lately the Baronet died (February 1845), and how many of the questions with which his name was connected are still fraught with anxiety, it is highly creditable for his son to have produced thus early a biography generally clear, yet seldom profuse—and though showing entire sympathy with the course portrayed, hardly ever using language that will offend any candid reader.

He was born in 1786—the eldest son of a gentleman of easy fortune, who lived chiefly in Essex, and died high sheriff of his county in 1792—leaving a widow and five young children. The lady was one of the family of Hanbury—wealthy Quakers long known in the City of London, and connected in blood and in business with the Gurneys—a family belonging to the most ancient gentry of Norfolk, but enriched through commercial enterprise, both provincial and metropolitan, and distinguished during several generations for liberal charities: the branch of it allied to the Hanburys being also of the Society of Friends. The Buxtons themselves had always been of the Church of England, and Fowell and his brothers were baptized accordingly—while the sisters were to be trained in the mother's persuasion. She appears to have been left sole guardian—and she never made any attempt to withdraw her sons from the pale of the Church; but, with evidently considerable eccentricities, she was a woman of strong faculties and strong affections; and her opinions and sentiments could not but influence powerfully the young people committed to her care. Her nearest and dearest connexions were Quakers: such members of our Church as she had any intimacy with were of the extreme 'Evangelical' section: and her heir was so brought up that he never had attached the slightest importance to Churchmanship. The Church was with him, first and last, one of the various divisions of the Christian community, among which no one has any intrinsic claim to superior respect over others. He never abandoned her formally, but he frankly acknowledges that he never regarded her organization as apostolical—her teaching as entitled to submission because it was *hers*. Such are frequent consequences of a mixed marriage among Protestants: less lamentable indeed than those usually resulting from alliances between Protestant and Romanist—yet still fruitful of evil, even when, as in the case before us, a fervid sense of religion grows up by the side of total indifference to ecclesiastical authority.

After the father's death it was discovered that he had not been so rich as was supposed by others or probably by himself—but the

the widow believed that her eldest son must eventually succeed to large estates in Ireland; so that his education was conducted without any view to a profession. He was considered by those about him as the heir of an opulent fortune, and from them all, as is common in this world, or at least in this country, he received a treatment of marked deference. To this the mother was no exception—he was the first, and in every sense the flower of her race, and perhaps her connexion with flourishing mercantile families might have imbued her with even a peculiar feeling of respect for wealth. While yet a mere boy he was encouraged and accustomed to look on himself as master at home—to order and be obeyed as if he had been a man. He confesses that he was ‘haughty, fierce, and tyrannical’ (pp. 276, 277); but there were in him the seeds of many most amiable qualities. He far surpassed others of his years in physical strength, and (with all his spurts of imperiousness) had the constitutional good-nature that very often accompanies such advantages, not only among mankind, but in the lower animals also. His school-fellows called him *Elephant Buxton*; but the early friend who tells this (Mr. Horace Twiss) candidly adds that the compliment was paid merely to his bulk and his temper, for that certainly no idea of uncommon sagacity was then associated with him. His nerves were as well strung as his muscular fabric was formidable—he probably had as little notion of fear as young Nelson. Seldom thwarted—carrying all before him in schoolboy games and exercises—at home ruling without dispute over sisters, brothers, dogs, horses, and gamekeepers—he seems to have grown up to a stature of six feet four, without exciting any conjecture that he was to afford the pedigree more than another jolly master of fox-hounds.

He had never been at any of the great public schools: that misfortune (for such we hold it to be for any man of his condition) belongs no doubt to the effects of sectarian prejudice; nor does it appear that his guardian ever thought of an English university for him. She at one time wished to send him to St. Andrew's, which, as she had no Scotch connexions, could hardly have had any special recommendation except that it was not Anglican. But he disliked the notion of that northern banishment; and a suggestion that, considering his prospects, it might be well to enter him at Trinity College, Dublin, and so provide him with Irish friends for future life, was received favourably by himself, and therefore by his worshipful mother. It would, however, as respects the matter of learning, have been of little consequence to what university he went, or whether he went to any, but for a visit at Mr. Gurney's of Earlham Hall in Norfolk,

whose son had been at the same school with him in the neighbourhood of London. Here the youth, now in his eighteenth year, was received with the heartiest kindness—and we may invoke Dryden (though we dare say his Fables were taboo'd at Earlham) to carry on the old story that will never be out of date :

' What not his parent's care nor tutor's art  
Could plant with pains in his unpolished heart,  
The best instructor, Love, at once inspired,  
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fired.  
Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at strife,  
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life.'

He had found his Iphigenia. After a stay of some weeks he repaired to Dublin, with a fixed determination to cultivate his mind, that he might one day be authorized in aspiring to ask the companionship for life of Miss Hannah Gurney, whose fair form enshrined that of which he painfully—but not hopelessly—felt the superiority. An elder daughter of this house was the Elizabeth Gurney afterwards known and honoured as Mrs. Fry. Another, Priscilla, who died in her early prime, cut off by the disease which so often selects the loveliest for its victims, appears to have been more highly endowed by nature than even Elizabeth. They were all distinguished for their proficiency in whatever comes within the usual category of accomplishment, and was not excluded by the peculiar rules or prejudices of sect :—linguists, musicians—bold and graceful equestrians, but no dancers : critics in (Bowdler's) Shakspeare, who would have shuddered at the name of a play-house : all devoutly religious, all zealous Quakers—nay, the handsomest of the three, about the age when beauties make their *début* at Almack's, already in esteem as a *preacher*. That Cymon should have left Earlham deep in love, and with stern resolutions for study, was natural ; the wonder is that he did not depart buttonless and broad-brimmed.

Gay pictures of college life, but especially visions of tall hunters and the Curragh of Kildare, had had much to do with his first consent to go to Dublin ; but he dismissed all these, and during the four years to which his Irish residence extended, he was exclusively the student. Aware of his deficiencies, on his arrival he quartered himself with a private tutor near the capital ; and there so well employed a few months that, on entering the University, he was pronounced not inferior to any freshman of that term ; and he continued to labour so assiduously, that before he took his degree he was considered an excellent mathematician, and in classics not below any of his rivals. The  
most

most formidable of these was John Henry North, afterwards eminent at the Irish bar, and, during a too short space, in the House of Commons; they became and were ever after, in spite of all differences of opinion, attached and intimate friends. They divided between them the principal prizes at Trinity; and they seem to have been thought the ablest speakers (of their standing) in the Historical Society. But the best evidence as to Buxton's whole academical career is found in the fact that, towards its close, he was invited to fix his ambition on the Parliamentary representation of the University, by a circular so signed and supported that, in North's opinion, there could have been no doubt of his success at the next election. This was a rare and splendid compliment in the case of, so young a man and an Englishman; he was greatly flattered—but would not rashly commit himself; and he had good reason for his reserve.

He had during his undergraduateship paid two or three visits at Earlham, and in the last long vacation the Gurneys carried him with them on a tour into the highlands of Scotland. That was an eventful tour for him. It was, he says, in the course of it that he first thought seriously of religion; it was then also that Miss Hannah first confessed her tenderness, and their engagement was readily sanctioned by her parents, although his worldly prospects were no longer so bright as when the acquaintance began. The succession to the Irish estate had opened, but his claim was disputed; a suit had commenced, and his lawyers honestly warned him that there was at least an equal chance of the decision being against him; if that were the issue, the remainder of his paternal property in England would not exempt him from the necessity of choosing some profession. His mother, too, had now entered on a second marriage, and this probably inferred a further diminution of expectations. The Gurney family, however, were generous and tender-hearted;—and old and young of them had by this time formed not only a warm liking for him, but a high estimate of his talents and his whole character. They were wise, too—for sad folly it is in any parents to cross a young woman of superior understanding when she has deliberately given her affections to a gentleman of honour and principle who has means enough for a fair start and has shown his capacity for industry. After the engagement was completed, he parted from them at Edinburgh; they to journey homewards by the eastern road, he to make his way by himself to Dublin. The last night they were together happening to be a blowy one, Miss Hannah requested a promise that he would not take any of the shorter passages, which she supposed to be attended with additional risks, and he promised accordingly. From some acci-

dent his travels were not smooth, and the term being at hand when he reached Lancashire, the temptation to embark at once was considerable; but Buxton kept his word, and proceeding through Wales to Holyhead, arrived safe—though late—at Trinity College, where his appearance was a happy relief to his fellow-students; for the Liverpool packet, in which it was supposed he must have taken his passage, had foundered in mid-channel, and out of 119 persons whom he had seen embark, and many of whom had urged him to accompany them, only one escaped to tell the tale.

On his arrival he received still more unfavourable reports as to his lawsuit, and, after some little hesitation, dismissed wholly the parliamentary proposal. He considered all worldly prospects as worthless, unless a speedy union with Miss Gurney were included; and to enter the House of Commons would be to put it out of his power to engage in any course of professional industry. Moreover, he had a settled opinion, in which we are old-fashioned enough to concur, that no man should sit in the legislature unless his pecuniary position be one of perfect independence. Mr. North reluctantly acquiesced in his arguments, and that matter was at an end. He took his degree with great honour—was soon afterwards married, and went to live in a cottage near his mother in Devonshire. Before the year ended his first child was born, and the Irish lawsuit was determined against him; and his anxiety to do something for himself having been made known to his own and his wife's relations, he received ere long an offer of employment in the Hanbury brewery, with the prospect, after three years' probation, of a share in the business. This met all his desires; he removed immediately to the spot, and devoting himself to the concern with the same zeal that had distinguished his academical life, he soon made himself thoroughly master of it. At the end of twelve months the partners gave him a house on the premises; in 1811 he was taken into the firm—bringing with him, we presume, some considerable capital; and during the seven ensuing years the brewery in Spitalfields occupied the man.

‘Soon after his admission, his senior partners, struck by his energy and force of mind, placed in his hands the difficult and responsible task of remodelling their whole system of management. It would be superfluous to enter into the details of his proceedings, though, perhaps, he never displayed greater vigour and firmness than in carrying through this undertaking. For two or three years he was occupied from morning till night in prosecuting, step by step, his plans of reform: a single example may indicate with what spirit he grappled with the difficulties that beset him on all sides.

‘One of the principal clerks was an honest man, and a valuable servant; but he was wedded to the old system, and viewed with great antipathy the new partner’s proposed innovations. At length, on one occasion, he went so far as to thwart Mr. Buxton’s plans. The latter took no notice of this at the time except desiring him to attend in the counting-house at six o’clock the next morning. Mr. Buxton met him there at the appointed hour; and, without any expostulation, or a single angry word, desired him to produce his books, as he meant for the future to undertake the charge of them himself, in addition to his other duties. Amazed at this decision, the clerk promised complete submission for the future; he made his wife intercede for him; and Mr. Buxton, who valued his character and services, was at length induced to restore him to his place. They afterwards became very good friends, and the salutary effect of the changes introduced by Mr. Buxton was at length admitted by his leading opponent; nor, except in one instance, did he ever contend against them again. On that occasion Mr. Buxton merely sent him a message, “that he had better meet him in the counting-house at six o’clock the next morning.” The book-keeper’s opposition was heard of no more.’—p. 41.

In the earlier part of his married life Mr. Buxton regularly accompanied his wife to her Quaker chapel: from 1811 he appears to have divided himself pretty equally between that and ‘the ministry of the Rev. Josiah Pratt, in Wheeler Chapel, Spitalfields’ To Mr. Pratt’s preaching he ever afterwards referred as the source of ‘his first real acquaintance with the doctrines of Christianity;’ but he had a dangerous illness in 1813, and the meditations of a slow recovery deepened the devotional feelings which that phraseology signifies. Several entries in the diary also refer to providential escapes which had influence. For example, in 1815—

‘Mr. Back and I (he says) went into the brewery to survey the repairs which were going on; we were standing upon a plank, with only room for two, face to face; we changed places in order that I might survey a spot to which he was directing my attention; his hat was on—I was uncovered; as soon as we had changed places, several bricks fell from the roof, and one struck his head; his hat in some measure averted the blow, but he never recovered the injury, and died shortly afterwards of an oppression on the brain.’—p. 55.

Again, in December, 1817—by which time he had ceased to be resident at the Brewery—

‘On Saturday last, in consequence of an almost obsolete promise to sleep in town when all the other partners were absent, I slept at Brick Lane. S. Hoare had complained to me that several of our men were employed on the Sunday. To inquire into this, in the morning I went into the brewhouse, and was led to the examination of a vat containing 170 ton-weight of beer. I found it in what I considered a dangerous situation, and I intended to have it repaired the next morning.’



ing. I did not anticipate any immediate danger, as it had stood so long. When I got to Wheeler Street Chapel, I did as I usually do in cases of difficulty,—I craved the direction of my heavenly Friend, who will give rest to the burthened and instruction to the ignorant. From that moment I became very uneasy, and instead of proceeding to Hampstead, as I had intended, I returned to Brick Lane. On examination I saw, or thought I saw, a still further declension of the iron pillars which supported this immense weight; so I sent for a surveyor; but before he came I became apprehensive of immediate danger, and ordered the beer, though in a state of fermentation, to be let out. When he arrived he gave it as his decided opinion that the vat was actually sinking; that it was not secure for five minutes, and that if we had not emptied it, it would probably have fallen. Its fall would have knocked down our steam-engine, coppers, roof, with two great iron reservoirs full of water—in fact, the whole brewery.—p. 74.

In his letters we now have frequent lamentations over infirmity of spirit—clear perceptions of the worthlessness and the nothingness of this world's affairs, vehement resolutions henceforth to live only for the world to come, ever-recurring bemoanings that he has not been able to renounce his interest in the business or even in the pleasures of this transitory scene. Thus:—

‘This habit of full engagement of the mind has its advantages in business and other things, but is attended with this serious disadvantage, that it immerses the mind so fully in its immediate object, that there is no room for thoughts of higher importance and more real moment to creep in. I feel this continually—the hours and hours that I spend in utter forgetfulness of that which I well know to be the only thing of importance! How very great a portion of one's life there is in which one might as well be a heathen!’—p. 54.

‘The true cause of my disquietude arises from a certain feature in my own mind, which I can hardly describe; a kind of unregulated ardour in any pursuit which appears to me to be of great importance, which takes captive all my faculties, and binds them down to that pursuit, and will not let them or me rest till it is accomplished. I hate this; it is so unpleasant to wake, and to go to sleep, with your head full of vats and tubs; and I disapprove it more than I hate it. No man, I think, can have more abstract conviction of the folly and futility of such engagement of heart upon objects so utterly trifling and undurable. I see that it is an infirmity; I deeply feel that it chokes the good seed, and is a most pernicious weed, and I feel the breaches that it makes in my own quiet: yet so much am I its slave, that it will intrude into the midst of such reflections, and carry me off to my next Gyle. How sincerely I do often wish that I could direct this fervent energy about temporals into its proper channel: that I could be as warm about things of infinite importance as I am about dust and ashes.’—p. 56.

Nothing of this will surprise anybody—but whoever knows the general course of Mr. Buxton's history must feel some surprise that

that all through life, except the period spent in Ireland, he was as much a sportsman as any man not wholly without what is commonly called business ever was or will be. Not more regular was the Meeting or Chapel at the opening of another keen week of his Gylery, than the escape from London and all its concerns for as many weeks as he could spare during the autumn and winter, and the eager occupation of almost every hour of them in the sports of the field. He was as unwearied in fishing and shooting as Chantrey or Davy—as fond of dogs as Scott—as complete a horseman and as knowing in horse-flesh as Charles Apperley. Since dogs have been mentioned, we must not pass an anecdote of this period of Buxton's life, in which his nerve and decision and good feeling are strikingly told. He has been spending a Wednesday with his brother-in-law Mr. Hoare at Hampstead.—A few days afterwards he writes to his wife, then in Norfolk :—

*Spitalfields, July 15, 1816.*—As you must hear the story of our dog Prince, I may as well tell it you. On Thursday morning, when I got on my horse at S. Hoare's, David told me that there was something the matter with Prince, that he had killed the cat and almost killed the new dog, and had bit at him and Elizabeth. I ordered him to be tied up and taken care of, and then rode off to town. When I got into Hampstead I saw Prince covered with mud, and running furiously, and biting at everything. I saw him bite at least a dozen dogs, two boys, and a man. Of course, I was exceedingly alarmed, being persuaded he was mad. I tried every effort to stop him or kill him, or to drive him into some outhouse, but in vain. At last he sprang up at a boy, and seized him by the breast; happily I was near him, and knocked him off with my whip. He then set off towards London, and I rode by his side, waiting for some opportunity of stopping him. I continually spoke to him, but he paid no regard to coaxing or scolding. You may suppose I was seriously alarmed, dreading the immense mischief he might do. I was terrified at the idea of his getting into Camden Town and London, and at length considering that if ever there was an occasion that justified a risk of life, this was it, I determined to catch him myself. Happily he ran up to Pryor's gate, and I threw myself from my horse upon him, and caught him by the neck; he bit at me, and his struggles were so desperate that it seemed at first almost impossible to hold him, till I lifted him up in the air, when he was more easily managed, and I contrived to ring the bell. I was afraid that the foam, which was pouring from his mouth in his furious efforts to bite me, might get into some scratch, and do me injury; so with great difficulty I held him with one hand while I put the other into my pocket and forced on my glove; then I did the same with my other hand, and at last the gardener opened the door, saying, "What do you want?" "I've brought you a mad dog," replied I; and telling him to get a strong chain, I walked into the yard, carrying the dog by his neck. I was determined not to kill him; as I thought

if

if he should prove not to be mad, it would be such a satisfaction to the three persons whom he had bitten. I made the gardener (who was in a terrible fright) secure the collar round his neck and fix the other end of the chain to a tree, and then walking to its furthest range, with all my force, which was nearly exhausted by his frantic struggles, I flung him away from me and sprang back. He made a desperate bound after me, but finding himself foiled, he uttered the most fearful yell I ever heard. All that day he did nothing but rush to and fro, champing the foam which gushed from his jaws; we threw him meat, and he snatched at it with fury, but instantly dropped it again. The next day when I went to see him I thought the chain seemed worn, so I pinned him to the ground between the prongs of a pitchfork, and then fixed a much larger chain round his neck; when I pulled off the fork he sprang up and made a dash at me, which snapped the old chain in two! He died in forty-eight hours.—I shot all the dogs, and drowned all the cats. The man and boys who were bit are doing pretty well. Their wounds were immediately cut and burnt out.’—p. 59.

It was also during the busiest of his brewership that he addicted himself to the study of Political Economy, embraced zealously some of the most fashionable of its doctrines, and being touched with the propagandist spirit of this new sect, was willing to revive his practice of speaking, disused since the days of the Dublin Historical Society. The important citizen was welcomed into a debating club held in the legal part of the town, and composed principally of lawyers, but not without some intermixture of lay aspirants. Here he encountered his old schoolfellow Horace Twiss, who had some difficulty in recognising the honest *elephant* of Greenwich in the keen dogmatist from Spitalfields. This, probably, was another of the carnal exertions that called for black marks in his diary; but he ere long found redeeming use of the accomplishment it had advanced.

His first public exhibition as a speaker was in a good cause, and one in which his situation made it especially his duty to bestir himself—that of the poor weavers of Spitalfields. While the Continent was shut up by the long war, our silk-manufacture at home flourished; every encouragement was given to the investment of capital in it, and the rapid growth of a population dependent wholly on their skill in its nice and delicate tasks. From the moment of peace the fabrics of France and Italy acquired fresh energy, and having immense advantages in material and climate, needed only the legislation of ‘the heartless science’ to achieve a ruinous discomfiture of the domestic industry. If we except the unhappy people of the Hebrides and the opposite coasts, all reduced at one fell swoop, the gentry to poverty, the peasants to destitution, by the sudden abolition of the

the barilla duty—no class suffered more fearfully than the ingenious community among whose long lines of low, frail, many-windowed tenements, the big brewhouse towered like some Egyptian temple over Fellah hovels. They were his immediate neighbours; while they had money to spend, too great a part of it had been spent on the produce of his vats—but in their better times they had been on the whole inoffensive as well as profitable neighbours—they included many decent well-ordered families—not a few of them frequenters, like himself, of the Wheeler Chapel. The situation of these people invited, of course, the appearance among them of our never-failing brood of sedition-mongers—some of those vicious and therefore unprosperous adventurers, who are always ready to turn the misery of the ignorant into the weapon of their own ambition.—that is, their rebellion against the rules of all civilized society. Doctor Watson and Lieutenant Thistlewood were first heard of in connexion with the Spitalfields' meetings and riots of 1816. It is no particular reproach to those agitators that they never directed their efforts against the curable causes of the distress with which they pretended to sympathize:—either the habitual improvidence of our operative classes, who almost universally indulge in early marriages—abstinence from which is the rule for all of the upper ranks, except the eldest sons of very opulent families—and who, having surrounded themselves with wives and children, seldom, very seldom, think of saving anything out of their wages when they are high, but leave the chances of sickness and the certainty of old age to take care of themselves, and consume in gross pampering of their appetites the money that might, if rightly husbanded, go far to secure an independence for old age, and even to rear their progeny for modes of life better than their own;—or yet the cruel conceit of those charlatans who, having taken up any theory, however new, are always eager for reducing it to immediate practice, at whatever cost of pain and sorrow to however many;—or the still more culpable folly of authoritative statesmen in allowing their policy to be guided by the pertinacity of such presumptuous and irresponsible inferiors. In these respects the demagogues of 1816 were no worse and no better than those of any subsequent excitement: but they were more rash in avowing the real objects of their hostility than any of our leading agitators between 1793 and 1848, because the splendid termination of the war had left the Whigs utterly prostrate, and none would have listened to them if they had then ventured to put themselves in the front rank with the less alarming symbols of some ambi-traitorous delusion; which course they were in a condition to adopt successfully in 1830, and have only  
eschewed

eschewed since when (luckily for all parties) bound over by the occupancy or close expectancy of Downing Street. In 1816 the Radicals were left to themselves, and they spoke plainly; avowedly then, as indubitably ever since, the one great object was the Cobbett Sponge; and neither Duke nor Archbishop saw more clearly than Messrs. Truman and Hanbury, that if faith were openly broken with the national creditor, he—whose name is indeed Legion—could never fall alone. But Buxton was kind of heart as well as shrewd, and no one will suspect him of having been mainly, even though unconsciously, swayed by other motives than those of religion and humanity, when he made his *débüt* in public speaking as the advocate of those afflicted and in part misled artisans.

A meeting at the Mansion House was attended by many men of note in the commercial world, and the speeches and the subscriptions (43,369*l.*) were alike honourable to the City. Buxton's address was admired. Lord Sidmouth was then, and throughout many perilous years, Secretary for the Home Department—in which office the single-hearted benevolence of his character, combined with undaunted bravery, and a kindliness of manner which never detracted from the dignity of his position, enabled him to do more for his country than was ever done by the wits that ridiculed and the rhetoricians that eclipsed him. His share was small and reluctant in the incipient *liberalism* which, on the earliest opportunity, shook him off as an inconvenient memento of the ante-Huskissonian ages. On the second day he sent for Mr. Buxton 'to inform him that the Prince Regent had been so pleased by the spirit and temper of the meeting, and so strongly felt the claims that had been urged, that he had sent them 5000*l.*' But this was not the only testimony of approbation from without. There was a chorus of praise from the newspapers—for paper-millers and type-founders and type-owners may be as sensitive on the subject of property as lords or brewers: and, moreover, the postman brought bushels of private encomium—among the rest the first letter that Wilberforce wrote to his destined successor. It contained these words:—

'I cannot claim the merit of being influenced only by regard for the Spitalfields' sufferers in the pleasure I have received from your performances at the meeting. It is partly a selfish feeling, for I anticipate the success of the efforts which I trust you will one day make in other instances in an assembly in which I trust we shall be fellow-labourers, both in the motives by which we are actuated and in the objects to which our exertions will be directed.'

'This communication,' says the biographer, 'may be deemed almost

almost prophetic.' We have no doubt that, like many other prophecies, it owed much of its fulfilment to itself. At all events, that field-day at the Mansion House proved to be the second turning point of Buxton's history.

'He was now launched upon that stream of labour for the good of others along which his course lay for the remainder of his life. . . . Having done *what he could* in relieving the miseries of his poor neighbours, he soon entered upon a wider field of benevolence.'—p. 64.

It is our humble opinion that if his field had never extended beyond Spitalfields, he *could* and *must* have done more good to his species than was accomplished by all his subsequent 'stream of labour.' But to proceed—in the course of the following autumn, being on a visit to his wife's relations in Partridgehire, he was pressed by one of them to attend a Bible Society meeting in the neighbourhood, and there delivered a second speech, which extended his reputation and strengthened his confidence. Mrs. Fry now struck in; she had by this time applied herself to the condition of prisons throughout the empire—nay, throughout the world; and though she had a ready fellow-labourer in Mr. John Gurney, more help was wanted, and the help that Buxton could give would be the more welcome because he did not, like herself and her worthy brother, actually belong to the Quaker body. Mr. Gurney, though a man of good fortune, was not only a regular preacher of that sect, but a leading superintendent of its religious missions; his time was largely preoccupied, and at any rate his persuasion was incompatible with Parliament. Mr. Buxton had now borne the burden of the brewery so long and so successfully, that in the opinion of the elder partners he ought to be relieved by a junior, as they themselves had been by him; the business had already enriched him too—he might henceforth, like them, participate in its profits without giving the bulk of his time. His capacity as a speaker was ascertained—perhaps amiably over-estimated;—his ambition, it must have been obvious to eyes so near, had been touched; the Frys and Gurneys were very willing to echo Wilberforce's hint. He received, in short, every domestic encouragement to enter on a public career; and from this time we have frequent appearances at Bible Society and Missionary meetings, which drew him into close relations with the most prominent persons of what was then by far the most active religious party in the community—the party so long graced and dignified, and so immensely advanced in influence, by the character and talents of Wilberforce. His first exertions were naturally in that walk opened by Howard, which

Mrs.

Mrs. Fry had so effectively re-opened, and to this hour no third name stands above Mr. Buxton's in connexion with it. He had never yet been on the Continent. One of the first uses he made of his freedom was to visit France and the Netherlands—but it was not a pleasure tour: he made part of two deputations—one from the Bible Society, whose leaders were anxious to establish branches or affiliations; the other from Mrs. Fry's Prison Society, to collect details as to the treatment of convicts in Ghent and Antwerp. The authorities were very civil in giving facilities for inspecting prisons, and he seems to have profited as much as any man who could not speak French was likely to do. Of the other Embassy less is said, but enough to show that he came away with very painful impressions as to the religious condition of the Continent—especially France. The Roman church was never in his eyes anything but a thinly disguised heathenism—but he saw a total indifference to the whole subject everywhere, and after a long enumeration of minor horrors at Paris, he finishes with “the eternal ejaculation of *Mon Dieu!*” Yet he seems, when at home, to have been fond of travelling in and on stage-coaches. We are not told what came of his great plan for supplying French regiments with bibles.

In his letters and diary while abroad there is a good deal—we do not wish to speak uncivilly, but we are at a loss for a better phrase—of Quaker cant on the subject of war. It shocks him to think that more money than ever the Bible Society had had at its command should have been laid out in fortifying Dover and Calais. He meets nothing but courtesy and kindness over the water: *why*, he exclaims, had ‘these two nations of friends been cutting each other's throats for twenty years together!’ And he talks with lofty impartiality of ‘our mutual rulers’ having ‘judged that expedient.’ But he answers himself with most effective simplicity by the anecdotes which he is obliged to record of Buonaparte's insolent and inhuman ambition and tyranny. We fortified Dover, and incurred other heavy expenses, in order that London breweries might not be plundered nor Norfolk Quakers conscribed.

On his return he drew up a short report on the foreign prisons, and this so pleased Mrs. Fry and her allies, that he was induced to expand it into a volume for publication. The ‘*Inquiry into Prison Discipline*’ (1817) was the first and by far the best of his literary performances: it is a clearly arranged and neatly written book—the compilation of facts and documents careful and valuable, and the practical inferences drawn out and sustained with shrewdness and ingenuity. It not only raised his name among the classes with whom Mrs. Fry had most sway, but made

made a very favourable impression on Romilly, Mackintosh, Brougham, and others, who had taken up in Parliament the question of a general revision of our criminal code. All our readers are well aware that when Mr. Peel became Home Secretary he applied himself to this subject with energy and decision, and that from his official exertions chiefly sprung those many wise as well as merciful changes in that system which distinguished the reign of George IV. Whether our subsequent procedure in the direction of mitigation in punishments has always been wise—whether the views of Mrs. Fry and her original Quaker colleagues have not of late been carried out to a dangerous extent, is a different question—one of the gravest on which opinion is now divided. In a late article on the Pentonville Prison we gave Sir James Graham's last summary of facts and figures; and our readers may draw their own inferences. We must note, however, that Mr. Buxton never adopted Mrs. Fry's opinion (or rather sentiment) on *one* point; he never gave any countenance to the crowning philanthropy which would abolish capital punishment altogether, even in the case of murder. From this extravagance he was saved by his respect for the Bible, whose plainest words he durst not with feminine rashness misinterpret.

The success of this book gave its author additional encouragement in his parliamentary views, and he soon attained his object. At the general election in 1818 he stood for Weymouth, which in those days returned four members. Two Tories came in—and two Whigs—of whom he was one, though perhaps he hardly knew it, for in his letters he seems almost as anxious to separate himself from 'the party' whose colours he wore, as from the violence of the blue mob. The editor says, 'elections at that time presented very different scenes from what they now afford,' and proceeds to tell us how Mr. Buxton had to preach against 'corruption and bludgeons'—which, we must infer, are now alike abolished. It is not for us to guess what Mr. Buxton's definition of corruption would have been in 1818—but we find him writing on the eve of more than one subsequent election for the same place, in a style from which it is obvious that in his mind the end might occasionally justify the means. For instance:—

'I feel warranted in depriving my family of the sum my election will cost, considering the very peculiar situation in which the Slave question stands. Without extravagantly overrating my own usefulness, I think it would be inconvenient for me to be out of Parliament just now (1826). There are plenty of people with more talents, but a great lack of those who truly love a good cause for its own sake, and whom no price would detach from it; and so, for this time, I feel warranted in *robbing my family*.'—p. 188.



As for 'bludgeons,' many elections of 1818 were attended with disgraceful violence: it was the same on every subsequent occasion of strong party excitement. We hope Mr. Charles Buxton may never see the like hereafter.

Before we attend his father to the House of Commons, we may observe that the accounts of his domestic arrangements before, but especially after, the point we have reached in his history, present features of peculiarity marked to us—though whether, or how far, the peculiarity was personal, or, so to speak, sectarian, we are hardly qualified to judge. While his head-quarters were in the brewery, he appears to have usually rented a villa near London in partnership with some other family of the Gurney, connexion—which is not, we believe, a sort of thing at all common in this country—indicating no doubt much of the amiable, but also, perhaps, a departure from what constitutes on the whole not the least valuable among the social characteristics of Englishmen. He now became joint-tenant with a brother-in-law of a large mansion and manor on the Windham estate, near the coast of Norfolk, and throughout a great part of his parliamentary life it was here alone that his wife and children had a home—he being contented with a lodging for himself in Westminster during the Session. There may have been special reasons of health—but we do not find anything of that kind stated in the book—and if there were not, the whole arrangement has to us a strange look. We understand why many members of Parliament follow some such plan—they have inherited houses and estates in the country, and economy may be necessary—this separation is, perhaps, the heaviest price they pay for the seat. With others possibly the opportunity of the separation may be one of the seat's charms: but in the case of a virtuous and affectionate head of a family, blest with abundant fortune, it appears an odd device to choose to be quite apart from one's own fireside for more than half the year. Having no light but from the book, we are apt to conjecture that the ruling motive was neither more nor less than his now 'ruling passion' for field sports—all the means and appliances of which he henceforth possessed on a scale of costly magnificence, and used and enjoyed with a zeal not surpassed in East-Anglia.

'No Arab ever took a greater delight in horses than Mr. Buxton; and several of his favourites, especially John Bull, Abraham, and Jeremie, were renowned for their strength and beauty. He was considered a very good judge, and never hesitated to give any price in order to render his stud more complete. Of dogs, too, he was very fond. He never lost his taste for shooting, and had the reputation of being a first-rate shot. Great pains were taken by him in the management

ment of his game, especially in rearing his pheasants,' &c., &c.—pp. 162, 163.

He must have been a problem to the squires. The biographer gives every now and then a bit of his diary—we wonder if he kept one note-book only, or, like Mr. Wilberforce, two or three at the same time—if there was but one, a page or two of it *in extenso* would have been a curiosity. Any honest diary must show enough of patchwork, but we think we might safely back his for oddity of mosaic. We mean nothing disrespectful—we give him credit for simplicity and sincerity: but we can hardly fancy any reader keeping gravity before a running panorama of devout meditations and exhortations, philanthropic plans and petitions, notes of communings with black missionaries and murderers under concern—passionate lectures on the urgent necessity for mitigating the penalties of rape and robbery—interlarded at every other leaf with hacks, hunters, cubs and coverts, brushes here and battues there—experiences of trolling for jack and tribulations in wading after geese—controversies on percussion-caps, and backslidings of poachers—the only tract-proof sinners, to be left to the Cromer quorum until Michaelmas Sessions next before the Millennium. We give Mr. Buxton, we repeat, entire credit for sincerity—we believe him to have been a pious philanthropist, as well as a keen shot and an expert horse-breaker—but still one cannot but feel how very queerly *ισωδοαμντης* would look as an epithet in any hagiography. Sad and grievous lapses in the morality of a saint are, we confess, quite intelligible in comparison. Mr. Buxton's case, however, we must also acknowledge, appears to us less puzzling than others that we might refer to. He was an exceedingly short-sighted man, and he was destitute of music. We do not believe that the imaginative faculty ever can be highly developed unless the eye or the ear (one or other of them at the least) comes in exquisite perfection from the hand of Nature: and, after all, the only faculty of man in which, as far as observation goes, the inferior animals have no part, is imagination. We are less surprised than distressed to see a child blowing up a frog or impaling a butterfly; but of all this world's wonders none is to us more incomprehensible than the fact that there have been deep philosophers, solemn divines, nay, tender, thoughtful, meditative poets, who could wander from morn to dewy eve among woods and waters torturing fish and massacring birds.

There are several passages of Mr. Buxton's diaries and letters in which he expresses dissatisfaction with these habits; but it is only the excessive indulgence in them that he laments, and that simply

simply as occupying so much of his time as to interfere with his study of this or that Calvinistic Treatise or Sugar-question Blue-book. Not a word of his own intimates that he who toiled for twenty years to emancipate the Negro had ever allowed his mind to dwell for a moment on the question of man's right to inflict needless pain on any of God's humbler creatures. His son appears to have felt this silence as we do—and he therefore takes pains to assure us that Mr. Buxton was a humane fowler—that he never fired unless he was confident he could kill, and had a great aversion to the opposite practice of inferior sportsmen, in consequence of which the wounded far outnumber the slain—especially at great Norfolk gatherings (p. 163). It is obvious, however, that it is only a consummate artist who can be in this sense a humane one, and that such skill can only be the result of long practice. It is therefore admitted that the preparatory practice was a course of cruelty, and as the narrative shows Mr. Buxton to have put guns into his boys' hands as soon as they could hold them, we doubt if the story is much mended by this filial supplement. Moreover, the supplement applies only to the shot. The rawest stripling, the rudest clown, is as anxious to kill outright as the most polished gentleman in the field can be—for to send a pheasant or partridge away torn and helpless, to bleed out life by slow degrees in its thickets, or be pecked and gnawed to death by ravens and weasels, is on all sides allowed to be discreditable for the marksman. On the other hand, the greater the skill of the virtuoso, the longer does he play his salmon. Cruelty in this department gives the measure of accomplishment. Neither father nor son alludes to the mercy of the angler. But, in fact, the whole subject is not one that will bear arguing. If you once let in the question of degrees of pain, there is an end. In no sport is the mere extinction of the animal's life the principal object—the very word implies the reverse—it implies time for pursuit—that is, time for mortal fear—time for anguish. In the exact proportion that you abridge your *pastime* you bring yourself nearer to your butcher: and abridge the process as you may, you never can be so humane, in your actual character of executioner, as the tradesman in the blue apron easily may be—and as the law should compel him to be in all cases whatsoever.

Who could have looked for a paragraph like this in a Nimrod's diary?—

'I am bound to acknowledge that I have always found that my prayers have been heard and answered—not that I have in every instance (though in almost every instance I have) received what I asked for

for, nor do I expect or wish it. I always qualify my petitions by adding, provided that what I ask for is for my real good, and according to the will of my Lord. But with this qualification I feel at liberty to submit my wants and wishes to God in small things as well as in great; and I am inclined to imagine that there are no "little things" with Him. We see that His attention is as much bestowed upon what we call trifles as upon those things which we consider of mighty importance. His hand is as manifest in the feathers of a butterfly's wing, in the eye of an insect, in the folding and packing of a blossom, in the curious aqueducts by which a leaf is nourished, as in the creation of a world and in the laws by which the planets move. To our limited powers some things appear great and some inconsiderable; but He, infinite in all things, can lavish his power and his wisdom upon every part of His creation. Hence I feel permitted to offer up my prayers for everything that concerns me. I understand literally the injunction, "Be careful for nothing, but in every thing make your requests known unto God;" and I cannot but notice how amply these prayers have been met."—p. 197.

Mr. Buxton, when in the House of Commons, took an active part in the late Mr. Martin of Galway's measures for prevention of cruelty to animals. Thus in 1825 he writes to his wife:—

'February 25.—Mr. Martin brought forward last night a new Cruelty Bill. Sir M. Ridley and another member opposed it, and I evidently saw that there was so much disposition to sneer at and make game of Martin, that the bears and dogs would suffer. Up I got, and when I found myself on my legs I asked myself this cutting question: Have you anything to say? "Not a syllable," was the answer from within; but necessity has no law; speak I must, and so I did. We saved the bill, and all the dogs in England and bears in Christendom ought to howl us a congratulation."—p. 176.

Very well—but, after all, have men more right 'to mix their pleasure or their pride' with the panting agony of a stag than with the discipline of a dancing spaniel or the madness of a baited bull?

But we must go back to the commentement of his parliamentary career. This is the entry of his diary on being elected in 1818:—

'Now that I am a member of Parliament I feel earnest for the honest, diligent, and conscientious discharge of the duty I have undertaken. My prayer is for the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, that, free from views of gain or popularity—that, careless of all things but fidelity to my trust, I may be enabled to do some good to my country, and something for mankind, especially in their most important concerns. I feel the responsibility of the situation, and its many temptations. On the other hand, I see the vast good which one individual may do. May God preserve me from the snares which may surround me; keep me from the power of personal motives, from interest or passion, or prejudice or ambition, and so enlarge my heart to feel the sorrows of the wretched, the miserable condition of the guilty and the ignorant, that I may

may "never turn my face from any poor man;" and so enlighten my understanding, that I may be a capable and resolute champion for those who want and deserve a friend.'—pp. 80, 81.

The first important debate after he took his seat was (February, 1819) on the motion for a parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of the Manchester Magistrates 'on the occasion of the riot at Peterloo'—for so gravely writes the biographer, adopting, perhaps without knowing it, the slang phrase of the riot party. Next day Mr. Buxton says to Mr. John Joseph Gurney:—

'We have had a wonderful debate; really it has raised my idea of the capacity and ingenuity of the human mind. All the leaders spoke, and almost all outdid themselves. But Burdett stands first; his speech was absolutely the finest and the clearest, and the fairest display of masterly understanding that ever I heard; and with shame I ought to confess it, he did not utter a sentence to which I could not agree. Canning was second; if there be any difference between eloquence and sense, this was the difference between him and Burdett. He was exquisitely elegant, and kept the tide of reason and argument, irony, joke, invective, and declamation flowing, without abatement, for nearly three hours. Plunkett was third; he took hold of poor Mackintosh's argument, and gripped it to death; ingenious, subtle, yet clear and bold, and putting with the most logical distinctness to the House the errors of his antagonist. Next came Brougham—and what do you think of a fourth man who could keep alive the attention of the House from three to five in the morning, after a twelve hours' debate? Now, what was the impression made on my mind, you will ask. First, I voted with ministers, because I cannot bring myself to subject the Manchester magistrates to a parliamentary inquiry; but nothing has shaken my convictions that the magistrates, ministers, and all, have done exceedingly wrong. I am clear I voted right; and, indeed, I never need have any doubts when I vote with ministers, the bias being on the other side. Did the debate influence my ambition? Why, in one sense, it did. It convinced me that I have the opportunity of being a competitor on the greatest arena that ever existed; but it also taught me that success in such a theatre is only for those who will devote their lives to it. Perhaps you will admire the presumption which entertains even the possibility of success. I am, I believe, rather absurd; but I hold a doctrine to which I owe—not much, indeed, but all the little success I ever had,—viz. that with ordinary talents and extraordinary perseverance all things are attainable. And give me ten years in age—ten times my constitution—and oblivion of the truth which paralyses many an exertion of mine, that "vanity of vanities, all is vanity," and especially that fame is so,—I say, give me these things, and I should not despair of parliamentary reputation; but to one who cannot bear fatigue of mind, who loves sporting better, who will not enlist under the banners of party,—to such a being fame is absolutely forbidden. I am well content; I cannot expect the commodity for which I will not pay the price.'—p. 82.

The

The inconsistencies of this passage, and of his own feeling and conduct, are glaring—but there is something very pleasing in the effusion of the new Member. Soon afterwards there was a rumour of his old friend North's desiring to come into the House—and his letter on that occasion shows how he had already studied the scene :—

'April, 19.—Perhaps you will like to hear the impression the House makes upon me. I do not wonder that so many distinguished men have failed in it. The speaking required is of a very peculiar kind: the House loves *good sense and joking*, and nothing else; and the object of its utter aversion is that species of eloquence which may be called Philippian. There are not three men from whom a fine simile or sentiment would be tolerated; all attempts of the kind are punished with general laughter. An easy flow of sterling, forcible, plain sense is indispensable; and this, combined with great powers of sarcasm, gives Brougham his station. Canning is an exception to this rule. His reasoning is seldom above mediocrity; but then it is recommended by language so wonderfully happy, by a manner so exquisitely elegant, and by wit so clear, so pungent, and so unpremeditated, that he contrives to beguile the House of its austerity. Tierney has never exerted himself much in my hearing. Wilberforce has more native eloquence than any of them, but he takes no pains, and allows himself to wander from his subject: he holds a very high rank in the estimation of the House. And now let me tell you a secret; these great creatures turn out, when viewed closely, to be but men, and men with whom *you* need not fear competition. I again, therefore, say "Come among us," and I shall be greatly deceived if you do not hold a foremost place. I know you will be a Tory: you always were one in heart, and your wife will make you still worse: but we will contrive to agree together, for I am not a Whig. I am one of those amphibious nondescripts called Neutrals: but how can I be anything else?"—p. 91.

In the course of that Session he delivered a maiden speech on his then pet theme, the harshness of the Criminal Law, and it gave him at once the place he ever after held in the estimation of the House as a speaker. He was not ready—he could do nothing without very careful preparation—he was no debater—and he had sense never to try at being an orator: but he seldom or never rose unless when he took a serious interest in the subject; and he arranged his facts with remarkable clearness. Having usually new and distinct information to communicate, and being by earnestness of purpose raised above the tremours of personal vapidity, there never was a time when he would not have been well-received in the House. His commanding person and voice, his known wealth and influence, were in their combination powerful advantages. He soon became second only to Wilberforce in the esteem of his own party, a small one in the House, but a large and most important one out of it.

In March, 1820, having been again successful at Weymouth (although his 'eight children' are mentioned in the diary as arguments against the contest), he visits Mr. William Forster, a Quaker who had married one of his sisters, and who had just returned from a missionary expedition to America. He writes thus to Mr. J. J. Gurney:—

'How truly and exactly do the words *They left all and followed him* convey my view of William's two years' absence from a home, a wife, a boy (not to mention the dear horse, and ducks, and flowers), the very darlings of his heart, all his wishes and desires centering in this spot! Well, I cannot pity him: I am more inclined to envy one who is wise enough to make a bargain so incontestably good. I went to Meeting with him twice to-day; his morning sermon on "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding: In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths,"—was one of the very best I ever heard. But the text is one particularly interesting to me. I return home on Wednesday, and mean to study hard till Parliament meets, having at this time the following subjects in my mind:—The Criminal Law; the Prisons; the Police; Botany Bay; the Slave Trade; the Practice of burning Widows in India; Lotteries; Colonization; viz. Land for supporting Schools, and Emancipation of Slaves; the Prosecution of the Quarterly Review by Order of the House, for Libels on America:—*cum multis aliis.*'—p. 95.

To the best of our recollection, he never honoured this Review so far as to make it the subject of a motion in the House of Commons. He perhaps perceived by and by that the then House would not be likely to assume, at the nod of a clique, the new functions of Inquisitor-General over the British Press; but per-adventure, moreover, as soon as the Slavery question came to be the uppermost one with him, his liberal zeal on behalf of the great American Republic began to subside. Certainly in the sequel many of his own most energetic speeches in that house were considered in a very large part of the United States as far worse 'libels on America' than any he could have alleged against the poor Quarterly Reviewers. But we merely allude to the passage as illustrative of the natural tyranny of liberals.

He was by and by engaged *pro totis viribus* in the agitation as to the negroes. It is obvious that his attention was concentrated on that subject mainly in consequence of the earnest appeals of his wife's sister, Priscilla; but Wilberforce greatly encouraged him, and he did exert himself so strenuously, that when Mr. Wilberforce's own health forced him to quit parliamentary life, he expressly devolved the leadership in 'the Cause of the African' on this vigorous lieutenant. Miss Priscilla seems to have lived chiefly under Buxton's roof; and we believe the

the diary that records her untimely death does not exaggerate the impression her talents had made among all who moved in her sphere. His account of her as a preacher, penned deliberately after he had heard the best speakers of his time, is one of the *memorabilia* of this book :—

‘I never knew an individual who was less one of the multitude than Priscilla Gurney. In her person, her manners, her views, there was nothing which was not the very reverse of common-place. There was an air of peace about her which was irresistible in reducing all with whom she conversed under her gentle influence. This was the effect on strangers; and in no degree was it abated by the closest intimacy. Something there was, undoubtedly, in the beauty of her countenance and in the extreme delicacy which constituted that beauty; in a complexion perfectly clear; in the simplicity and absence of all decoration but that of the most refined neatness, which, altogether, conveyed to every one’s mind the strongest conception of purity;—and these attractions of person were aided by manners which nicely corresponded. No less remarkable were the powers of her mind. I have seldom known a person of such sterling ability; and it is impossible to mention these mental powers without adverting to that great and, in my estimation, that astonishing display of them which was afforded by her ministry. I have listened to many eminent preachers, and many speakers also, but I deem her as perfect a speaker as I ever heard. The tone of her voice, her beauty, the singular clearness of her conception, and, above all, her own strong conviction that she was urging the truth, and truth of the utmost importance—the whole constituted a species of ministry which no one could hear, and which I am persuaded no one ever did hear, without a deep impression.

‘Two or three days before Priscilla died she sent for me, as desiring to speak to me about something of importance. The moment she began to speak she was seized with a convulsion of coughing, which continued for a long time, racking her feeble frame. She still seemed determined to persevere, but at length, finding all strength exhausted, she pressed my hand and said, “The poor, dear slaves!” I could not but understand her meaning, for during her illness she had repeatedly urged me to make their cause and condition the first object of my life, feeling nothing so heavy on her heart as their sufferings.’—p. 121.

From this time we may consider him as occupying, in respect to one great question at least, the position hitherto held by Wilberforce—whom he surpassed in regularity of habits, in all the proper qualities of the man of business, as far as he was behind him in that eloquence which implies genius; so that the order of succession was excellently adapted to the varying circumstances of the time: Wilberforce being the very man to stir the popular feeling, Buxton to wield it with systematic energy till it worked out the consummation. This North, who had studied the two men well, foretold with remarkable precision. Buxton had no Pitt  
near



near him; but not even a Pitt could ever have availed to restrain and regulate him as that illustrious man did the gentle Wilberforce. His coarser organization once thoroughly excited, there was no fear that either weight of intellect and authority or any sensitive delicate scruples of any sort would check its advance. 'A Quaker,' says Coleridge, 'is made up of ice and flame. He has no composition, no mean temperature. Hence he is rarely interested about any public measure but he becomes a fanatic, and oversteps, in his irrelative zeal, every decency and every right opposed to his course' (*Table Talk*, ii. 227). Mr. Buxton was almost a Quaker—it is probable that he would have been one altogether if he could have ceased to be a Ninrod, and any sectarian deficiency was supplied by the instinct of the chase. From indecencies of manner he was saved as a gentleman; but though he at the outset could see opposing rights and intend to respect them, the steam of the struggle soon overclouded his perceptions, and he at last leaped in the dark rather than not be in at the death.—But let no reader dread the *crambe recocta* of the Slave Emancipation Question. The controversy in its progress occupied much space in these pages—the results *hitherto* were analyzed in a very recent article, where the name of Buxton recurred at every other paragraph. Our present object is the man—and we shall only pause over a few remarkable steps in the political history, by which his character and the society that mainly influenced him are illustrated.

Here is part of a most Wilberforcian epistle, penned in October, 1822, immediately after a conclave of emancipators had been assembled at Cromer Hall:—

'My dear friend, never, I believe, while I remember anything, shall I forget the truly friendly reception we experienced under your hospitable roof. I love to muse about you all, and form suitable wishes for the comfort and good of each member of your happy circle—for a happy circle it is—and surely there is nothing in the world half so delightful as mutual confidence, affection, and sympathy—to feel esteem as well as good-will towards every human being around you, not only in your own house, but in the social circle that surrounds your dwelling, and to be conscious that every other being is teeming with the same esteem and love towards you. My dear friend, never shall I direct henceforth to Cromer Hall without a number of delightful associations. God bless you all—and so I trust He will. It is quite refreshing in such a world as this to think what a globule of friendship has been accumulated at Cromer from different little drops sprinkled over the sea-side. Give my kind remembrances to all friends. Ever affectionately yours, W. W.'

The following extracts from the Cromer diary enliven the very next page:—

'November, 1822.—At Holkham, Coke betted that I would kill 200 head

head in the last two days (November 18 and 19). The first it rained at half-past twelve. At one o'clock the party went home. In the two preceding hours I had killed 82 head, and I stayed out another hour. The bet was won easily the next day. This week I killed exactly 500 head.

'December 31, 1822.—Fine cold weather, very frosty, no snow. Found at Hempstead in the distant covert, eighteen woodcocks; one fled the country the first time he rose, one fairly beat me, and the remainder I brought home.'—p. 162.

To which the biographer adds—giving no name, but that Cambridge will hardly miss:—

'Once, when he was staying with Mr. Coke at Holkham, a well-known professor was also one of the visitors. The venerable historian had never had a gun in his hand, but on this occasion Mr. Coke persuaded him to accompany the shooting-party; care, however, was taken to place him at a corner of the covert, where it was thought the other sportsmen would be out of his reach. When the rest of the party came up to the spot where he was standing, Mr. Coke said to him, "Well, what sport? You have been firing pretty often!" "Hush!" said the professor, "there it goes again;" and he was just raising his gun to his shoulder, when a man walked very quietly from the bushes about seventy yards in front of him. It was one of the beaters who had been set to stop the pheasants, and his leather gaiters, dimly seen through the bushes, had been mistaken for a hare by the Professor, who, much surprised by its tenacity of life, had been firing at it whenever he saw it move. "But," said Mr. Buxton, "the man had never discovered that the Professor was shooting at him!"—p. 163.

At the approach of the next Eastern holidays Mr. Buxton writes thus to his wife:—

'March 22, 1823.—Wednesday is the very earliest day I can be down with you, and it requires all my energy and determination to keep to that. This minute Wilmot, Under-Secretary of State, has been here desiring me to call on Lord Bathurst on Wednesday relative to my Slave bill. I am very earnest about slavery; it seems to me that this is to be the main business of my life—this and Hindoo widows; I am well contented, and want no other business. How odd the transitions of the human mind are:—how occupied mine was with pheasants and partridges till I left Norfolk: and I firmly believe I have not thought of them five times during my whole stay in London; but they certainly occupied too much of my time in the autumn.'

It was about this time that Buxton first formally announced himself as the leader of the Anti-Slavery movement—we refer to his important speech of May, 1823, however, merely to recall distinctly the ground that he then took. His opening words (p. 130) were—

'The object at which we aim is the *extinction of slavery*—nothing less

less than the extinction of slavery—in nothing less than the whole of the British dominions; not, however, the rapid termination of that state; not the sudden emancipation of the negro; but such preparatory steps, such measures of precaution, as, by slow degrees, and in a course of years, *first fitting and qualifying the slaves for the enjoyment of freedom, shall gently conduct us to the annihilation of Slavery.*'

He proposed various modifications of management and discipline for the adults—and that the children born after the passing of his bill should be free. But within a few months he has made up his mind to a considerable step beyond this programme. Before January, 1824—

'Mr. Buxton was contemplating a new plan, namely, the emancipation of all children under seven years of age, ample compensation being granted to the masters: the children were to be educated and maintained by the British Government till they were seven years old, and then apprenticed to their former masters, after which they should be free.'—p. 141.

This was a large advance—but still Mr. Buxton had not yet caught the full spirit of Coleridge's Quaker reformer. His speech of that year ended thus:—

'I have no hostility to the planters. Compensation to the planter, emancipation to the children of the negro—these are my desires, this is *the consummation*, the just and glorious consummation, on which my hopes are planted, and to which, *as long as I live*, my most strenuous efforts shall be directed!'—p. 149.

The biographer candidly or naïvely adds—

'During these first four years of the Anti-Slavery struggle, the leaders were chiefly employed in clearing the ground for future operations.'—p. 155.

Mr. Buxton's public exertions were suspended in 1827, in consequence of the violence of the excitement in which he now was involved: the Quaker in him had literally become flame. His diary says:—

'About the middle of May my physician described my state by saying, "You are on fire, though you are not in a blaze." I concealed from others—I did not even admit to myself—the extent of my indisposition. I could not doubt that I felt ill, but I was willing to suppose that these were nervous feelings, the effects of fatigue of mind, and that they would vanish, as they had often done before, when the question was at an end. On Saturday, May 19th, I took a survey of the case of cruelty to the negroes, and for two or three hours I was distressed beyond measure, and as much exasperated as distressed, by that scene of horrid oppression. I never in my life was so much moved by anything, and I was so exhausted by the excitement, that I could not that day renew my exertions. The next morning I awoke feeling very unwell. My wife and the family went to a place of worship, and my daughter

daughter remained with me ; I think, but I have not any clear recollections, that I told her about twelve o'clock to send for Dr. Farre. I have a vague idea of my wife's return, but beyond that all is lost to me. The fact was, that I was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and it was not till the following Wednesday that I showed any symptoms of recovery. I am glad that the first object I noticed was my dear wife. I well remember the expression of deep anxiety upon her countenance, and I am sure I had seen it before. To her delight I spoke to her, and the words I used were those that expressed my unbounded affection towards her. Thanks to her care, joined to that of my brothers and sisters, and of the medical attendants, I gradually recovered.'

'So deeply,' adds his son, 'had the subject which caused this alarming seizure become rooted in his mind, that almost his first words, on recovering full consciousness, were uttered in a decided tone, to the effect that he must get up and go to the House, to bring forward his motion on the Mauritius. When told that the day was already past, he would not give credit to the statement, till it was put beyond doubt by reference to the newspaper in which the proceedings of the House on the evening in question were reported.'—p. 193.

Mr. Buxton recovered slowly, and there was in this agitation a lull that lasted until—the political changes of 1827 having produced in natural succession those of 1828 and 1829—fit audience had been prepared for the rampant Whiggery of 1830—proclaiming by its far most effective voice: 'Be it mine to fan the sacred flame! Now is the time for every people in Europe to take a degree in the University of Paris!'—fatal, too late repented words! Buxton heard and was not disobedient.

Almost all his friends in and out of the House became Reformers—and he supported 'the Bill and the whole Bill' in all its stages; but there is nothing in the book that conveys the least impression of his having taken any real interest in that matter on its own merits. He appears to have voted with the Whigs, partly no doubt as a Whig, but principally because Lord Grey's Government included several of his old colleagues in the Anti-Slavery Committees (Brougham, Howick, &c.), and he anticipated from that Government, if fixed in power, a cordial readiness to forward his special object in the manner most approved by himself. Among other fraternizing scenes of 1831 was a grand beefsteak dinner at the brewery in Spitalfields—Buxton (now the chief partner) in the chair, between Lord Chancellor Brougham and the Duke of Richmond—while Mr. Joseph Gurney, croupier, was flanked by Earl Grey and Dr. Lushington. Lords Cleveland, Durham, Sefton, Duncannon, &c., &c., were present—in all twenty-three luminaries. Mr. Gurney writes:—

'The Premier, grave and thoughtful as he seemed, did great justice  
to

to our dinner. "Milord Grey," cried the Spanish General Alava to him, as he was availing himself of a fresh supply of beefsteaks (pronounced by the Lord Chancellor to be "perfect")—"Milord Grey, vous êtes à votre sixième." The contrast between Lord Grey and Alava was curious: the former, the dignified, stiff, sedate British nobleman of the old school; the latter, the entertaining, entertained, and voluble foreigner. He had been the faithful companion of the Duke of Wellington through most of his campaigns, and now had displayed his usual energy by coming up all the way from Walmer Castle, near Dover, in order to help in devouring the product of the stoke-hole in Spitalfields. The Lord Chancellor was in high glee: he came in a shabby black coat and very old hat; strangely different from the starred, gartered, and cocked-hat dignity of the venerable Premier. When the dinner was ended I quitted my post by Lord Grey, and joined Buxton at the top of the table. He was telling a story on the subject of Reform (the only way in which that subject could be mentioned, as Tories were present). A stage coachman, said he, was driving a pair of sorry horses the other day from London to Greenwich. One of them stumbled, and nearly fell. "Get up, you *boroughmongering* rascal, you!" said the coachman to the poor beast, as he laid the whip across his back. The Lord Chancellor laughed heartily at this story. "How like my Lord — there was the old horse!" said he to me, laughing and putting his hands before his face—Lord — sitting opposite to us. . . . Buxton now left us, to talk with Lord Grey, whom he very much delighted by praising Lord Howick's speech upon slavery. It was a speech which deserved praise for its honesty and feeling, as well as for its talent. But the old Premier seemed to think that his son had been carried by his zeal rather too far. Something led us to talk about Paley, and I mentioned the story of his having on his death-bed condemned his Moral Philosophy, and declared his preference of the Horæ Paulinæ above all his other works. This led Brougham to speak of both those works. 'Did you ever hear that King George III. was requested by Mr. Pitt to make Paley a bishop? The King refused; and taking down the Moral Philosophy from the shelf, he showed Pitt the passage in which he justifies subscription to Articles not fully credited, on the ground of expediency. "This," said the King, "is my reason for not making him a bishop." Lord Grey overheard the Chancellor's story and confirmed it; 'but,' added the Chancellor, 'I believe the true reason why George III. refused to make Paley a bishop was, that he had compared the divine right of kings to the divine right of constables!'

'The Chancellor was very cordial, and we were all delighted with his entertaining rapidity of thought, ready wit, and evident good feeling. Nor was it possible to be otherwise than pleased with all our guests, with whom we parted about eleven o'clock at night, after a flowing, exhilarating, and not altogether uninstrusive day.'

Buxton himself says:—

'Our party went off in all respects to my satisfaction. Talleyrand could

could not come, having just received an account of Prince Leopold being elected king of Belgium. Brougham said this was a severe disappointment, as his Excellency never eats or drinks but once a day, and had depended on my beefsteaks. The party arrived at about six o'clock. I first led them to the steam-engine; Brougham ascended the steps and commenced a lecture upon steam-power, and told many entertaining anecdotes; and when we left the engine, he went on lecturing as to the other parts of the machinery, so that Joseph Gurney said he understood brewing better than any person on the premises. I had Mr. Gow up with his accounts, to explain how much our horses each cost per annum; and Brougham entered into long calculations upon this subject. To describe the variety of his conversation is impossible—

‘From grave to gay, from lively to severe.’

We had no speeches, but conversation flowed, or rather roared like a torrent. The Chancellor lost not a moment; he was always eating, drinking, talking, or laughing; his powers of laughing seemed on a level with his other capacities. Talking of grace before dinner, he said, ‘I like the Dutch grace best; they sit perfectly still and quiet for a minute or two. I thought it very solemn.’ He inquired the wages of the draymen. I told him about 45*s.* weekly, and we allow them to provide substitutes for a day or two in the week, but we insist on their paying them at the rate of 26*s.* per week. ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘I understand; these rich and benefited gentry employ curates, and the curates of the draymen get about as much salary as those of the clergy.’ After dinner we took them to the stables to see the horses. Somebody said, ‘Now the Lord Chancellor will be at a loss; at all events he knows nothing about horses.’ However, fortune favoured him, for he selected one of the best of them, and pointed out his merits. Some one proposed that he should get upon his back, and ride him round the yard, which he seemed very willing to do; and thus ends my history of the Lord Chancellor.’—pp. 265–268.

We have been quoting the most piquant among the lighter pages of this book; but we wish we had room for several chapters immediately ensuing, which the student of history will find as amusing as instructive. These depict in great detail—and the detail here is everything—the battle that Buxton after all had to fight with the Government collectively, and with almost every leading man in it individually—the long stiff battle of dogged determined *onesidedness*, against the reason and justice of some, and the at last awakened prudence of responsibility in others. This is the most curious study yet produced for the physiologist of the squeezable kingdom.

Lord Grey, even in the genial hour of the brewery beefsteak, ‘feared his son had been carried too far by his zeal:’ by and by, as the practical difficulties—the economical, financial, imperial consequences of the meditated consummation—force themselves on younger men, they one after another give plain signs of shrinking.

ing. We especially commiserate poor Lord Althorp, who as leader of the Commons has to stand the brunt against the indomitable Buxton. 'Is the man mad?'—cries Lord Brougham (p. 296), 'he must yield!'—but there is no notion now of allowing his lordship to regulate the paces of the dray-horse hobby. Even Dr. Lushington whispers caution—forbearance—a little delay, but a little—*Et tu Brute!* And it is all in vain. A selected paragraph or two can give no real notion of this protracted struggle; but, merely to whet curiosity, we shall take part of a long letter, quite a despatch, written by one of Mr. Buxton's daughters after the debate of May 24, 1832. During several preceding days, she says, things had gone on in 'the usual course

'Every possible assault from friend and foe to *make* my father put off his motion, and when that was found hopeless, to induce him to soften it down, or not to divide the House! Dr. Lushington was of opinion that it would endanger the cause to persevere, and difference of opinion with him is worse than anything to my father. The Government were also most pressing, and the terms they offered extremely tempting. On Tuesday morning my father and Dr. Lushington were a long time with Lord Althorp and Lord Howick, both of whom used every argument and almost every entreaty. I believe he did not reply much at the time, but was cruelly beset, and acutely alive to the pain of refusing them, and, as they said, of embarrassing all their measures and giving their enemies a handle at this tottering moment. They said, besides, that the public were so occupied with Reform, that it was only wasting the strength of the cause; nobody would listen, and the effect would be wholly lost, whereas if he would wait a little, they would all go with him; their hearts were in fact with him, and all would be smooth if he would have a little reason and patience. On his return, he related all this to us, and proposed writing a letter to Lord Althorp, previous to the final interview.'—p. 287.

Then she copies the letter, in which Buxton expressed himself so firmly that Lord Althorp, on their meeting a few hours afterwards, told him he 'saw it was of no use attempting to turn him.' So they 'resolved on their several courses'—Buxton to bring forward his motion for *abolition* 'with a due regard to the *safety* of all parties concerned'—Lord Althorp to move an amendment, viz., the addition of the words 'conformably to the resolutions of 1823'—Canning's judicious and statesmanlike resolutions. Accordingly, Buxton spoke 'very well indeed'—Mr. Macaulay was 'strongly eloquent'—Lord Howick 'capital': Lord Althorp made his proposal, and then—the lady says,

'Then came the trial: they (privately) besought my father to give way, and not to press them to a division. "They hated," they said, "dividing against him, when their hearts were all for him; it was merely

merely a nominal difference—why should he split hairs?—he was sure to be beaten—where was the use of bringing them all into difficulty and making them vote against him?” He told us that he thought he had a hundred applications of this kind in the course of the evening; in short, nearly every friend he had in the House came to him, and by all considerations of reason and friendship besought him to give way. Mr. Evans was almost the only person who took the other side. I watched my father with indescribable anxiety, seeing the members, one after the other, come and sit down by him, and judging but too well from their gestures what their errand was. One of them went to him four times, and at last sent up a note to him with these words, “immoveable as ever?” To my uncle Hoare, who was under the gallery, they went repeatedly, but with no success, for he would only send him a message to persevere. My uncle described to me one gentleman, not a member, who was near him under the gallery, as having been in a high agitation all the evening, exclaiming, “Oh, he won’t stand! Oh, he’ll yield! I’d give a hundred pounds, I’d give a thousand pounds, to have him divide! Noble! noble! What a noble fellow he is!” according to the various changes in the aspect of things. Among others, Mr. H— came across to try his eloquence; “Now don’t be so obstinate; just put in this one word, ‘interest;’ it makes no real difference, and then all will be easy. You will only alienate the Government.—Now,” said he, “I’ll just tell Lord Althorp you have consented.” My father replied, “I don’t think I exaggerate when I say I would rather your head were off, and mine too; I am sure I had rather yours were!” What a trial it was! He said afterwards, that he could compare it to nothing but a continual tooth-drawing the whole evening. At length he rose to reply, and very touchingly alluded to the effort he had to make, but said he was bound in conscience to do it and that he *would* divide the House. Accordingly the question was put. The Speaker said, “I think the noes have it.” Never shall I forget the tone in which his solitary voice replied, “No, Sir.” “The noes must go forth,” said the Speaker, and all the House appeared to troop out. Those within were counted, and amounted to ninety. This was a minority far beyond our expectations, and from fifty upwards, my heart beat higher at every number. I went round to the other side of the ventilator to see them coming in. How my heart fell as they reached 88, 89, 90, 91, and the string still not at an end; and it went on to 136. So Lord Althorp’s amendment was carried. At 2 o’clock in the morning it was over, and for the first time my father came up to see us in the ventilator. I soon saw that it was almost too sore a subject to touch upon; he was so wounded at having vexed all his friends. Mr. ——— would not speak to him after it was over, so angry was he; and for days after when my father came home, he used to mention, with real pain, somebody or other who would not return his bow. On Friday, Dr. Lushington came here and cheered him, saying, “Well, that minority was a great victory.”—p. 292.

In a few days Lord Althorp said to Mr. Macaulay, ‘That division of Buxton’s has settled the Slavery question.’ The Government,



Government, after a decent little pause, undertook the question, and Buxton considered himself as virtually *Emeritus*. But no—further examination in cooler blood once more staggered the ministry—they faltered—they began to split hairs—at last they gathered courage and signified that they found it *impossible* to take the initiative. On this Lord Howick retired from office; he had committed himself too deeply for retraction. Then Buxton understood the case—then at last, sick at heart of ‘Whiggery and Red Tapery,’ he gave the signal for ‘a decisive movement of the religious public.’ Meeting follows meeting—wherever any man guilty of official or colonial experience arises, he is roared and hooted down. The ‘Women of Britain’ are appealed to—72,000 of them sign (who asks what?) in a week. The day had been, and no distant day, when Mr. Buxton, already in Parliament, said to his old uncle, ‘I quite agree with you in reprobating the Radicals: I am persuaded that their object is the subversion of the Constitution and of religion’ (p. 82)—but now the Radicals were not to be despised—they were too happy to co-operate in any crusade against property, especially property for which the Government appeared to have any lingering feeling of respect—in any crusade against any law—against any authority but that of noise. The time had been when Mr. Buxton’s friendships were Irish, and among the highest and purest classes of Irishmen—he now received and welcomed the alliance of Mr. O’Connell, ‘who gave an energetic support’ (p. 261). With such advisers the petition-manufacture could not but reach a splendid development. Mr. Buxton brags of all the women in his house being busy with ‘tureens of paste’ and ‘everything in proportion,’—the petitions ‘like feather-beds,’ &c., &c. (p. 321). Mr. Buxton invites ‘members of the Established Church, together with the principal dissenting bodies, to unite in setting apart the 16th of January as a day of prayer on the subject of slavery;’—and finally, he invites the anti-slavery societies from Cornwall to Caithness ‘to choose delegates,’ and send them up to hold ‘a congress in London,’ to watch the proceedings of Parliament. Exeter Hall was opened. This was the last turn of the screw. The Government surrenders—and in due course of nature the House of Lords surrenders too.

‘On Tuesday, the 20th’ (August, 1833), writes Miss Buxton, ‘was the third reading in the Lords. Dr. Lushington came in afterwards, unexpectedly, to dinner; he seemed very much pleased with the events of the session, which he discussed in the most lively manner. Lord Althorp said to him in the House a few days ago, ‘Well! you and Buxton have wielded a power too great for any individuals in this House.’

House. *I hope we shall never see such another instance.*" Among other incidents, it was mentioned that one day, in the House of Lords, Lord Grey went up to my father to speak to him. The Duke of Wellington said, "I see what the influence is, under which you are; and if that individual is to have more power than Lords and Commons both, we may as well give up the bill." All the Commons' ministers who were standing there were highly entertained.'—p. 336.

'Highly entertained!' The only wonder is that ministers capable of smiling at such a moment had preserved spirit enough to stand up even then for *some* compensation to the planters. We confess it also strikes us as wonderful under all the circumstances of the case, considering the eager craft and the furious imbecility that surrounded Buxton out of doors, the pain and anxiety which the Whig vacillations had cost him, and the general contempt amidst which they alone by their felicitous idiosyncrasy could have smiled—it does strike us, we say, as wonderful that Buxton at that moment stood firm as to the compensation; and, though he did so by no means on high grounds—since, wholly overlooking the history of British legislation, he still denied that the planters could have any 'moral claim;'—never gave the slightest attention to the facts that the Slave-trade was begun and fostered by express authority of the Government—that the planters earnestly desired to have it stopped long before Wilberforce was heard of, because, as they justly said, till it was stopped they never could set about the civilisation of their own black people with the least chance of success—and that all these movements of the planters were treated with contempt by the Government:—though all this be true, and though, moreover, Buxton was greatly influenced by fantastic anticipations, to which he clung with the blindest pertinacity in spite of all the warnings of all the knowing—with all these deductions it is still just to praise him: for it was entirely due to him and a very few friends of his, men of property and of business, engaged in the exterior agitation, that the Government and the nation were saved the irredeemable disgrace—the utter moral ruin—of an abrupt and unmitigated revolutionary confiscation. Mr. Buxton had clung, we have said, to fantastic anticipations; he had never parted with his belief that, as soon as they ceased to be slaves, 'the negroes would go to work for wages' (p. 189). He also still held by the apprentice clause as an essential and inseparable part of the emancipation scheme. But on this point, as on all the rest, he was to be confuted,—and that speedily. He had carried his squeezing experiment to a successful issue, but the instruments he used were beyond his permanent control: the one exertion for which we have been allowing him credit seems to have exhausted

exhausted his means of check, and with them every chance of pause was gone. But, indeed, when we consider the low grounds on which he himself defended that insulated resistance, it may seem idle to wonder that, his effort over, the glowing masses told on him as his reason, when he was comparatively reasonable, had never told upon them. When compelled in London to 'transact business' with responsible ministers, he was never—the hesitations and misgivings here faithfully and most curiously detailed show it—the same man that his Exeter-Hall audiences found in him. Then the atmosphere was unmixt: his fanaticism recovered its Quaker-heat; and in truth, when we see the physical symptoms of excitement that chequer his story, we should think it rash, in not a few cases, to draw the line between fervour and fever.

Meanwhile the man who had triumphed 'over Lords and Commons' must needs be even in the worldly world something of what that world calls a lion. Mr. Buxton has his share in its curiosity and even *engouement*, and real Quakers seldom disdain to taste of that cup when proffered. This affords some entertaining episodes to break the increasing sombreness of the closing chapters. Not the worst is a dinner at Ham House, that uncontaminated antique, the favourite residence of the Duke of Lauderdale—still left, outside and inside, as he inhabited and as Horace Walpole described it\*—which the gay visitors of Richmond hill can scarce catch a glimpse of, when the coeval groves about are in full leaf—by far the most curious of the many interesting old places near the metropolis. Here in those days lived the Duke's descendant, the late Countess of Dysart, herself as venerable a relic as any she had in her keeping; and here it was her fancy to assemble on summer Saturdays as picturesque mixtures of fashion, finery, and notoriety in all its shapes and shades, as ever diverted the languors of any Castle of Indolence. Here Mr. Buxton was introduced one day—we think we could guess by whom—and though the day seems not to have been a first-rate one, for he fell on no conglomeration of prime-ministers and quack-doctors, bishops and baptist~~ic~~ actresses and duchesses, Turk ambassadors and Carbonari, yet, as a great London brewer, he was in good luck: for it seems that he then for the first time met in society the most illustrious of modern Israelites:—

'We yesterday dined at Ham House; and very amusing it was. Rothschild told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfort. "There was not," he said, "room enough for

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\* Collective Edition of Letters, v. 273.

us all in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there, who had the market to himself: he was quite the great man and did us a favour if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on a Tuesday; I said to my father, "I will go to England." I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started; the nearer I got to England the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester I laid out all my money, things were so cheap; and I made good profit. I soon found that there were three profits—the raw material, the dyeing, and the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer, "I will supply you with material and dye, and you supply me with manufactured goods." So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anybody. In a short time I made 20,000*l.* into 60,000*l.* My success all turned on one maxim. I said, I can do what another man can, and so I am a match for the man with the patterns, and for all the rest of them! Another advantage I had. I was an off-hand man. I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London the East India Company had 800,000 lbs. of gold to sell. I went to the sale and bought it all. I knew the Duke of Wellington must have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The Government sent for me and said they must have it. When they had got it, they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that, and I sent it through France; and that was the best business I ever did.

'Another maxim, on which he seemed to place great reliance, was, never to have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. "I have seen," said he, "many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well; but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?" By aid of these maxims he has acquired three millions of money.

'I hope,' said —, 'that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that.' Rothschild.—'I am sure I should wish that. I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy. Stick to one business, young man,' said he to Edward; 'stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London. Be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the Gazette.—One of my neighbours is a very ill-tempered man; he tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine close to my walk. So, when I go out, I hear first, grunt, grunt, squeak, squeak; but this does me no harm. I am always in good humour. Sometimes to amuse myself I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes—it is very amusing.'—p. 343.

The reader will not fail to note the way in which Mr. Buxton records the old Jew's superstition about 'men of luck'; nor, we think, to commend the use Lord Ellenborough made of other things

things in this letter on the night of May 25, 1848, in the Lords' debate on the Russell and Rothschild Jew Bill. A capital patriarch for a tribe of English senators!

On the eve of the general election in 1837, Mr. Buxton found reason to believe that, notwithstanding all his long and distinguished services as representative of Weymouth, he should have no chance of being returned again, unless he chose 'to open public-houses, and lend money (a gentle name for bribery) to the extent of 1000*l*.' (p. 422). He therefore declined the poll. We suppose that, the *far-niente* of the negro being secure, his natural sense of the horrors of beer and bribery among hard-worked Britons resumed its sway. On this occasion, he says, he had an interview with an official dignitary (name left blank), who 'said more about the regret of the Government than he (Buxton) would like to repeat' (p. 423). Amiable Government! He adds that he had offers from a score of more liberal constituencies—however, he bowed them all off—and he never entered Parliament again. But he had got too much into the habit of out-of-doors agitation to keep long away from that; and undeterred by the daily accumulating evidences that the measure squeezed from the Whigs was to turn out, as an economical and political one, most disastrous, others from the same *guilery* were successively advocated with the same boldness of miscalculation, and carried through by the same ever-ready machinery. The details of the minor experiments may be left to these Memoirs; those of the great crowning adventure—the organization of a society for the final suppression of the slave-trade between Africa and whatever lies on the *western* side of the Atlantic, with and mainly through the establishment of a grand '*capital and citadel of Christianity, civilization, and legitimate industry and commerce in the centre of the African continent*'—the buoyant rapture with which this scheme was received, the eager and lavish supplies of the Government, the countenance afforded by royalty, the brilliant start of the expedition, its absurd progress and calamitous ending—all these circumstances were brought under review in our last Number (article *Friends of the African*).

In June, 1840, soon after the 'glorious meeting' in Exeter Hall, at which, by Lord Melbourne's advice, Prince Albert presided over the inauguration of the 'African Civilization Association,' Lord John Russell conveyed to Mr. Buxton her Majesty's gracious intentions of elevating him to the baronetcy; which honour he, 'after a little hesitation,' accepted from the gratitude of the 'regretting' Whigs. This distinction came to him, it would seem, at a moment of collapse—the equipment of the Niger fleet had cost him extraordinary labour—for he (p. 524) complains that

‘his listlessness reaches even to his two pet pursuits, negroes and partridges’—(it would have sounded better and been more true to say *partridges and planters*): but he assumed for the motto to his knightly escutcheon the last five syllables of the text, ‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, *do it with thy might* ;’ and we hope the title gratified himself, besides flattering (which was of course the object) his anti-pomp-and-vanity associates.

He soon recovered his sporting ardour—for one of the next letters is chiefly on the merits of a new shooting pony, by name *Abraham*, who ‘is fond of porter, and prefers ours.’ He spent the winter of 1840-1 at Rome and Naples, and his journal is largely diversified with anecdotes of boar-hunting—which he confesses rather put him out of conceit with the tamer diversions of Norfolk. He also, however, gave attention to the Prisons of both states; nor was he without curiosity for their antiquities, though he seems to have had little or none for their picture-galleries. His sketch of Pompeii is readable even after Lord Dudley’s.

On his return in autumn, he went to see a daughter married in Scotland, and then visited several renowned preserves in the Highlands—among others Lord Breadalbane’s at the Black Mount where he made his debût as a deerstalker. He felt anxious to make an appropriate return; and a cousin of his being then in Norway, requested him to collect a flock of capercailzies. This was set about by a new ‘movement of the religious public’—namely, by getting a score of the mountain clergy to offer rewards for so many cocks and hens from the pulpit after sermon. However, cocks and hens were procured—Sir Fowell’s game-keeper went to Norway, and thence carried them in safety to Taymouth—and thus we owe to the new brewing baronet the restoration of the feathered giant of the Grampian forests. The birds have so multiplied that they are again *game*, and Sir Fowell’s son was complimented with being invited to shoot the first capercailzie when her Majesty honoured the Marquis with a visit two or three years ago.

But now came heavy tidings. Let the affectionate biographer speak:—

‘It may well be conceived with what anguish Sir Fowell Buxton received the melancholy tidings of the Niger Expedition. His health, which had been undermined before, became gradually more feeble, and he could no longer bear any sustained mental exertion, especially if attended by any sense of responsibility. To a man, the law of whose nature it was to be at work with head, hand, and heart, it was no slight trial to be thus prematurely laid aside. He was only fifty-five years of age, but already the evening was come of his day of ceaseless toil, nor was its close brightened by the beams of success and joy. When

unconscious that he was observed, he would at times utter such groans as if his heart were sinking beneath its load. But his grief was not of that kind described by South, which "runs out in voice." He rarely spoke of the Expedition—to Captain Bird Allen's death he could scarcely allude at all; but his grave demeanour, his worn, pale face, the abstraction of his manner, and the intense fervour of his supplications that God would "pity poor Africa"—these showed too well the poignancy of his feelings. —p. 553.

Sir Fowell survived for three years after this—but they were melancholy years: his energies dwindled—he could hardly sit Abraham long enough to fill a very modest bag—and though while he was at all able to leave home he was very ready to attend any meetings connected with the African cause, and as his son says, 'while candidly admitting the ruin of his own scheme, cherished hopes that the same great end might be accomplished in some other and better way' (p. 553)—we do not suppose that any readers of the book, or even of our imperfect summary, will doubt that the blow of that grand disappointment was more than he could bear. Nor will many of them confound his case with that of a mere politician whose calculations and predictions have been put to the test and failed. We quoted, several pages back, in reference to a different subject, some paragraphs from his diary, in which he records the minuteness of his prayers, and the assurance he felt that, with rare exceptions, his petitions had been answered with favour. He says that he 'offered up his prayers for everything that concerned him' (p. 197); and—whether or not he had his private *Collects* for the 12th of August, the 1st of October, &c.—there can be no doubt that he includes the least of African incidents among the 'things that concerned him.'—Moreover he was not free from a superstition that had, we thought, died out long before his day: he evidently made a practice of opening his Bible, in moments of emergence and anxiety, on the principle of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. What then must have been his misgivings when the crushing catastrophe came? But we have no desire to dwell on matters of this sort. Indeed we do not think his character, however salient some of its inconsistencies, is one on the whole difficult to be understood. It was very right that his Biography should be written: and since his friends are subscribing for a statue in Westminster Abbey, we have only to hope that they may select a sculptor capable of doing justice to all his 'pet pursuits' in the relieves of the pedestal—and that the monument may be visible before our Colonial Empire has disappeared.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Voyage en Icarie*. Par M. Cabet. Paris, 1848.  
 2. *Organisation du Travail*. Par M. Louis Blanc. 1847.  
 3. *Organisation du Crédit et de la Circulation, et Solution du Problème Social*. Par P. J. Proudhon. Paris, 1848.  
 4. *Letters to the Mob*. London, 1848.

IT was with some scientific curiosity, even in the midst of our alarms, that we looked to the progress of this new revolution in France for a practical solution of various questions which had before been only written and talked about. The Provisional Government seemed disposed, like Mr. Ryan at the Polytechnic Institution, to exhibit a series of experiments to an admiring audience, while civilized Europe was admitted into the galleries to look on and be instructed. Nor were we disappointed. The superior economy of a mob-appointed government, the security of property not only for the rich, but even for the savings of the poor, the inviolability of the magistracy, nay of justice itself, under mob-rule—these and many other experiments of a like nature were *oculis subjecta fidelibus* with a rapidity and a completeness that outdid Mr. Ryan. Still there was one class belonging more particularly to the domain of political economy, which, while promising wonders, had not yet been fairly tested in performance—we allude to the questions connected with the mutual dependence of labour and capital. On such deep and serious problems we could never have anticipated express-train velocity; and as to them accordingly we for some time awaited the consummating enlightenment with much the same sort of patience which distinguished the crowds assembled at Brighton for the grand hour of Mr. Warner's destructive and exploding mysteries. Everything encouraged us. Louis Blanc was established at the Luxembourg; Cabet in correspondence with Lamartine—his '*Voyage en Icarie*' running through innumerable editions; while the Parisian public showed a marked preference for Blanqui in '*le Club Central*' over Lafont at the Variétés.

All went on swimmingly till the famous 15th of May. What could we have desired better than a Provisional Government which represented all the various dogmas of the day—each of these opposed to every other? Blanqui, who supports Cabet and Communism, took the lead; then followed Proudhon, the inventor of banks without capital, who describes the ideas of his Communist colleague as '*l'absurde système de l'identité absolue, c'est-à-dire, du néant absolu: ce n'est rien de moins que le mouvement et la vie qu'on veut retrancher du corps social.*' (*Organisation du Crédit*, p. 4.) Next came Louis Blanc, the  
 ex-director



ex-director of national workshops, the patron of the idle and incompetent workman, the advocate for equality of remuneration—with certain exceptions of which he made himself the first—Louis Blanc, of whose panacea it is said by the same weighty Proudhon, ‘quand vous parlez d’organiser le travail, c’est comme si vous proposiez de crever les yeux à la liberté.’ (*Ibid.*, p. 3.) Lastly, there was Barbès, who takes a still shorter cut to Communism by means of an immediate appropriation of forty millions sterling from the rich. We rubbed our hands in expectation! We hoped to see a section of France devoted to each theory. In one corner, Phalansterians with their equilateral portions of unappropriated soil; in another, Icarian towns traversed by gratuitous vehicles, and furnishing to each citizen, as a right, daily dinners worthy of our own Reform Club and M. Soyer; in a third, work parcelled out, *not* according to the wants and capacities of individuals which can be ascertained and measured by vulgar rules, but the ‘general interests of society,’ which would require higher expounding—while the rich of yesterday should to-day choose between the forced loans of Barbès, the *billets de Banque d’Echange* of Proudhon, or the more genial and generous expedients of Cabet. One short hour and all was over. Blanqui—Barbès—Louis Blanc—where are they all? And what remains for us but to extract what substitute we can for the expected ‘wisdom teaching by facts’ from the imaginative masterpiece of the most eloquent of Communists?

M. Cabet’s ‘*Voyage en Icarie*,’ though connected most essentially with this new revolution in France, is not one of the thousand *brochures* called forth by the excitement of the moment, but a solemn philosophical romance of some 600 pages, to which the author, turning aside from his historical performances, devoted two years of intense thought and labour. It has already gone through five editions—there is not a shop or stall in Paris where copies are not in readiness for a constant influx of purchasers—hardly a drawing-room table on which it is not to be seen; and if it has not equally attracted the attention of all the wise of all countries, the fact can only furnish another proof of the general indisposition of mankind

‘To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.’

Citizen Cabet candidly confesses his obligations, to Sir Thomas More for the conception. Once started, however, we must confess he far surpasses his original. Utopia was intended to show *en grand* what old Sir Thomas ‘rather wished than hoped;’ but Icaria is the minutely detailed picture of a state of perfect happiness of which nothing can prevent the realization except the

the preposterous folly of not adopting a few simple alterations in policy suggested by Citizen Cabet. On reflection, we think it due to him to exhibit his title-page in full :—

# VOYAGE

EN

# I C A R I E

PAR

M. CABET.

## FRATERNITÉ.

**Tous pour chacun.**

SOLIDARITÉ  
ÉGALITÉ—LIBERTÉ  
ÉLIGIBILITÉ  
UNITÉ  
PAIX.

**Premier droit,  
Vivre.**

**À chacun  
suivant ses besoins.**

AMOUR  
JUSTICE  
SECOURS MUTUEL  
ASSURANCE UNIVERSELLE  
ORGANISATION DU TRAVAIL  
MACHINES AU PROFIT DE TOUS  
AUGMENTATION DE LA PRODUCTION  
RÉPARTITION ÉQUITABLE DES PRODUITS  
SUPPRESSION DE LA MISÈRE  
AMÉLIORATIONS CROISSANTES  
MARIAGE ET FAMILLE  
PROGRÈS CONTINUEL  
ABONDANCE  
ARTS.

**Chacun pour tous.**

ÉDUCATION  
INTELLIGENCE—RAISON  
MORALITÉ  
ORDRE  
UNION.

**Premier devoir,  
Travailler.**

**De chacun  
suivant ses forces.**

## BONHEUR COMMUN.

PARIS

AU BUREAU DU POPULAIRE, RUE JEAN-JACQUES-ROUSSEAU, 18.  
Dans les Départements et, à l'Étranger, chez les Correspondants du POPULAIRE.  
: 1848

Our author has been most unjustly accused and maligned. He is no self-seeking plunderer of the rich. He clearly sees, and manfully

manfully proclaims, that it is impossible suddenly to substitute Communism for the present inequality of property, and therefore suggests a transitory state varying, according to the country, from thirty to fifty or even one hundred years. From the very commencement, indeed, the *principle* is to be admitted; but if the aristocracy of France or of Europe, or of the world generally, in their unhappy blindness, will not accept it, let them read on and be tranquillized:—

‘Ni violence ni révolution; par conséquent ni conspiration ni attentat ! En un mot, il ne faut plus sacrifier les riches aux pauvres que les pauvres aux riches ; ou bien toute la pitié, tout l'intérêt, toute la justice se réuniraient contre les nouveaux oppresseurs en faveur des nouveaux opprimés. Il faut enfin avoir la résolution d'accomplir tous ses *devoirs*, en même temps que le désir et la volonté d'exercer tous ses *droits*.’

There can at all events be no danger for anybody, if all will only adopt implicitly the guidance of M. Cabet, who solemnly affirms:—

‘*Si je tenais une révolution dans ma main, je la tiendrais fermée quand même je devrais mourir en exil.*’—p. 565.

Icaria is situated somewhere in the antipodes—at least at the distance from England of a four months' journey. We say from England, for M. Cabet's *voyageur* is an Englishman—Lord William Carisdall; and his Lordship was, we proudly infer, selected by the author to make the journey, because England, with all her admitted defects, afforded on the whole the highest tangible standard by which to rate Icaria. The steam-boats there are ‘aussi beaux que nos plus beaux bateaux Anglais’ (p. 7); the first town he enters contains a spot ‘même plus joli que le beau quartier de Regent's Park’ (p. 11); he admires the cultivation ‘quoique habitué à la belle culture et à la belle campagne d'Angleterre’:—the roads are ‘aussi belles et plus belles que nos routes Anglaises’ (p. 12):—the beauty of the women and their skill in horsemanship are measured and exalted by reference to the same scale.

Reaching *Camiris*—the Liverpool of a republic allied to Icaria and separated from it only by an arm of the sea—his lordship quits his ship and takes a berth in the Icarian steam-boat. On board this vessel, which (except in being possessed of a piano ‘et beaucoup d'autres instruments de musique’) does not appear to have differed much from the ‘Garland’ or the ‘Princess Alice,’ we are informed that every one had his private cabin ‘contenant un lit commode et tous les petits meubles qui peuvent être nécessaires’ (p. 8); but these moveables were perhaps less numerous than one might fancy, since it is added, that after a ‘grand

'grand concours parmi les médecins' upon the subject of sea-sickness, 'on était parvenu à le rendre presque insensible' (p. 9). As the steam is getting up the passengers are assembled to receive the assurances of a gentleman called a 'tégar' that 'the boat is perfect, that the sailors and engineers are excellent, and that every precaution has been taken to render utterly impossible either shipwreck, explosion, fire, or any other accident' (p. 8): words which cannot but provoke a cheering comparison with the hackneyed formula of the cabin steward, 'A beautiful passage, sir; just enough wind to make it pleasant.'

Before starting from Camiris, Lord William is overhauled by the Icarian Consul, who is 'constamment visible pour les étrangers'—(apparently a slight *in limine* symptom of inequality, inasmuch as all other labourers work only from seven A.M. to one P.M.)—and by whom his lordship is informed that he must deposit two hundred guineas for his passport. This sum will, however, frank him for everything during a four months' stay in Icaria:—

'For this,' says the Consul, 'you will be able to go about everywhere—always have in the public carriages *les meilleures places* without paying a farthing. You will everywhere find an Hôtel des Etrangers where you will have lodging, food, washing, nay even clothes, and all *gratis*. You will be admitted in the same manner into all the public establishments and all the plays and sights. In one word, for these two hundred guineas the state binds itself to *treat you precisely as one of its own citizens*.' (p. 6.)

From these last words it is pleasing to infer that the average value of the earnings of a husband and wife with four children in this country where there is no such thing as money, and where the produce of all is equally divided, must amount to 800*l.* for any period of four months, or 2400*l.* per annum. We reckon two children to consume as much as one adult; and as the period of *education* is prolonged to one and twenty, during which section of human life all *children* are unproductive, the average earnings of the parents by their half-day's labour must, we say, be considered with satisfaction.

The Camirisian 'Tégar, ou Soigneur,' in due time announces that they are off *Tyrana*:—they enter the harbour of that Icarian town—where they land by a chain-pier, 'suspendue sur la mer comme le pont de Brighton.' A carriage and six is found all ready at the landing, 'me rappelant les beaux stage-coaches et les chevaux de ma chère patrie. Les coursiers ressemblaient à nos plus beaux chevaux Anglais, ardents et dociles à la fois, bien peignés et bien luisants. La voiture aussi jolie que celles d'Angleterre.'

Lord William has a pleasant drive to *Icara*, the capital, and is there admitted into the bosom of a charming family, to whom his great recommendation is his sympathy in their fondness for flowers, for music, and for children, and by whom he is soon made conversant with the practical conveniences of the region.

First and foremost, *the theatres are to be free to all*. How, then (it may be asked), when *Icara* comes to be visited by Miss Jenny Lind, is the right to admission to be regulated, since all cannot go at once, and the President of the National Assembly has no more right to a place than the musical blacksmith? The solution of the difficulty is simple and easy:—‘Each piece is to run sixty nights; fifteen thousand people to be admitted each night; lots drawn for the particular evening on which any family is to have tickets; and in this way *chacun connaîtra d’avance la représentation à laquelle il pourra assister*’ (p. 220). Of course, under this scheme, arrangements for a party to the play will be of as distant date as those of a London dinner-party; but this, we allow, will enhance their convenience and charm for all concerned when the evening comes. No provision is mentioned as being made for the occasional cold of a Grisi, or the sprained ankle of a Taglioni. Such events, we may presume, would merely occasion the irregular anticipation of a few nights of some other piece, also entitled by law to have *its* sixty representations. This again, no doubt, might have to encounter similar interruptions in its run from the indisposition of its Kean or its Farren; and we really wish M. Cabet had condescended to a little more minuteness of explanation, for we are somewhat at a loss to understand how, amidst so many possible little *contretemps*, all the 90,000 citizens entitled by law, each ‘on terms of perfect equality,’ to a theatrical treat within every period of 60 evenings, are to be made sure of their enjoyment. Those, we must observe, who cannot be present at the legitimate drama are to be consoled by a similar chance of a variety of other exhibitions, which pass through a descending scale down to juggling or Punch: and we should add that the temptation held out by the legitimate drama is not such, judging by the specimen of an Icarian play which is furnished by M. Cabet, but that a philosophic public might be comforted by these substitutes. As to all classes of the drama, supposing all the arrangements for tickets to be fully carried out, few will venture to doubt that the very fact of their being gratuitous, periodical, and neither the subject of choice nor of exertion, will immeasurably increase their zest. The young Icarian, with his free ticket assigned to him by lottery two months before, must, we are sure, taste a plenitude of pleasure never dreamt of by our old friends the—

'Boys who long linger at the gallery door  
 With pence twice five:—they want but twopence more—  
 Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,  
 And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.'

Finally, as has been mentioned, the Icarian theatres, of which there are to be fifty in the capital alone, are each to contain 15,000 persons. It must be interesting to see them break up at the close of the performances on a rainy night, each with their 1000 omnibuses in waiting to carry guests who have all an equal right to a gratuitous drive home.

In the same way, the saddle-horses being only sufficient for one-tenth of the population, 'each citizen is to have a ride every ten days.' Here, too, we cannot help fearing that an unfortunate stumble, entailing broken knees and a month's rest, may derange the whole list; so that a citizen of six feet high, after being disappointed of his horse and his ride on the day assigned, may find some diminutive pony at his door exactly when his turn has come round for some other gratuitous amusement.

It must be confessed that similar difficulties occur about the houses, although the Society for the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Poor will be glad to find that the same magnificence pervades the abode of the least distinguished citizen as of the minister or philosopher. 'Every conceivable thing that is either necessary or useful, I might add agreeable, is to be found in them' (p. 63). Baths, musical instruments, parquets, carpets, furniture glittering with gold and silver, marble, precious stones, bronzes, alabaster, scented artificial flowers, &c., &c., are in the catalogue. Nay—'non seulement,' says Lord William's Mentor, 'nos lampes, nos chandelles, et notre gaz ne répandent aucune mauvaise odeur—mais nos huiles, nos bougies, et toutes nos autres matières sont parfumées, et tout concourt à charmer l'odorat et la vue sans les fatiguer' (p. 70).

One seeming inconvenience in the midst of this universal luxury is, that all citizens must be obliged to clean their rooms themselves:—but they wash their floors, we have no doubt, with eau-de-Cologne, and black their grates with pastiles. At any rate, the Icarian Cicerone assures our voyager that '*balayer n'est presque rien, et tous les autres travaux sont moins pénibles encore*;' and adds, with equal simplicity and truth, 'that doing the work oneself is the only way of enjoying the inappreciable advantage of not having servants to do it for us' (p. 66).

A second inconvenience may be apprehended when one's neighbour's wife is brought to bed, and by that means increases the numbers of her family beyond the accommodation of her house. Upon such an occasion the following is the remedy: 'La famille voisine

voisine cède ordinairement volontiers sa maison pour en occuper une autre, ou bien le magistrat l'y contraint en cas de refus, à moins que la famille nombreuse ne puisse trouver deux autres maisons contigues qui soient vacantes' (p. 67). It is obvious that that silly old-world saw, 'Home is home be it never so homely,' has been repudiated in Icaria.

As Education is the all in all of this Republic, the foundation of its perfections, and, *inter alia*, the substitute for Religion, we must give some idea of the system :—'Up to the age of sixteen or seventeen the children do not hear religion ever mentioned. The law does not permit their parents or strangers to influence them upon this point till the age of reason' (p. 170). On the arrival of that easily fixed epoch, however, 'le professeur de philosophie, et non le prêtre, leur expose pendant un an tous les systèmes religieux et toutes les opinions religieuses sans exception' (p. 170). The exclusion of all religious instruction during the earlier period has of course left time for a very extensive system of what really merits the name of Education. 'Before five years of age parents teach their children not only their own language, but reading, writing, et prodigieusement de connaissances matérielles et pratiques' (p. 78). After this age follow drawing, arithmetic, geometry, geography, geology, mineralogy, zoology, botany, chemistry, astronomy, agriculture, mechanics, and singing. Such is the *éducation générale*, upon the conclusion of which commences the *éducation spéciale* of the freeborn youth for the profession or business assigned to each by the state.

Amid all this mental food the bodily supplies are not forgotten. It is true that 'personne ne peut consommer d'autres alimens que ceux qu'approuve la république' (p. 52). Every one, however, has 'exactly an equal share of every kind of eatable without distinction, from the coarsest to the most delicate food; and thus the entire population of Icaria are as well or even better fed than the rich of other countries' (p. 53). Again, if of any one eatable there happens to be not enough for the universal distribution of equal *quantum sufficit*, at all events there is no handle given for individual grumblings. Of the inadequate supply no use whatever is made. This is a simple recipe. What more proper than that when an asparagus a-piece is not forthcoming, the whole Icarian public shall wait in fraternal tranquillity till spring rains render the beds more productive?

From one to two thousand sit down together in the civic dining-rooms every day, where the 'delicious perfumes,' the smoking hams and pheasants, the music, and the voices of the festive company must indeed realise Paradise for all the duly initiated. On the other hand, however, it is foreseen that six days on end  
of

of such clamorous and odoriferous banquetting may be enough for the nerves of some of the less strenuously organised of the brotherhood. It is therefore a pleasing enough feature in a small way that 'The Republic, ever careful for its children, *has carried its tenderness and complaisance* to the extent of giving them the power of dining at home with their families on the Sunday' (p. 54). But then what will the *children* up to seventeen or eighteen, never having as yet heard a word about any religion, make of this remarkable quietude on the seventh day?

'You would be in ecstasy,' says our traveller, 'if you could smell the balmy and delicious odours which continually exhale from the dresses of the women, and even the men, for the Icarians consider the use of perfumes not only as an *agrément* for oneself, but as a duty to the public' (p. 57). We highly approve: and, having been in pretty close quarters with a number of embryo Icarians on the day they honoured the National Assembly with their unexpected presence, we regret to add that this piece of 'duty to the public' is as yet very indifferently attended to in the most promising part of the known world.

We equally approve of the 'fifty balloons, each containing forty or fifty persons, which, like fifty malle-postes, were awaiting the signal of departure. When this was given by the sound of a bugle, the fifty balloons rose majestically in the midst of an interchange of *good-byes* and that sweet music which from time to time still reached our ears from far above. A certain height reached (varying according to their destination), they disappeared like the wind, unless kept in sight by hundreds of telescopes which were directed towards them' (p. 72). It is evident that they have solved the grand problem, and can steer a balloon as certainly as a steinboat.

The ladies must be anxious to learn how *they* are to fare in Icaria, and will be flattered at finding that not their flounces only, but their corsets and under garments, are to be the work of Commissioners and the subject of a *Blue Book*. 'C'est la loi qui a tout réglé sur l'indication d'un comité *qui a consulté tout le monde*, qui a examiné les vêtemens de tous les pays, qui a dressé la liste de tous, avec leurs formes et leurs couleurs—(ouvrage magnifique, que chaque famille possède)—qui a indiqué ceux à adopter et ceux à proscrire, et qui les a classés suivant leur *nécessité*, leur *utilité*, ou leur *agrément*' (p. 56). In the first of these three catégories will, we suppose, come what is genteelly called the chemise; in the second, that warmer friend the flannel, petticoat; in the last, the silken robe with its ample breadth and elegant trimmings; while the *corset* will, we trust, be included among '*ceux à proscrire*.' If, however, any unenlightened belles should



should regard with alarm a system in which there is not a shoe, a sash, or a bonnet that has not been manufactured 'sur un plan modèle,'—who incline to think that this might be *crever les yeux à la beauté*—let them console themselves by the reflection that as the Blue Book is not to come out till 'all the world' has been consulted, they may have still a little interval in which to consider merely what is becoming, before the blessed sentence goes forth, '*à tout le monde les mêmes vêtements; ce qui ne laisse pas de place à l'envie et à la coquetterie*' (p. 58).

It would be idle presumption in us to throw down our gauntlet for every minute *item* in this programme. Citizen Cabet himself says with oracular decision—'Qu'on ne me chicane donc pas sur les détails; car je renonce moi-même à les défendre.' On the same high principle, when his type of the blind opponents of Communism says, 'Le besoin de s'enrichir, le désir de la fortune, l'espérance d'en acquérir, la concurrence, l'émulation et l'ambition même sont l'âme de la production!'—this is the brief and emphatic answer of the philosophic author:—'Non, non—*car tout est produit sans eux en Icarie*' (p. 397).

It seems due alike to two of the greatest men of the age that we should append to this brief summary of Citizen Cabet's masterwork a letter which Citizen Lamartine, in the height and fulness of his official dignity, lately addressed to the author of the '*Voyage en Icarie*':—

' *Au Citoyen Cabet.*

'Citizen and former Colleague,—I have received the letter you did me the honour of addressing to me. I have not time to reply as explicitly as the *importance of the subject* demands. I shall soon have an opportunity of doing so. I confine myself to-day to a short answer to the two questions you address to me. My opinion of Communism may be summed up in one expression of feeling; it is this:—that if God gave me a society of savages to civilise and improve in character, the first institution I should give them would be that of property. As to the persecution of which you complain, my opinion is to be extracted from my whole life and my whole language. Leave opinion free, and oppose to the wanderings of theorists the legislation and repression of good sense alone. I have but attacked you by reasoning; and if I had ever so much power, I would lay it aside, and only call in aid the nature and instinct of man, which from all time and in all places have established these three bases of social order—the State, the Family, and Property. The appropriation of the elements is to my mind a natural law, and one of the conditions of life. Man appropriates air in breathing, space in walking, the soil in cultivating it, and even time itself through his posterity. Property is the organization of the principle of life in this world. Communism would be the cessation of work and the death of humanity. Your dream is too beautiful for this earth.

Confine

Confine yourself then to realising those practical institutions of true Fraternity which are not merely the dream of your mind, but the virtue of your heart.

Receive, Citizen and former Colleague, the expression of my high and cordial consideration.

‘LAMARTINE.’

Citizen Cabet complains of one sentence in this document as quite unintelligible to him: viz. ‘Property is the organization of the principle of life in this world.’ Here we cannot pretend to help Citizen Cabet, nor are we even able, if he is, to extract much meaning from some other sentences of ‘the Poet-Statesman.’ So far from admiring his illustrations, we must own that the air we breathe, the space we occupy, the road we tread on, are among the few things which seem to us susceptible of Communism, and of Communism alone. They are among the few things in which property can neither be laid up for the future nor accumulated in excess by superior talents or industry, and in which there must be to every one precisely the *égalité* more widely claimed by M. Cabet himself, viz.:—*Egalité relative aux besoins de chaque individu; celui qui avait besoin de deux fois plus de nourriture pour être rassasié avait le droit d’en prendre deux fois plus, quand il y en avait pour tout le monde.* A more exact description could hardly be given of the degree of property and the extent of appropriation which every living creature has in air and space.

The author of the *Voyage en l’Orient* may not have thought it worth while to give an exhaustively argumentative answer to the author of the *Voyage en Icarie*, nor have we any ambition to supply his place; but we concede at once to the respected Citizen that it is not for the rich to object to some diminution of their own comforts if by the same process those who are now poor, overworked, or starving, could be permanently raised to the height of ease and enjoyment which he chalks out for them. It is his machinery that we object to. The whole secret appears, according to him, to consist in converting every citizen into what the economists call a productive labourer: by this he assumes that while the labour of each might be confined to half a day of six or seven hours, every possible object of home-production could still be distributed to all, and a surplus remain sufficient to exchange for those necessities or luxuries from foreign climes which their own cannot yield. It is to this that we demur. As money is only the medium of exchange, it is hardly necessary to say that its entire abolition, which is his first measure, could in no way increase the quantity of produce to be distributed. According to the Icarian system, however, production itself would be immensely diminished instead of increased. No work is to be done after one in the afternoon, and none

none are to labour till twenty-one years of age; nor will even the proportion of what Communists and others call 'the unproductive classes' be in any way reduced. If the lawyers are struck out of the list, as Citizen Cabet contends they must be, for want of any recognised property to tempt citizens into crime, or for brotherly Icarians to go to law about, the staticians and calculators, on the other hand, must be multiplied enormously, as hardly a ticket for a play, a riding-horse, or a pine-apple can be distributed unless after the nicest operations of a Porter or a Macgregor. Again, although soldiers—foreign foes and *émeutiers* being alike abolished—might be safely banished from the account, there would still on each evening be a whole *army* on duty, consisting of drivers and conductors attendant upon the 50,000 omnibuses required for the theatres of the capital alone. As no patient in an hospital is attended by less than three doctors at a time, and is visited three or four times a-day (p. 113), and as every child in the Republic has an almost daily visit from a dentist, we need expect no diminution in the medical corps. Clergymen, it is true, may not muster very strong under the religious fast that is imposed upon youth; yet it must require a considerable number of 'philosophes' to give instruction in 'all the religious opinions, of all sects, in all nations from all times.' We do not forget that servants are no longer to exist—but as boots, though all made on one pattern, will not fail to collect mud, nor carpets to accumulate dust, if those who might be occupied otherwise are to be blacking shoes, brushing coats, or sweeping floors, the balance of profit and loss may possibly be on the wrong side.

As for M. Louis Blanc and his 'Organisation du Travail,' we may dismiss him (for we really cannot spare breath to blow down two houses of cards in one day) by an extract from the Report of a committee specially appointed by the National Assembly to examine and pronounce upon his first great effort. 'According to them the result is that *'les ateliers nationaux ne rendent à l'état qu'un produit dérisoire et hors de proportion avec ces immenses sacrifices;'* while to the workman himself the consequence has been *'l'altération la plus affligeante du caractère si glorieux et si pur du travailleur; orgueil et force de la république lorsqu'il appartient véritablement à lui-même, et qu'il obéit à ses propres penchans.'*

Let us pass from the sickly sentimentality and the vague dreams of these mad theorists across the water to the manly eloquence and practical good sense of an anonymous English writer, the author of *Letters to the Mob*. We do not admire the title—but it is very creditable to the *Morning Chronicle* that it was his original vehicle. Well does he say of the upper classes:—

'They

'They are the workmen of intelligence, as you are the workmen of production. In opposing them, you break the machinery and burn the factories where only the work can be done which you yourselves want executed. . . . As there are dyes which cannot be made fast colours without certain ingredients, as there are productions incomplete till finished by the hand of a cunning and skilful artisan, so there is work to be done which requires that upper class which you view with so much jealousy. They work with a tool you have not got: that tool is leisure. They do what, even if you had the will, the power, and the education necessary, you could not do for want of time. I live amongst this class. I see these men working at their trade of politics. A cotton-mill is not more fatiguing, nor, in some instances, more destructive to health. I have seen as much hard work and mental anxiety in this as in the conduct of any other business; and I have seen as honest men working at it as any boaster among you.'—*Letters*, p. 18.

This is indeed the true answer; this is the best consolation to those who lament over an inequality in the distribution of this world's goods. Each evil you object to, if unalterable in its nature, has at least its appropriate advantage—'*singulorum enim facultates et copię divitię sunt civitatis.*' Abolish capital, and there would be nothing for the support of labour during the interval of production, nor for meeting those contingent losses which would otherwise from time to time dash the untasted morsel from the lips of him who had toiled to earn it. Occupy with bodily exertion the leisure of the mental labourer, and who shall forward the instruction and improve the condition of the workman? Remove inequality in the distribution of wealth, and man reduced to the mere gratification of his material wants would lose what Citizen Cabet himself describes as '*ces jouissances plus exquis et plus nobles de l'esprit et du cœur, que donnent l'obligeance, la générosité, la bienfaisance, et la charité;*' virtues which may be exercised under the same feelings and with the same reward throughout every grade in the varying conditions of man.

The very wildness of the anti-social theories now afloat may, however, read a very serious lesson to the more prosperous classes of society. It is easy to prove, in the teeth of a thousand Cabets, that accumulation of capital is beneficial, because thus alone can the labourer be supported through his toil and guarded against the dire anxiety attendant upon commercial dealings. True! but how if it be used in a grinding and merely money-getting spirit to take advantage of that labourer's necessities by too hard a bargain, or how if there be kept from him, through thoughtlessness or extravagance, the hard-earned price of his labour? The leisure of the few is profitable to the many when it is employed in plans for instructing or bettering their condition. No doubt—but is it also profitable or even lawful to consume it in frivolous idleness or

vicious indulgence till its wasteful employment becomes an insult and an eyesore to the hard-working? High station is beneficial as an example and encouragement to those who are running the inevitable race. Most true! but what shall we say for those who consider their hereditary honours as the all in all, who forget the contemptuous parallel drawn by Cervantes between them and those they despise—*unos fueron que ya no son, y otros son que ya no fueron?* What if the inherited wealth be hoarded up in inaction, or scattered in rioting and wantonness? How if the tide of its charity be restricted to the high-water mark of poor-law relief? These are questions which, according to the progress of religion, have to be reproachfully addressed to the many or to the few.

We are willing to conclude with a quotation from the lately published correspondence of an eminent Republican. Thus writes the American Channing:—

‘Our mobs, though they have spoken in confused and discordant yells, have uttered one truth plainly; and this truth is, that there exists among us—what ought to exist in no Christian country—a mass of gross ignorance and vice. They teach one plain lesson to the religious, virtuous, philanthropic, educated, refined, and opulent—and that is, that these have a great work to do, the work of enlightening and lifting up a large portion of their fellow-creatures and their neighbours; that they have no right to spend their lives in accumulating wealth or in selfish indulgences, but that they are to labour, to expend time, thought, wealth, as their circumstances may permit, for the intellectual, moral, spiritual life of a multitude around them, buried in darkness, prejudice, sensuality, excess, and crime. This is the great lesson to be learned from mobs. If we heed not this, if we look for safety to penal laws, rather than to the performance of personal duty, the disinterested labours of Christian love, and the faithful use of the best means of purifying and elevating society, we shall have none to blame but ourselves, if society become the prey of violence and insurrection.’—*Memoirs of Dr. Channing*, vol. iii., p. 253.

**ART. VII.**—*A Treatise on the Succession to Property vacant by death, including Inquiries into the influence of Primogeniture, Entails, Compulsory Partition, Foundations, &c., over the Public Interests.* By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq. London. 1848.

**MR. M'CULLOCH** announces it as his design to investigate the origin 'and practical operation of the principal rules and conditions under which property has been, and continues to be, transferred from the dead to the living;' but his book is very far from exhausting the wide field which these words might seem to

to indicate. Nor can we affect to regret that he should have practically confined himself to narrower limits. Even were our knowledge of the property-laws which existed in remote times less loose than it is, we suspect that no deductions of a positive nature could be made, from our imperfect acquaintance with what was the true social condition of ancient populations.

The work includes some sketches of remoter systems—all drawn with a bold and free hand; but we do not discover in these any novelty either of statement or of induction. He has applied himself, however, with very superior skill to topics of which it would be difficult to overrate the importance at the present time. The main merit and interest certainly lie in his review of the laws regulating the succession to landed property, which prevail in this country and in France, and in their comparison; including a masterly exposition of the English and Scotch systems of entail.

It is known to most of our readers, that the real-property laws of England and France are not only different from, but antagonistic to each other. But though fundamentally opposed, they are not equally positive in their character. With us the law of primogeniture, or the succession of the eldest son to the exclusion of his brothers and sisters, governs the descent of land only in the event of intestacy. The possessor of the fee simple may reverse or modify its operation, and indeed it is quite the exception when a man permits the law 'to make his will for him.' The result, however, certainly and fortunately is, that custom, sanctioning the principle established by the legislature, has, through the medium of settlements, wills, and deeds of entail, extended the law of primogeniture, with some important modifications, throughout the whole kingdom. In France the case is different. There the law is compulsory, no discretion being left to the possessor of land, except within very narrow limits. If the law is found to be imperfect—nay, if it works injuriously to the best interests of society, no efforts of the people, individually, can perceptibly correct it. It proceeds in its rapid course, whether for good or for evil, and all counteracting influences are powerless in comparison.

We consider it as a singularly fortunate circumstance that the two systems can be studied in action at the same time, and so near to each other. They prevail respectively in countries at the head of civilization; amidst populations of the greatest activity, intelligence, and industry; and they operate on a scale so vast, that their results are manifest in proportion. They have, moreover, both existed sufficiently long for the full development of their peculiar influences.

As the aristocratical principle was affected to be regarded as the root of all the evils under which old France laboured, the great aim of the original revolutionists was to extinguish it for ever. To do this effectually it was deemed of the first importance that landed estates—that secure basis of a real aristocracy—should be subjected to a process inferring a series of successive diminutions. Hence a law—which, though somewhat modified, was not materially altered in principle by Napoleon—having for its object the compulsory and almost equal division of estates on the death of their possessors. According to it, ‘a person with one child may dispose at pleasure of a moiety of his property—the child inheriting the other moiety as *legitim*, or matter of right; a person having two children, can only dispose of a third part of his property; a person having more than two, must divide three-fourths of his property equally amongst them—one-fourth part being all that is then left at his disposal. When a father dies intestate, his property is equally divided amongst his children, without respect to sex or seniority.’

The result has well attested the accuracy of the calculations on which this legislation was based. We had occasion some eighteen months ago to enter fully into the question of the present condition of the landed interest of France, and many of our readers may recollect the picture which it was our sad task to lay before them. We are not of course unaware of the attacks which have been made on us in consequence of that exposition; but we have looked in vain for any attempt to get rid of our formidable facts. Deriving our information from state documents, and from other unimpeachable sources, we clearly proved that the law of equal succession has been most injurious, and must in the end prove fatal. It has caused a wonderful subdivision of property, kept agriculture back at a state of semi-barbarism; and produced a large population of agricultural paupers, discontented in proportion to their misery. It has not only prevented the introduction of any improved system of culture, but has affected most seriously the stock of animals in France, with reference both to their relative numbers and to their quality. The law has, at the same time, signally failed in producing any one of the social advantages which its framers predicted and their dupes anticipated. The peasant proprietors, in place of being independent and contented, are, the immense majority of them, wretchedly poor, and hopelessly involved in debt. They are the slaves of the money-lenders. They not only have no capital, but they may be said to exist by sufferance. We speak of the mass—there are exceptions—these exceptions are found, however, where, from a happy conjunction of circumstances, the system has approached at a humble distance that

that prevailing in this country—namely, one of considerable farms, and a broad-field agriculture. It was said that this equal succession law, by giving a large proportion of the population a stake in the country, would be a security against revolution and war. We can scarcely write these words with gravity. Of *revolution* it is quite needless to speak. And as to war, who is there that knows France but must be aware that multitudes of her peasant proprietors would gladly abandon their petty holdings at the first blast of the trumpet—exchanging a life of monotonous penury for the excitement of the field and the comparative comfort of the camp? Who is there, we would again ask, that knows *Paris* intimately, but is conscious that no inconsiderable proportion of her excitable and savage population is composed of men who, deriving incomes from their small and constantly diminishing properties, just sufficient, with the aid of gambling and cheating, to support them in idleness and vice, are ready for every species of violence, for civil or for foreign contest?

We do not intend to reproduce our array of statistical facts, but trust our readers will study Mr. M'Culloch's pages, from which they will perceive how fully we are supported in our views by that able and pains-taking inquirer.

'It is seldom,' says Mr. M'Culloch, in speaking of the law of equal succession, 'that a law adapted to a particular emergency may be maintained with advantage as a general rule of national policy; and it would have been singular had a device, originally fallen upon for the express purpose of splitting estates, been found beneficial as a rule for permanently regulating the succession to property in a great kingdom. Considered in a general point of view, the French law of succession seems to have all the disadvantages of perpetual entails with none of their advantages. By interfering so much with the disposal of a man's property it weakens the motives to accumulation, while by rendering the children in great measure independent it weakens the parental authority, and has in this respect the same influence over an entire family that the law of entail has over the eldest son.'

'The children of those who have any property are aware, from their earliest years, that, whether they deserve it or not, it must be parcelled amongst them. And can any one doubt that this certainty contributes to paralyse their efforts, and renders them less enterprising and less dutiful than they would have been had their condition depended principally on themselves, and they had known they had no claim, other than their own deserts, on their parents? These, however, are not its worst effects. This, and every similar system, is sure to occasion too great an increase of the agricultural population; and at the same time that it makes the land be divided into portions so minute that they neither afford sufficient employment to those occupying them, nor can be effectually cultivated. . . . Should a family be unusually large, or should the paternal property be insufficient, when divided, to main-  
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tain the children in nearly the same class as their father, some of the more adventurous may perhaps sell their portions, and engage in other pursuits. But in the majority of cases they continue to reside on the little properties obtained from their ancestors; and the fair presumption is, that the process of division and subdivision will continue until the land has been generally parcelled out into patches, and filled with a population destitute of the means, and perhaps also of the desire, of rising in the world.'

We are very happy that Mr. M'Culloch has stated these deductions so plainly and convincingly. At the same time we believe that, as to the matter in question, there is but little tendency in this country to follow the example of France. Notwithstanding the attempts which have been made, under various guises, to inoculate us with hostility to the law of primogeniture, the great bulk of our community remain firm to the old and true faith. And no wonder:—not only can we distinctly trace much of our own prosperity and the stability of our institutions to the principle of primogeniture, but we have only to cast our eyes across the Channel to perceive the vast importance, both politically and socially, of maintaining it inviolate. To the abandonment of it France principally owes her never-ending troubles; and as she perseveres in her present course, in the minute subdivision of her soil, so will her future be more and more overshadowed.

Though in the vast majority of instances land in this country is transmitted from the dead to the living not by the simple operation of the law on intestacy, but through the instrumentality of settlements, wills, or deeds of entail, primogeniture has fortunately, as we have already said, so moulded the practice among us, that the succession of eldest sons to the whole inheritance may be considered as all but universal. The right authorizing that practice—of limiting property so that it may be transmitted to a particular series of heirs—has been long recognised here as elsewhere, and from it has arisen that system of entails which so extensively prevails, with different degrees of strictness, in England and Scotland.

It is not our intention to enter into the history of English entails, which is involved in some degree of obscurity. They had their origin, in all probability, not only in the passion natural to man—to found a family and perpetuate a name—but in the efforts made by the great landed proprietors in troublesome times to secure their estates against forfeiture. Reducing themselves to the condition of tenants for life, and securing the inheritance on their issue, if they legally offended against and came within the grasp of the supreme power, their life-interests could alone

alone be affected by the attainder. In opposition to this powerful though unconcerted combination, the Crown for centuries struggled in vain. And it was not until the time of Edward IV. that, the government being aided by the acuteness and ingenious devices of the Judges, the first effectual blow was struck on the rigid system of English entails. The Judges naturally inclined to the Sovereign who appointed and might remove them:—it is, however, most unjust to say that interest or the spirit of aggrandisement was the sole, or even the main motive which actuated the courts of law in promoting this change. No one who has looked into the matter but must see that they were influenced by higher considerations. Without abolishing, they were anxious to relax the fetters of entails, as more conducive to the interests of all parties—and the result—broadly stated—is, that while there is perfect freedom of testamentary disposition, land may be settled or entailed during a life or any number of lives in being, and for twenty-one years after the surviving life. This wise compromise has now been the governing law during numerous generations, and has been found to answer every purpose.

The practice in England is *generally* as follows:—Estates are limited to the present possessor for life, and on his death to his first and other sons and their issue, or in tail, as it is called. When the son is about to marry, and it becomes necessary to provide for the wife and probable issue of the marriage, the father and son combine, and take the proper steps to bar the entail vested in the son, and convert it into a fee-simple. This is done with the view of resettling the property, to meet the new circumstances which have arisen. In effecting this a life-interest is again given to the father; but the son, in place of retaining his tenancy in tail, is reduced to a tenancy for life, and the inheritance is secured to the unborn children of the son. This process is repeated from generation to generation.—On every re-settlement certain charges are made in favour of the wife and younger children of the son—the new tenant for life—subject, of course, to any provisions which the father may have made for similar objects. The amount of such provisions are determined by the value of the settled estates, and in part also, as regards jointure, by the fortune which the wife may bring, and which is very generally applied to the liquidation of any existing incumbrances.—It not unfrequently happens that the father has laid out considerable sums in the improvement of the estate, or incurred debt for objects less legitimate, in which case he may be relieved, with the son's concurrence, by a charge on the inheritance, and in consideration of this an annuity is not unfrequently secured to the son.

It will be observed that the English system works by the movement of the parties themselves. There is no statute giving the tenant for life certain absolute powers, or the tenant in tail certain rights; but, by the limits which the governing law has assigned to the duration of entails, it places from time to time the fee-simple (which implies absolute ownership) within the power of the parties, and then, as a natural consequence, leaves them to the exercise of their discretion, both as to the manner in which the inheritance shall be again limited and the extent to which it shall be burdened. The system (and this is one of its great merits) is one of amicable compromise. Not to speak of the natural affection and moral obligations which may be supposed to operate between such near relations, it will be observed that the tendency must be that the father and son should agree from a regard to their interests. The father cannot do many things, advantageous to himself and beneficial to the property, without the consent of the son; and the son cannot make a settlement on his marriage without the concurrence of the father. Cases, of course, do sometimes occur of father and son driving hard bargains with each other, taking advantage of some peculiarity of circumstances;—but, on the whole, the system works with a degree of smoothness quite remarkable. While the present and the future possessors do not, as elsewhere, regard their interests as in any way opposed, and consequently mutually adjust them—the permanent welfare of the estates, as regards the amount of burdens imposed, &c., is, generally speaking, scrupulously cared for.

Accordingly we find an accumulation of testimony in favour of the English entail law, as moulded in family settlements. It has, says Mr. McCulloch—

‘hit the medium most desirable to be obtained for reconciling conflicting interests, by giving individuals that degree of power over the disposal of their property which is necessary to inspire them with the strongest desire to accumulate a fortune; while at the same time it takes from them the power of naming an indefinite series of heirs, and of fixing the conditions under which their property shall be always enjoyed.’

The Real Property Commissioners say:—

‘The owner of the soil is, we think, invested with the exact dominion and power of disposition over it required for the public good; and landed property in England is admirably made to answer all the purposes to which it is applicable. A testamentary power is given, which stimulates industry and encourages accumulation; and while capricious limitations are restrained, property is allowed to be moulded according to the circumstances and wants of every family.’

It will be enough to add the opinion of Mr. Butler, the celebrated founder of the system of modern conveyancing—whose words embody the sentiments of the vast majority of real-property lawyers :—

‘The limits,’ he writes, ‘within which the English system of the settlement of property confines the restraints on alienation prevent the subtraction from commerce of an undue proportion of the national wealth, and leave as much of it for circulation as is sufficient to answer the wants of those who are disposed to purchase. While a perpetual entail is avoided, such an entail may be framed as will effect all those provisions which it is consistent with the limited reach of human prudence to design; when the entail is discharged, it most frequently happens that the rights or views of the parties interested in the property lead wholly or partially to a renewal of the entail; and thus, while individuals have the means of effecting reasonable arrangements, that succession of respectable proprietors is preserved which conduces so much to public and private happiness.’

While we fully adopt these encomiums on the English system, we venture to think that it is susceptible of still further improvement. We wish in the first place to express our concurrence with Mr. M'Culloch in his views with regard to leasing powers and powers of sale and exchange in family settlements. The difficulties which so frequently attend the exercise of these powers, and the inconveniences and losses that arise, might, we think, be remedied by some legislative enactment, enabling tenants for life, with or without the concurrence of the trustees of the settlement, and within certain limits and on certain terms and conditions, to grant leases and to effect sales or exchanges which should be valid against all the world. At present, if such powers are omitted, or in any way defective, they cannot be supplied except by a private Act of Parliament—a remedy within the reach of but a few. A good system for the registration of settlements and dealings under them would also be of the utmost importance—but as this would apply equally to all deeds and opens a wide subject, our space admits of our only thus hinting at it.

There is a point of great and immediate importance on which we must say a few words. We have seen that in settlements successive tenants for life have powers given them to jointure wives, and to provide for younger children, the latter being effected by means of charges upon the inheritance. The result, broadly stated, is, that the present possessor has to bear the burdens imposed by his predecessors; and this goes on from generation to generation. The fee-simple is, consequently, never entirely free from debt; and there is a sort of running partition of it between its possessors and those in whose favour family provisions are made. We are  
far

far from objecting to this, if the proper relative proportion be maintained. The great aim ought to be not to permit the inheritance to be too much incumbered: and on the whole this object has, in England, been steadily kept in view. We must say with regret, however, that we have detected a tendency recently to violate this wholesome principle. A practice is creeping in by which the inheritance is laden with larger family provisions than it can properly bear. The result is already manifest in much uneasiness and embarrassment. It is time to convey a warning to landowners. This practice may not be a general one as yet, but its extension cannot be too energetically protested against. We venture to think that it has its origin from the following circumstance:—that—whereas the jointures for widows, of course, expire with their lives—the provisions for younger children are made substantial charges on the inheritance, and are not regarded in the same light as are other incumbrances. Proprietors do not, consequently, sufficiently exert themselves to free their estates from them; and not only are they permitted to remain undischarged, but are frequently made the subject of separate settlements. Now such of our readers as attend to these matters at all are aware that an Act was passed in 1846, empowering the owners of estates to borrow public money for a limited amount to aid them in the drainage of land. The land to be benefited is charged under the Act with payment to the Crown, for twenty-two years, of a rent-charge of 6*l.* 10*s.* a-year for every 100*l.* advanced. The calculation was, that at the end of the term the advances would be fully repaid, principal and interest. This Act has been extensively acted upon, and we must ask whether some, if not all, of the burdens which are usually imposed on the inheritance in English settlements, might not, with advantage, be thrown into the shape of similar tenantable rent-charges? Mr. M'Culloch suggests this with reference to Scotland—but why not apply it also to England? Our machinery of trustees is complete—ready to our hand: they might receive the rent-charges as they arose, and invest them in proper security, and they might be armed with the usual powers for compelling payment. The advantages of such a plan appear obvious. The present possessors would be made to feel more sensibly the necessity of not overloading their properties with incumbrances, by having themselves, to liquidate either the whole or a portion of the principal as well as the interest, in place of throwing the weight of such incumbrances on posterity—and the inheritance would from time to time be freed from preceding burdens while it assumed others.

The subject of Scotch entails is at present agitating, with the  
greatest

greatest interest, all that portion of the empire ; and, though it may seem presumptuous in an English Journal to meddle with it, we submit that the materials for an impartial opinion are now within our reach, and that of all our readers.

As long ago as 1764 this grave subject was well considered by the Faculty of Advocates, who prepared the heads of a Bill to be brought into Parliament for loosening the fetters of entail ; and the general principles on which it was framed met with the approbation of nearly the whole legal profession in Edinburgh, and of other classes of men throughout the country. From time to time subsequently, and particularly within the last few years, a feeling has prevailed that some change was necessary in the law of Scotch entails—that is, to limit their duration and to assimilate them, as near as may be, to those of England. We are fully alive to the difficulties which surround such an attempt, and the various lights in which it is viewed in Scotland. We are also sensible that while it is strenuously objected to by men who must command our respect, it receives the damaging support of many who look, with views purely narrow and selfish, to obtain relief from present debt and the means of future expenditure. Notwithstanding these untoward circumstances, we are prepared to approve of any cautious scheme of relaxation. We cannot persuade ourselves that a system of entails, modelled upon that of England, can work injuriously in Scotland. That some properties will change hands is to be expected, and indeed to be wished ; but that this will be done to any great extent we entirely disbelieve. If we thought so, or if we thought that the contemplated alteration would render estates in Scotland less durable in the same families than they now are here, we should speak of it in very different language. Above all, if we could for a moment persuade ourselves that it tended to weaken in the least degree the principle of primogeniture, we should denounce it with unwearied hostility, as subversive of one of the grand foundations of our national prosperity.

‘ The practice of entailing in its present form,’ says Mr. M’Culloch, ‘ originated in Scotland at a comparatively recent period—the earliest entail now on record being that of the estate of Roxburgh in 1648. This was soon followed by others ; though as these entails were made at common law, and were not protected by any statute, doubts were entertained whether they were really effectual. In 1662 the question of their validity was raised in the Court of Session, an action being tried which had for its object to set aside an entail. And though this action was not successful, the Court having by a narrow majority sustained the entail, some of the ablest lawyers were not convinced of the sound-  
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ness of the decision ; so that little confidence was placed in this novel description of deeds. In 1685, however, these doubts were finally dispelled ; an Act of that year having established the practice of entailing on a solid foundation. It reduced heirs of entail to the condition (nearly) of tenants for life, and gave entailers power to regulate the perpetual destination of their property, subject only to the obligation of enrolling the entail, with its various clauses and provisions, in a public register, there to remain (such are the words of the Act) *ad perpetuam rei memoriam.*'

This statute had its origin from causes very similar to those which gave birth to the old English law. The pride of family, and the desire to evade the effects of forfeiture, had long urged the great landed proprietors to entail their properties on their descendants. But the practical operation of the statute was, that it enabled any proprietor of a fee-simple estate to acquire so absolute a command over his property as to enable him to limit it to *any series of heirs for ever*. He might, by the introduction of certain conditions and provisions into the deed of entail, to which the statute would give effect by what are called *clauses irritant and resolute*, debar his successors from selling, incumbering, or even leasing the property ; and the infringement of any of these conditions was fatal to the interest of the party guilty of it. His estate, and that of those claiming through him, was defeated to give place to another. This rigid system, though partially broken in upon by an Act of 1770, has lasted, without relaxation in its great features, down to the present time, and now embraces a large proportion of the soil of Scotland.

There exists no means of ascertaining with certainty what that proportion is ; for although all entail deeds are recorded in the registry, the exact amount of lands is not given. Mr. Irvine (the author of a valuable work on 'Entails'), in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons which sat on Scotch Entails in 1828, stated his opinion that one-half of the territorial property of Scotland was then, or very soon would be, under the fetters of entail. Mr. McCulloch now says :—

'It appears from the register, that previously to 1685 only twenty-four entails had been executed in Scotland, but the practice has since gained ground progressively and rapidly. There were recorded between

' 1685 and	1705	. . . .	79	Entails.
1705	1725		125	
1725	1745		158	
1745	1765		138	
1765	1785		272	
1785	1805		360	
1805	1825		459	
1825	1845		400	

## *Entails of Land.*

The progress of the system since 1830 has been as follows :—

Years.	Entails.	Years.	Entails.
1830 . . .	23	1840 . . .	28
1831 . . .	24	1841 . . .	19
1832 . . .	32	1842 . . .	25
1833 . . .	26	1843 . . .	20
1834 . . .	20	1844 . . .	26
1835 . . .	20	1845 . . .	25
1836 . . .	25	1846 . . .	30
1837 . . .	19		
1838 . . .	24		
1839 . . .	29	In all .	414

‘ It appears, from these statements, that 2046 deeds of entails have been recorded since 1685. But we are not thence to conclude that there are at this moment 2046 subsisting entails. That is the total number of deeds of all descriptions, having reference to entails, which appear upon the register; but a considerable number of these deeds refer to entails that have since terminated or been set aside; others, again, are deeds of revocation or explanation—deeds relating to the exchange of entailed for unentailed lands, &c.

‘ Dr. Adam Smith, and, previously to him, Sir John Dalrymple, estimated the entailed lands at about a fifth part of the whole. But the foregoing table shows that the number of entails has been nearly trebled since 1785; and it is most probable that at present (1847) a full half or more of the land of Scotland is entailed. In corroboration of this estimate it may be mentioned, that in the General Report of Scotland, published in 1814, it is stated, that while the valued rent of Scotland amounts to 3,804,221*l.* Scotch, the valued rent of the estates under entail amounted to 1,213,279*l.* Scotch. According, therefore, to this statement, it would appear, that in 1811, the period to which it refers, about a third part of the land of Scotland was entailed; and as a great number of entails have been executed since 1811, it may be safely concluded that the lands under entail exceed, at this moment, a half of the whole.’

According to the best opinions we have been able to consult, Mr. M'Culloch's estimate is as near an approximation as can be made—if anything, it is an understatement. But it must, we presume, be understood as referring to the *value* of the lands entailed. If mere superficial extent be considered, we suspect that two-thirds of the whole might be nearer the truth.

The law of entail in Scotland, as it originally existed, was certainly, in our opinion, open to many grave objections. It placed too much power in the hands of the creator of the entail, and excluded, with too jealous a care, all interference of future generations. An entailor might, and not unfrequently did, impose restrictions on his successors of such a nature that they were prohibited from exercising the simplest operations of ownership. They might not, perhaps, be able to grant leases nor raise money for improvements on the security of their estates. These were considered



considered to be such well-founded grievances, that a statute of 1770 (10 Geo. III.), commonly called the Montgomery Act, was passed with the view of removing them. This Act provides that any proprietor of an entailed estate laying out money in agricultural improvements shall be a creditor to his successors for three fourth-parts of what is expended, provided the sum charged shall not exceed four years' free rent. There is a similar provision with regard to the erection of a mansion-house and offices, the limit in this case being two years' free rent.\* The Act enables entailed proprietors to grant farming leases for fourteen years and an existing life, or for two lives and the life of the survivor, or for thirty-one years. It also provides that building-leases not exceeding ninety-nine years may be granted. Unfortunately every operation under this Act is clogged with so many conditions, and consequently attended with so much uncertainty and risk, that its provisions have been taken advantage of to a much less extent than might have been anticipated. Leases, to be sure, have been granted under it in considerable numbers, but with regard to that part of the statute which was meant for the encouragement of improvements, it may be pronounced to have been a failure. If a proprietor (to quote nearly the very words of one of the witnesses before the Committee of 1828) has not the command of money independent of the means of raising it in this way, he cannot commence his improvements, because no person will advance money to him on loan, in the first instance, on that which he intends to do, but which he may never accomplish. We know that most professional men in Scotland would, as a matter of course, advise their clients against lending their money to landed proprietors where the latter could only give such security as the Act of 1770 enables them to offer. To the poor and needy proprietor, therefore, for whom the Act may be supposed principally to have been passed, it is useless.

Nevertheless, the fault lay in the details rather than in the principle of the measure. All admit that the leasing powers were called for, and would have been eminently useful had they been more freely and generously worded. The money clauses are, we have admitted, absurdly framed, and where they are not inoperative they have gone beyond the justice of the case. They have sanctioned the vicious principle of permitting heirs of entail

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\* Mr. McCulloch, we observe, says that a proprietor may burden his estate to the extent of, in all, six years' rent, provided he contribute a *fourth* part of what is charged. He should have said a *third* part. A simple case will prove this. Suppose the sum spent in improvements to be 12,000*l.*; 9,000*l.*, or three-fourths, may be made a burden on the estate, the proprietor having contributed 3000*l.*, being *one-fourth* of the whole sum, but *one-third* of the sum charged.

in possession to expend money in the improvement of their properties, and to throw almost the entire burden of such outlay on posterity. But these and other defects are open to legislative remedy, and if it should happen that perpetual entails are permitted to continue in Scotland, the Act of 1770 should, we think, also be maintained in substance, though with its provisions carefully improved. Most will concur with us in opinion that it is but fair that part, at least, of the outlay for what are called permanent improvements, such as enclosing, planting, draining, or in erecting farm-houses and offices or outbuildings, should be made a charge on the estate. It is equitable that posterity should contribute to that which so materially benefits posterity. It is obvious, however, that this Act, or any other Act of a similar character, is quite unsuited to a system of limited entails such as that of England; and, consequently, on the supposition that the law of entails in Scotland is to be assimilated to the English, the Montgomery Act should be repealed, and the regulation of charging for improvements left, as it is with us, in the hands of the heir of entail, or of the persons who may, from time to time, have the power of barring the entail and resettling the estate.

By the rapid extension and improvement of agriculture in Scotland during the last century, her landed proprietors found themselves masters of swelling rent-rolls: but their habits of expenditure appear unfortunately to have more than kept pace with their augmented means. This tendency was considerably increased by the intimate union which, about the same time, took place between the families of the two kingdoms. The northern landowners thought it becoming to emulate in style of living their wealthier brethren south of the Tweed. Lowland lairds of 2000*l.* or 3000*l.* a-year maintained establishments which would not have disgraced Yorkshire squires possessing incomes of three times the amount. The number of new 'castles,' 'abbeys,' 'prieories,' &c., of great cost and splendour, must have struck the most rapid tourist: but the same absurd rivalry proceeded much further than is commonly suspected. The natural and quick result was uneasiness and embarrassment, both to entailed and to unentailed proprietors;—but, of course, the former experienced the pressure most sensibly, because they could not with the same facility, or on such favourable terms, raise money for the gratification of their pleasures or throw the natural obligation of providing for their families on their successors. It may be remarked, too, that fee-simple proprietors, when absolutely driven to the last, sold their estates, and thus disappeared from the scene and were forgotten, whereas entailed proprietors were nailed to the soil.

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The condition of entailed proprietors was not, however, so unequal to that of fee-simple proprietors in the particulars alluded to, as might be imagined. Until the year 1819 the inflexibility of the Scotch system was relaxed practically to some extent by heirs of entail being permitted to make long leases, the tenants paying down large fines, called *grassums*, at the commencement of their tenures, and sitting at nominal rents ever after. This practice was very prevalent, had been long sanctioned by the legal tribunals, and was not doubted to be good law by any one in Scotland. It proceeded on the assumption that an heir of entail, being possessor of the fee with certain restrictions and limitations, was entitled to do everything which he was not prohibited from doing. Entails were in consequence very much evaded, and means were thus placed in the hands of heirs of entail to provide for their families. By a decision of the House of Lords, however, in the Queensberry causes in 1819, the custom alluded to was declared to be illegal. It was then decided that a deed of entail should, like any other deed, receive a fair construction, and that nothing could be done under it which would substantially stultify its clear and obvious meaning. Grassums were entirely done away with, and leases were confined by subsequent decisions to terms of moderate duration. Though this decision astonished the whole of Scotland, we cannot for a moment doubt its propriety. Nothing can be conceived more ruinous to entailed proprietors eventually than the practice of taking heavy fines at the commencement of interminable leases. It enables the first few generations to anticipate futurity for their own exclusive advantage, and places their descendants for ever afterwards in the anxious and perilous position of men with the name and shadow only of hereditary fortune.

Heirs of entail, however, considered themselves much aggrieved by this judgment of the House of Lords, and no doubt many of them were placed in circumstances of peculiar difficulty in no way attributable to themselves. As a temporary measure of relief an Act was passed in 1824, 5 Geo. IV. cap. 87, generally known as Lord Aberdeen's Act, the object of which was to enable the possessors of entailed estates to provide for their widows and younger children. It empowers them to settle one-third part of the free rents, after certain deductions, on their widows, and to grant provisions for their younger children in the following proportions: if one child, one year's free rent; if two children, two years' free rent; and if three or more children, three years' free rent. The Act provides that after the death of the granter the heir succeeding to the estate shall make payment of the provisions with

with interest, and that such heir, if sued for the same, may discharge himself on conveying one-third part of the clear rents to a trustee to secure such payment. The Act, recognising the 10 Geo. III., also declares that the powers of both statutes combined shall not be exercised in such a way as to deprive the heir in possession of more than two-thirds of the clear annual income.

It is commonly alleged that Lord Aberdeen's Act confers too great a benefit on the heirs of entail who may *first* be in a position to take full advantage of its provisions; and if the Act is to be regarded as a permanent one,\* there is much ground for this censure. It contemplates that a proprietor may, in consequence of the burdens imposed by his predecessors, be reduced to one-third of the income. But on this one-third will fall the expenses of managing the estate, and the various claims to which all landed proprietors are liable. The result may be, according to Mr. McCulloch, that the free disposable income of an heir of entail in possession of an estate of 12,000*l.* a-year, shall not exceed 1500*l.*, or 2000*l.* a-year. This might be an extreme case, but we have heard of some not much less startling. It follows, moreover, that proprietors in the above position are precluded, by the very fact of the powers of the Montgomery and Aberdeen Acts being exhausted, from providing for their own families, though these are probably the very parties who stand most in need of legislative aid. The evils of such a state of things are manifest.

The essential fault, however, of the Act of 1824—the too exclusive attention paid to the interests of the first proprietors—is, as we formerly said of that of 1770, one of degree, and not of principle. If the present system of entails in Scotland be maintained, we are of opinion that Lord Aberdeen's Act, or some other one analogous to it, should remain on foot. The principal amendments advisable in that case would be that the provisions, which heirs of entail might be entitled to grant in favour of their widows and families, should be much diminished in proportion to the value of estates, and that power should be given to charge the fee instead of the rents—rent-charges being quite as burdensome to the estate, but much less marketable as a security than a charge on the fee. But the Aberdeen Act was never intended to apply, and evidently is not applicable, to any but a

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\* Lord Aberdeen had, we believe, at the time, a distinct assurance that Lord Eldon was contemplating a great alteration in the Scotch law of entail. Lord A. told the Committee of 1828 that it never was his intention that the Act of 1824 should form the only measure of relief—that it ought to have been connected with a review of the whole law of entail in Scotland—and that the passing of his Bill was attended with this misfortune, that having relieved the urgent grievance, it had perhaps created some indifference about the general remedy.

system of perpetual entails, and consequently, if a system of limited entails be introduced, that Act should be repealed, and the power of charging provisions should—as we have already intimated with reference to burdens for improvements—be left in the discretion of those who may periodically have it in their power to repossess themselves of the fee-simple, and re-cast it in such a shape, and subject to such incumbrances, as will be most conducive to the interests of all parties.

We know that it is said—and not always by those who adopt extreme views on such subjects—that heirs of entail should have no power at all to charge the inheritance in favour of their widows and families—that they should consider themselves in the position of any other owners of life-interests, and make provisions by means of saving and insurances. It is in vain, however, to expect that entailed proprietors will ever be viewed in this light, either by themselves or the world. They are the inheritors of broad acres, which are destined to descend to their immediate families; and they cannot be dispossessed of the idea that they have something more to do with their estates than to enjoy the mere *usufruct* for their lives. Nor, in truth, is it at all necessary or material that a precisely similar rule should be applied to them as to other possessors of incomes which expire with them. The same object may, in a great measure, be attained indirectly by moderate charges on the fee—to be gradually discharged as others are imposed. This has been found to work well in England, where tenants for life under settlements are much in the same position as heirs of entail in Scotland.

We would only further remark as to the *principle* of charging estates, that—whether the present system of strict entails be maintained or not—it is of high importance that the debts incurred for family provisions and for improvements should be made to assume the form, as near as may be, of the rent-charges payable under the Drainage Act. We have before pointed out the peculiar advantages of such a system—the just mode of its operation with reference both to the permanent welfare of the estate itself, and to all who are interested in it.

The evils of the Scotch law have, no doubt, been much exaggerated. It is repeated parrot-like that in riding through that country entailed estates may always be distinguished from others by their inferior condition. Mr. M'Culloch believes that there is very little, if any, foundation for such statements. He says,—

‘ Every one who knows anything of Scotland, knows that some of the most intelligent and liberal landlords are to be found among the entailed proprietors; and that a large proportion of the estates belonging

ing to the latter, are at present, and always have been, in a high state of improvement, and their occupiers comparatively well off. That this is not universally the case with entailed estates is true; but we are not aware that they are more frequently in an unimproved condition than unentailed estates belonging to embarrassed and needy proprietors.'

Who, indeed, that has seen the estates of the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Moray, Lord Douglas, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Tweeddale, can read without surprise the current diatribes about the immense obvious superiority of unentailed lands? If it be said that these are owners on too large a scale fairly to show the results of the system, magnates who all have means independent of their entailed estates, we answer that our observation applies with almost equal force to moderate-sized properties. In surveying the Carse of Gowry or the Lothians, who would be able to distinguish the portions subject to the fetters of entail? We are convinced that many of the experienced men who in 1828 gave testimony strongly condemnatory of strict entails, and alleging the fact of their injurious consequences on agriculture, would not use similar language in 1848. The truth is, that, with the exception of farm-offices and buildings, the great mass of improvements, particularly in the soil itself, by means of draining, &c., are effected by tenants. The long leases, which it is now the universal practice to grant, enable farmers to carry them out with advantage to the proprietors and with profit to themselves. But, moreover, the sound notion that a judicious outlay in improvements, so far from being a sacrifice, is one of the best investments of capital which a proprietor can make, is rapidly gaining ground, and has recently had a marked influence both with entailed and unentailed land-owners.

Nevertheless we cannot dispute that perpetual entails are on the whole injurious, particularly to the proprietors themselves: and the present is, in our opinion, as favourable a time to adjust them on a more satisfactory basis as any other likely to offer itself. It is undeniable that a very general feeling has long prevailed in Scotland that some alteration should be made, though men have differed widely, and still do so, in their estimate of the amount of change desirable. If we can remedy things justly complained of, let us not be deterred from doing so by any weak dread of appearing to yield to interested or senseless clamour. Had we the experience of Scotland alone to proceed by, we admit that no case could be established sufficiently strong as to justify any experiment being made on a subject of such importance. But we have other lights to guide us. In England we have had a law of limited entail in operation for centuries,

and we see that it has caused universal satisfaction. We see that, securing all the advantages of the Scotch law—political and social—it is free from those objections to which the latter is obnoxious. Here, therefore, we have a safe measure by which to be guided. For no class of men—at least none whose opinions are entitled to the least consideration—would wish Scotch entails to be relaxed below the point struck by the English law: nor can we suppose that any sensible person entertains serious fears about entrusting to Scotch prudence a machinery which is admitted to work smoothly and beneficially in the hands of Englishmen.

We shall not say much as to the details of the Bill introduced by the present Lord Advocate, Mr. Rutherford, and which has already passed the House of Commons. Aware that some alteration had been long in contemplation by the party in power, we suspected that the measure would have assumed a form of which we could not approve. We will confess that the speech of the Lord Advocate, in part—but in part only—when he applied for leave to introduce the Bill, but much more a perusal of the draft of the Bill itself, allayed most materially our apprehensions. To deal with future entails is comparatively an easy task; the great difficulty which has hitherto stood in the way of legislating on the subject arises from the number and importance of the interests under existing entails. Indeed so strongly has this been felt, that many persons contend that it is to the unentailed estates alone that any measure of relief should extend. But if, as is the case, the change is proposed on public and general grounds, we entirely concur with Lord Aberdeen \* in thinking that—as the only excuse for so great an interference with the existing law must consist in the extent of the evil to be met—it would be wrong, as well as weak, to leave more than half Scotland under a system thus deliberately disapproved. The Lord Advocate said,—

‘By the Act of 1685 there had been created a great variety of legal veated interests. Those interests that were in themselves important, it would be his object to preserve from infringement; but in those cases where a great number of persons stood in such relation to an estate, as that they could scarcely expect ever to derive benefit from it—whose interests were shadowy and unsubstantial, and such as could not be felt,—in respect of interests such as those, they must be prepared to cut them off entirely, if they meant to apply anything like a remedy. If that was not conceded in a liberal spirit, he would despair of making any effectual improvement in the law.’

Of the general aim of the measure—the abolition of perpetual

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\* Evidence before the Committee, 1828.

entails, and the substitution of a system analogous to that in England—we need not say more. But we must confess that we are somewhat startled at the manner in which it is proposed to deal with existing interests. These do not, in our opinion, meet with sufficient consideration; and we were surprised that this point should have been so much overlooked in the House of Commons, where the Bill received more than the average share of attention, and was largely amended. We hope and trust that the Lords will purge the measure in this particular.

By the Bill, as at present framed, any heir, born after the date of any future deed of tailzie (such future dating from the 1st March, 1848\*), being of age, and in possession, may acquire the fee-simple by instituting a certain process in the Court of Session: if born before the date of such future tailzie, he may do so with the consent of the heir-substitute next in succession and his heir-apparent,—such heir-substitute being twenty-five years of age and born after the date of the tailzie. This is an unexceptionable provision, having reference to future deeds, and placing Scotch heirs of entail precisely in the position of tenants in tail in England, who may, if in possession, at any time bar the entail and acquire the absolute fee-simple. We have seen how this power is exercised here—the custom being that the present possessor is never tenant in tail, but tenant for life, the tenancy in tail being vested in his eldest son. The consequence is, that properly to bar the entail requires the concurrence of both these parties, who take this opportunity of making mutual amicable adjustments, by charging and otherwise dealing with the fee. *We* are in the midst of the system—the trial is past. The great majority of the *tenants in possession* with us are not exposed to temptations, simply because they have not the power of themselves to destroy entails. But if the present measure should become law, Scotch proprietors of future entailed estates will have to pass through this phase. We can entertain no doubt as to the result. Actuated by similar motives, which prevail so extensively here, their conduct will be to the same extent discreet and wise. It cannot be supposed that entails will be made merely to be defeated again in a few years. Some scheme will unquestionably be hit upon, as in England, whereby the present possessors will be deprived of the power of barring entails without the concurrence of their immediate successors.

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\* We agree with the Commissioners of Supply for the county of Edinburgh, that the retention of the '1st of March 1848,' in the first clause, would, at all events, have the effect of placing an heir born after that date in a worse position than one born prior to it, though both may have been born prior to the passing of the Act; and that for this there can exist no just reason. Why not take March 1849?



The rights of no one are injured by this provision. Its operation is confined to future entails, and all claiming under such entails will of course be aware, from the commencement, of the nature of their interests, and of the possibility of these interests being affected by the acts of others.

It is also provided that it shall be lawful for any heir of entail, being of age, and in possession of an estate by virtue of any tailzie dated prior to the 1st day of March 1848, to disentail, immediately after the passing of the measure, if he can obtain the consents of his *three* nearest heirs. This provision, though the number of consents be small, is, perhaps, sufficiently conservative, and we do not know that any sufficient objection can be made to it, though we can well understand how severely it may operate in some cases.

But there is a very serious point behind :—the second clause provides that any heir of entail born on or after the 1st March 1848, being of age and in possession of an estate by virtue of a deed of tailzie dated *prior* to that day, may acquire the fee-simple ; and if born before the 1st of March he may do so with the consent of the heir-substitute next in succession, and his heir-apparent born on or after the 1st of March and being twenty-five years of age. Under this power it will be perceived that after the lapse of twenty-one years from the passing of the measure, in many cases, and of no very long period in all, *existing* entails may be defeated by the act of one heir of entail, or at the most of two such heirs, and the vested interests of the heirs-substitute, however near, expunged for ever. Now this, we earnestly submit, proceeds further than equity warrants. There is a line, we allow, beyond which the interests of heirs-substitute may be considered as shadowy and unsubstantial. The Bill itself may be said to have indicated such a limit, in the clause by which existing entails may be barred with the consent of a certain number of heirs-substitute, immediately on the measure becoming law. This limit we are willing to accept, narrow as it is, in the present instance. We contend that the expectations of the immediate heirs-substitute should be more tenderly dealt with. They are important, and have a well-founded claim to protection. The utmost that the Legislature, in dealing with existing entails, can do, consistently with justice, will be to let them expire, within the bounds we have indicated, with existing lives. After the extinction of *such lives*, let the operation of the measure be such as is proposed for it *now*.

Of the rest we are willing to express our approval. It is but just, as the Bill provides, that creditors of an heir of entail, who could of himself disentail, should be able to  
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affect the estate with their debts—in this particular adopting the principle of an Act lately passed to make the estates of tenants in tail in England liable in the same manner. While the Bill proposes to declare that the 10 Geo. III. and the 5 Geo. IV. shall not apply to future entails, the debts, either already contracted under the first of these Acts, or to be contracted in terms of it, by heirs of entail, may be secured by bonds of annual rent, on the principle of the loans repayable under the Drainage Act. This we regard as wise and judicious—and we hope to see the clause, should it become law, extensively acted upon. There are other very useful clauses by which the provisions for younger children may be made charges on the fee: and where an entailed estate may be charged with debt, the heir of entail may sell such parts of the land as the Court of Session shall deem proper. Pretty extensive powers are given to sell and exchange, and also to lease and feu. On the whole we hope that this Bill (corrected in one important point) will pass the House of Peers. We were never startled by the theoretical impossibility of relaxing the law of entail in Scotland to the English measure: nor have we now any apprehension that—if the principle be once agreed upon—the technical difficulties of assimilation will prove insuperable.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Letters on the Church of Rome.* By C. Wordsworth, D.D. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1847.
2. *Diary of Travels in France and Spain, chiefly in the year 1844.* By the Rev. Francis Trench. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1845.
3. *Notes of a Tour in Switzerland, in the Summer of 1847.* By the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel. London, 1848.

FROM the time of the National Convention, the political assemblies of France have scarcely contained any ecclesiastics, whether Roman-Catholic or Protestant. They were excluded, not indeed by law, but by public opinion and the usages of society. Under the Restoration, from 1814 to 1830, two only, the Abbé Gregoire, former Bishop of Blois, and the Abbé de Pradt, former Archbishop of Mechlin, were elected to sit in the Chamber of Deputies. The first was held unworthy to enter that assembly on account of his participation in the death of Louis XVI. The second had only held his seat a few weeks when he resigned it; either from mortified self-love—having appeared but once in the tribune, and then without success,—or from good sense and tact: experience had perhaps convinced him that, in the actual state of opinions in France, that assembly was not the place for a priest.

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From 1830 to 1848, under the government of Louis Philippe, only one priest, the Abbé Genoude, the proprietor and principal editor of the '*Gazette de France*,' entered the Chamber of Deputies. He sat there, not as a catholic priest, but as editor of a legitimist journal; and indeed not till after he had several times failed in his attempts to get elected, in consequence of his sacerdotal character. The first time he ascended the tribune he was listened to with some curiosity, though with little indulgence or respect. His subsequent attempts to engage the attention of the Chamber wearied or disgusted his audience.

It is clear that, for the last fifty years, public opinion in France has been wholly unfavourable to the appearance of ecclesiastics in the political tribune. They were hardly ever the objects of the popular choice; and if, by a rare exception, they were elected, the very assemblies of which they were members received them with coldness, and even with aversion.

The new National Assembly of France includes seventeen Roman-Catholic ecclesiastics: three bishops; twelve priests of different ranks; one monk; one '*philosophical priest*.'\*

One protestant minister † has likewise a seat in the Assembly. A fact so new does not appear to have excited either surprise or dissatisfaction in France.

With this are connected two other facts, neither less new nor less strange. During the whole of the revolution of February, no attack, no insult was directed against the catholic priests and churches. There was no explosion of that animosity to religion which, in all preceding revolutions, that of 1830 included, had burst forth with such violence.

The clergy of France, on their part, have adopted the revolution universally, and with a sort of ostentation. The pulpit and the altar have resounded with the praises of the Republic. The priests have given their benediction to the trees of liberty, and have attended the elections, at the head, or in the midst, of their parishioners.

What, we must ask, do these facts signify? Has revolutionary France suddenly returned to Catholicism? or is Catholicism suddenly become republican?

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\* These are as follows:—MM. de Parisis, bishop of Langres; Fayet, bishop of Orleans; Le Graverend, bishop of Quimper; Abbé, vicar-general of Rhodéz; de l'Épinay, grand vicar of Luçon; de Cazalès, superior of the great seminary of Agen; Mouton, director of the smaller seminary of Alby; Fournier, curé of St. Nicholas at Nantes; Desclais, curé of Cresserons, in the department of Calvados; Staelé, curé in the diocese of Strasburg; Daniello, curé of Guey, in the diocese of Vannes; Leblanc, curé of the same diocese; Fréchon, priest of the diocese of Arras; Sibour, professor in the faculty of theology at Aix; Bautain, superior of the institution of Juilly; Lacordaire, a Dominican friar; the Abbé de Lamennais.

† M. Coquerel.

We believe in neither of these metamorphoses.

The Roman-Catholic Church is, in her very essence, anti-revolutionary. Her fundamental principles are authority, unity, perpetuity; that is to say, the principles most diametrically opposed to the revolutionary spirit. The monarchical form of government is agreeable to her,—for it is her own. In the days of their mighty power and towering pride—to satisfy some passion or to promote some interest of the church—priests, bishops, even popes, have indeed excited and upheld revolts against kings. But those were the aberrations of the Church, not her doctrines. For the last three centuries, in all the struggles which preceded the birth of modern governments, she has constantly shown herself devoted to the cause of power—of ancient established power—of monarchical power; her enemies say—and Englishmen have good reason to believe them—to the cause of absolute power.

The French clergy cannot have suddenly abandoned these general maxims of the church to which they belong, and which they have served with so much honour to themselves and so much advantage to her. They can the less take such a course, because the great French revolution was mainly directed against themselves. They were persecuted, outraged, exiled, martyred, with that inveterate cruelty which characterises the impotent attempt to exterminate a vanquished enemy. The authors of the revolution of February have, hitherto at least, abstained from this war on religion; but although it has changed its physiognomy in that respect, this revolution is evidently only a phase of the great revolution; a return of the former fever; a fresh eruption of the old volcano. This time, the devastating torrent which has overflowed the palace has spared the church; but it is still the same torrent, sent forth by the same craters, and at any moment its fiery stream may lay waste what it now spares. Is it possible that the clergy of France can deceive themselves on this head? Do they really believe that it is from sympathy with their faith, from respect for their rights, that the conquerors of February did not strike at them? Such a belief would bespeak a puerile blindness, which the events every moment occurring might suffice to dissipate; for, at every moment, words, movements, and acts escape those conquerors, which reveal what passes in their inmost souls, and what they would do, if, instead of being the victors of a day, they were really the rulers and masters of France. Can the seventeen priests who sit in the National Assembly have wanted to be present at the audience which M. Crémieux, the ex-Garde des Sceaux of the republic, recently granted to the women who came to congratulate him on his proposal of the law of divorce, in order to form a  
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clear conception of the dispositions of the revolution towards the church? \*

It is the eternal honour of the old clergy to have heroically resisted the impious, profligate and bloody tyranny of the French revolution from 1789 to 1798. That clergy was said to be lukewarm and sceptical; yet it furnished thousands of martyrs who died for their faith. It was a rich, and it was called a worldly clergy; yet it supported all the miseries of poverty with admirable simplicity. This country—all Europe—saw the bishops and priests of France as patient and serene amidst the obscure sufferings of exile, as they had been firm and faithful amidst the terrific dangers of the revolutionary conflict. ‘You want to take from them their crosses of gold,’ said the Comte de Montlosier in the *Assemblée Constituante*; ‘they will wear a cross of wood: it was a cross of wood that saved the world.’ It was, in fact, the wooden cross worn by the French priests which, when the hour of reaction arrived, under the Consulate, restored to the Church that moral authority, that place in the affections of the people, which she then so rapidly regained. The French clergy then received the reward of their devotedness and courage in the days of trial. They had resisted anarchy with noble constancy, and their influence was restored with the restoration of order.

The revolution of February has not subjected the clergy of the present day to such trials. There have been no persecution, no spoliation, no exile, no executions. This is a great progress, no doubt, after examples of so contrary a nature; and the clergy have reason to attach great importance to these gleams of a new spirit in their ancient enemies. But the very nature of that revolution, the recollections it called forth, the names it suggested, the scenes which accompanied its course, the symptoms which it disclosed, the danger to the dignity and authority of religion from such tumult and anarchy, all conspired to enjoin upon the clergy an attitude of the greatest reserve;—no hostility, but also no cordiality. Why did they not maintain this attitude? Why, before the foaming waves of revolution had yet subsided, when the republic had hardly struggled into existence, did they show such facility, such complaisance, such prompt acquiescence? Was it from sheer timidity and weakness? And did the French clergy in this merely exhibit under another form that public indifference, that complete absence of all spirit of resistance, which seems to characterise the French people? Resistance to arbitrary power, to lawlessness and anarchy, is the natural disposition, the tutelary virtue, of a people trained to the enjoyment of freedom and to reverence for law. And here we do not speak of the resistance of political factions,  
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aiming at changes of government; but of that spontaneous movement by which, whether on the eve or the morrow of a revolution, every citizen maintains and defends, on his own account, his opinions and sentiments, his dignity, his interests, and his rights. From the concurrence of all these individual and obscure resistances, results (without any party plot) that glorious national resistance which renders tyranny and anarchy, whether severally or jointly, impossible. France, we regret to say, has not offered this grand and encouraging spectacle. She has submitted without resistance to a revolution which she did not desire. She accepts without resistance a republic in which she has no belief. Do the French clergy only partake of the general disposition, and observe towards the revolution and the republic of February the same conduct as is observed by the body of the French nation?

The general disposition of the nation has, without doubt, a great effect on the conduct of the clergy. We do not think, however, that this affords a complete explanation of the matter. There are other causes—causes relating specially to the actual state of the church and clergy in France, which have mainly produced this phenomenon.

A just way of thinking has at length gained ground among the clergy. They are convinced that their church ought to recognise the authority of the government, whatever be its form; that all they ought to demand is, the liberty of instructing the people in the faith, and of labouring for the salvation of souls. They lay aside all pretensions to the former position of the clergy,—its political influence, its privileges, and its wealth. They admit that it is the duty of priests to confine themselves to their religious duties, and to conform to the institutions and follow the fortunes of the state.

This modest view of their duties has of late years become widely diffused among the clergy, and powerfully contributes to their apparent indifference in the midst of political revolutions. It is an honour to themselves, and a happiness for France. It is indisputably true that God has not made the Christian religion the privilege of any peculiar social organization, or form of government, or dynasty. Christ came into the world for all peoples and for all ages; and the ministers of His church ought to uphold ~~he~~ through all the diversities and all the vicissitudes of human society; precisely in order that they may be enabled to labour, at all times and in all places, for the faith and the salvation of men. This maxim has often been proclaimed by the Roman-Catholic Church herself, though she has too often deviated from it in practice. She has been filled with ambition and with temporal pretensions ;

sions ; aspiring sometimes to immediate sway, sometimes to such a predominance over temporal governments, as rendered them the ladder of her greatness, or the instrument of her power ; thus sacrificing the purity of religion and its moral ascendancy over mankind, to worldly interests. This church, in our day, pays dearly for her frequent forgetfulness of her true character and divine mission. Her temporal power has long been overthrown ; it is long since she has been in a condition to take any real part in civil government. But the remembrance of what she has been, and of what she has aspired to be, remains indelibly engraven on the minds of men. The phantom of her tyranny, of her wealth, of her mundane splendour, haunts the reflections of the philosopher, and the imaginations of the multitude. They dread and combat her empire as if she still wielded all the terrors of the Inquisition. They pursue her in her abasement and her ruin, as if she still displayed her pomp and her luxury in the palaces whence she has been driven. Pius IX. himself, popular as he is, is still treated as the formidable successor of Innocent III. and Julius II. At the same moment that he is greeted with almost idolatrous enthusiasm, and his name is made the watchword of Italian independence, his sovereignty is destroyed, and all the props of his greatness are cut away. The same hands which bear him in triumph, dethrone him ; the same voices which hymn his glory, proclaim the abolition of his power. Striking but natural contradictions, pregnant with great and instructive lessons ! The recent sufferings of the Church of Rome have not yet expiated her ancient usurpations ; and she will perhaps find herself condemned, by the violence and inveteracy of the prejudices and the passions which she formerly excited, to lose, in our times, powers essential to her existence, and possessions to which she has a legitimate claim.

The French clergy will render an immense service, not only to France, but to all Europe, by renouncing, as a great number of its members, both bishops and priests, seem inclined to do, all political and worldly ambition ; by scrupulously confining themselves within the bounds of their religious mission, and of the moral influence which that mission, well fulfilled, cannot fail to secure to them. And if that were the sole cause of the conduct which the French clergy has observed with regard to the revolution of February, we should warmly commend it, even though we might be obliged to confess that it was somewhat wanting in moderation and dignity.

But we fear that less honourable causes contributed greatly to the weakness and facility which they have displayed, on occasion of a revolution evidently so little inspired by, or favourable to,

to, Christianity. That clergy is now almost exclusively recruited from the humblest ranks of society. The Christian Church, Romish or Reformed, has always made it her pride to receive into the body of her priests, and to raise to the highest of her dignities, men of every class and condition, without inquiring into anything but their personal merit and their virtue. In this she has remained faithful to the precepts and examples of universal charity, bequeathed by her divine Founder. By this too she has allied herself by the closest bonds with the mass of the people; and has gathered into her bosom, from every walk of life and from amidst all the frailties and miseries of humanity, those ministers whom she afterwards sends forth, to carry among all classes her doctrines and her influence—to spread light and consolation in the poor and obscure regions from whence they sprang. All the great christian communions, whatever be the difference of their ecclesiastical organization, offer the admirable spectacle of a clergy which is not a caste; which recognises neither privileges nor exclusions among the candidates for admission to its ranks; which seeks and welcomes every labourer capable of aiding in its work—sending them, according to their aptitude, to the various posts of toil and conflict. But whilst the clergy of Christendom opens its ranks to men of the humblest conditions, it ought also to possess men drawn from the highest; for, in order to diffuse the Christian spirit over the whole of society, in order even to fathom its profound significance and understand all its bearings, it ought to be connected by natural ties with all the various social regions in which the life of man passes; and to receive from each of them without effort—almost without reflection—by the simple, spontaneous operation of facts, those lights and those means of influence which each is peculiarly calculated to afford. This, we may say with legitimate pride, is one of the advantages which accrue to the Church of England from our excellent social organization. All classes of English society, from the most aristocratical to the most democratical, furnish their contingent to the national clergy, are mingled in its ranks, and join in the great work of christian education, the benefits of which are shared by the whole. The ancient clergy of France exhibited a similar state of things, though less complete and regular. Nothing the least analogous is to be found among the French clergy of the present day. Neither the ancient nobility of France nor the middle classes, neither the magistracy nor the bar, neither men in commerce nor in the liberal professions, bring up their sons to the church. The exceptions are so rare that they do not deserve notice; they have not the slightest effect on society. It is amongst peasants and me-

chanics,



chanics, in the part of the population entirely destitute of fortune, and of even the rudiments of education, that the Church is obliged to seek her ministers.\* And when she has ordained them to their sacred office, not only have they none of the advantages of personal weight or consideration, of social or family relations, to bring her in return; but, as their minds have received scarcely any other development than that which they owe to their ecclesiastical training, their ideas and habits, in respect of everything lying without the sphere of that education, remain narrow, vulgar, and mean: they have none of that general conception of social interests, none of those instincts of quiet independence and unenvying self respect, produced by living from infancy in a condition elevated above sordid want and ignorance, and by the wider and more varied horizon which such a position opens to the youthful mind. The great events of society pass over the heads of such men without their seeing the meaning or the probable consequences of them; without their being able to appreciate them justly, or to direct, and in some measure to elevate, the moral impressions of the people around them, with regard to what is passing.

And what, we may ask, should we have to expect, if ministers of religion like these, so low in station and in sentiments, so isolated, so little informed as to the affairs of this world, had, even with regard to the affairs of religion, but little intellectual activity, but little true fervour of soul? Now this, if we rightly understand the facts we have been enabled to collect, is the actual state of mind of a great number of the priests of France; and precisely among those who, with great good sense and moderation, wish to renounce all political pretensions, and to confine themselves strictly to their professional duties. Their lives are decorous and moral; their conduct and example are a constant lesson to the people around them. At no period have the French clergy of every rank, from the bishop to the humble *vicaire* (curate), deserved or obtained more sympathy and respect, by simplicity and regularity of manners, by charity, by the unostentatious fulfilment of many heavy duties, than now. But in what regards the reality and efficacy of religion in the souls committed to their care, they do not appear animated with a very fervent zeal. There is nothing to indicate that they make strenuous efforts to awaken or to nourish the religious spirit—that inward flame which warms, illumines, and purifies the hearts in which it is enkindled and kept alive. The view which many amiable priests in France take of their sacred mission, and the manner in which they accomplish it, seem dictated by a cold and barren routine. They

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\* The same is the case in Ireland—with moral consequences as bad, and political consequences even worse than in France.

are much more solicitous about the observance of the external rules of their worship, than about the inward workings and the outward manifestations of the truths of religion. It seems as if they considered a parish as a domain, the administration and good order of which are intrusted to them, rather than as a society of living souls, whom it is their office to instruct and to lead in the way of salvation. This coldness, or, to say the least, lukewarmness, of their religious exertions, prevents their acquiring or exercising (to the advantage of the true and solid morality of the people) all the influence which is due to their good sense and virtue.

Nothing great is ever done without ardour of mind and heart;—without passion, in a word. Now it is a great and a difficult thing to rekindle in a country like France the almost extinguished flame, to warm again the almost frozen embers of Christian faith. The portion of the catholic clergy which, in order to accomplish that work, is willing to separate itself completely from political interests and political passions, shows wisdom, virtue, and piety. But it is not by languidly conducting the people in the beaten track of mere religious practices, that it will succeed. A strong and enlightened conviction of the truths of Christianity, and of their right to govern the lives of men, must first fill and animate the souls of its ministers. When their church had, directly or indirectly, a great share of temporal power—when she disposed, more or less absolutely, of the favours and the rigours of the secular authority—she might persuade herself that the maintenance of her discipline and practices sufficed to the maintenance of religion and of her own ascendancy. She was mistaken; but the mistake was natural and intelligible. Now that their church in France is wholly without political power (and this will soon be her condition throughout Europe); now that she is reduced to her own resources and her own strength—it is impossible she should not understand, or, if she refuses to understand, that experience should not teach her (at her own expense perhaps) that her strength resides solely in the profound reality, the active energy of her faith; and that, in order to raise herself above political parties, she must rest not only on habits, but on religious convictions profoundly implanted in the heart.

This is the more essential to her existence, since there is, among her French clergy, another and a very large portion, widely differing from that of which we have just spoken. These, so far from wishing to keep entirely aloof from politics, continue to share and to serve the political passions of the party with which the catholic church of France has long made common cause—the Legitimists. In 1789, a similarity of interests and sentiments  
brought

brought about a close alliance between the French nobility and clergy, and during the whole course of the revolution they struggled and suffered together. The restoration of 1814 was hailed as a victory, and the revolution of 1830 regarded as a defeat, by both. In proportion as these events were developed, the clergy, standing far nearer to the mass of the nation than the nobility, and resuming with far less difficulty its place and its importance in the new order of society, fell off by degrees from its ally; but always reluctantly and incompletely. Fidelity, that very honourable, and obstinacy, that very natural disposition of the heart of man, conspire to give great power to party ties. It cost the French clergy a great deal to renounce all idea of regaining the situation they had occupied under the *ancien régime*; or, at all events, of recovering that preponderance which the restoration of the elder branch of the Bourbons seemed to have restored to them. That event enabled them to give themselves up to those vague dreams of an indefinite future in which the imaginations of the conquered who have once enjoyed power, love to indulge. Moreover, the lay portion of the *ancien régime*—the nobility, feeling how much strength it derived from the patronage of the catholic religion, and the support of the clergy, neglected nothing that could perpetuate their alliance with that body. It succeeded—in part, at least. It succeeds still; for, though a great number, probably the majority, of the bishops and priests have sincerely detached themselves from the legitimist party, and devote themselves entirely to their religious functions, many others are still united to that party; and, with various degrees of openness and activity, share its hopes and second its designs.

It is especially in the west and south of France, that this union of the lay with the ecclesiastical element of the legitimist party is still intimate and powerful. But it subsists, and is felt, throughout every part of the kingdom, with more or less of extension and activity, according to the sentiments of the people, or the influence of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. In the great cities and important centres of civilization, it is kept alive and fostered by that famous militia of the Church of Rome, the noise even of whose fall resounds throughout Europe;—by the Jesuits.

The laws of France, both ancient and modern, which for more than a century have formally forbidden the existence of the congregation of the Jesuits, are still in full force. Legally, there are not, and there cannot be, any Jesuits in France. In fact, however, there are about two hundred and fifty avowed and recognised Jesuits, unequally distributed among twenty-seven houses of

of the Order, which are scattered over the whole territory. The principal are at Paris, Lyons, Avignon, Toulouse, Grenoble, le Puy, Dôle, Amiens, Laval, Vannes, Auray, and Nantes. The greater part of these houses have chapels open to the public, in which the Jesuit fathers celebrate the religious rites, and receive the confessions of the faithful. Eight houses of noviciate educate and prepare the young men who intend to enter the Order. Some of them have numerous students. Various establishments for public instruction, boarding-schools, *collèges*, &c., are also under the superintendence of Jesuits; not under the name, or wearing the habit of their Order, but merely in their quality of priests. Lastly, in many dioceses, Jesuits are received and employed by the diocesans, in the cathedral or other churches, as auxiliaries to the ordinary clergy, for preaching, confession, and indeed for all parts of the sacred functions.

The greater number of the houses in which the Jesuits live in common belong to the Order; not avowedly, or under their name (for it cannot, consistently with the terms of the French law, possess any property), but in the name of some friend of the Congregation, lay or clerical, and as trustee. The Congregation is said already to possess great wealth in France: it is at all events certain that it receives indirectly a great number of gifts and bequests; and that it expends considerable sums either in the construction of buildings, or for other purposes connected with religion.

The undeniable existence, the activity, the progress of the Jesuits, are a source of vehement displeasure and great alarm to the mass of the population, and even to the educated classes. There is no name more unpopular among our neighbours than that of Jesuit. There has been an almost general conviction that these heirs of a long line of ambitious and crafty monks care little for the true interests of religion, for faith, piety, or Christian morality; that they are exclusively occupied with political intrigues, and labour only to serve the temporal power of the papacy on the one hand, and, on the other, the cause of the elder branch of the Bourbons and their party.

This persuasion, so common in France, is not wholly false; but neither is it wholly true. The congregation of the Jesuits has not, any more than the catholic clergy in general, escaped the influence of the times, of events, and of the lessons—never sufficiently listened to, but never entirely fruitless—of experience. There are Jesuits who feel that the cause of which their Order had long been the champion—that of the *ancien régime* and the elder branch—may possibly be altogether desperate, and that nothing but great and useless dangers could result to their Order,

and to their Church in general, from a further adherence to that alliance, or continuance in that service. The Jesuits are, no doubt, a militant body, whose prime object is to promote the interests, spiritual and temporal—the interests of faith and of domination—of the Romish Church. But their religious sincerity is by no means incompatible with political sagacity. Jesuits may exist who really and sincerely desire to serve, not only the papacy, but the catholic religion; not only the political power of the Church, but her moral power—that is to say, her faith and doctrine. Such Jesuits will perceive that those who would advance the best interests of their religion should not connect her with this or that political form, with this or that proper name; and that, if they would act efficaciously upon a whole people, they must accept the institutions and the manners which that people likes and is determined to have. And this is actually the case in France at this moment, in the congregation of the Jesuits, as well as in the great body of the clergy. Two different tendencies are perceptible among them; one party, more religious than political, is mainly anxious for the catholic faith and church, cares little for the *ancien régime* and the descendants of Charles X., and would willingly have adopted Louis-Philippe, if that sovereign would have accepted its alliance on the condition of serving it in his turn, and of consulting its exclusively catholic interests; the other, essentially political, and bound to the Legitimist party, serves it actively with all its means of religious influence; and persists, with more or less dissimulation, in the traditional hostility of the Order to all liberal ideas and institutions. It is asserted that the greatest Jesuit preacher of France, Father Ravignan, belongs to the former of these parties. The chief strength of the latter is said to reside in the establishments of the Jesuits in Lyons and the western departments of France. All the information we have been able to collect, inclines us to believe that the predominant party in the Congregation consists of those who cherish the old political feelings; and that those who would gladly shake off the yoke of politics, and devote themselves solely to religion, have little success, and are compelled to follow in the wake of their more worldly brethren. It is extremely difficult for an ancient Order, whose power has been founded on certain principles, to renounce its primitive character and forget its history. It is still more difficult to transform than to resuscitate; and those who have said of the Jesuits, ‘*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*,’ probably expressed the true and ruling thought of the Order. But the divergencies of inclination and tendency which we have pointed out as existing within its bosom are not the less real, and

and are well worthy our attention; exercising, as they do, a powerful influence over the situation of the Order in France, and its relations to the clergy of that country.

In general, the French clergy do not like the Jesuits; they too are disquieted by the restlessness, and oppressed by the love of domination, which enter into the European idea of the Order. They are afraid of being overborne, or eclipsed, or compromised by it; driven into a path they do not know, and towards an end they do not understand. The pious priests distrust, and the quiet dread it. Almost all of them wish to escape the contagion of its unpopularity. Nevertheless the Jesuits meet, almost universally, with an apparently cordial support from the catholic clergy. By their talents as preachers, by their indefatigable zeal, by the extent of their relations with society, they render services to religion with which many bishops could not dispense. They present themselves as the advanced-guard of the church in all its dangers and all its conflicts. If the advanced-guard is abandoned, what will become of the army? The *esprit de corps*, the *amour propre*, the ardour of conflict, the fear of the consequences of a retreat in the face of the enemy, determine many bishops and priests little inclined to the Jesuits, to retain and support them. They habitually make use of the intimacy of the Order with the Legitimist party; a number of pious works and charitable establishments are supported by the gifts of that party, from which the clergy receives a great—perhaps the greatest—part of the alms of which they are the dispensers. It is by the Jesuits, or the priests friendly to them (and hence enjoying the favour of the legitimists) that these alms and succours are solicited and obtained in the greatest abundance. The source would be much less free and copious, perhaps would dry up altogether, if the channel through which it passed were less agreeable to the donors. Such are the causes which are constantly in operation to produce and cement the strict alliance of religion and charity with legitimist policy and the interests of the Order.

Last, but not least, we must mention fear—the fear which, in ecclesiastical as well as civil societies, the ardent excite in the moderate, the restless in the tranquil. In order to repel the Jesuits, and keep them at a distance, a bishop or priest would be compelled to avow his opinion of them; to enter into a conflict with them—a conflict of a most painful nature—in which he would have to encounter both open disputes and secret treacheries, and the issue of which no one could foresee. In such a struggle scarcely any man can bring himself to engage; and in spite of all the causes of weakness in their situation, in spite of all the opinions and sentiments unfavourable to them, the Jesuits

exercise a great influence over the secular clergy;—an influence from which the Legitimist Party, at once their patron and their instrument, derives great advantage in its turn.

In the midst of a clergy thus internally agitated, and floating between two vague and confused tendencies, a new party has sprung up, not numerous, but important, and more calculated (for some time at least) to increase than to allay the confusion. It has assumed the name of the Catholic Party, as if exclusively, or at least pre-eminently catholic. Others call it, with less impropriety, the Liberal Catholic Party. To judge from its origin and its first manifestations, however, we might rather think it entitled to be called *the radical or revolutionary catholic party*. Such, at least, appeared to be its character so long as it had the journal called *L'Avenir* as its organ, and the Abbé de Lamennais as its leader, or, at any rate, bore his name inscribed on its banner. It is not the first time that the desire of reconciling catholicism with liberty, and of proving that it can exist in perfect harmony with liberal ideas and institutions, has set in action ardent and sincere spirits among the catholics, clergy as well as laity. Nor is it the first time that, when once they had entered on this career, such spirits were hurried away to the uttermost extremes of the ideas they had embraced; and rushed, almost without gradation, from the idolatry of absolute power to the idolatry of absolute individual independence. The Abbé de Lamennais is not the only priest who, at moments of religious or political crisis, has offered the spectacle of this abrupt though natural transformation; but none ever more completely gave himself up to it. A priest, a *gentilhomme*, and a Breton; vigorous, intrepid, presumptuous as a thinker—abundant and precise, eloquent and elegant as a writer; excelling in the art of clothing demagogical and anarchical ideas in pure language and noble expressions; devoted—at least as much from pride as from conviction—to his own views and his own utterances, and deriving from the rigour of his logic, or from the brilliancy of his eloquence, or from the sympathy of a few adepts, that arrogant delight which blinds a mind of a high order to its wildest aberrations, and hardens a proud heart against the disappointments and the reverses which are the consequence of those aberrations; the Abbé de Lamennais has probably dreamt more than once of a schism in the Church, and a revolution, not only in the State, but in Society, for the glory of his person and his doctrines; and more than once, especially of late, he might well believe that the accomplishment of his dreams was at hand.\* He has always

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\* Such as recollect our article on his *Paroles d'un Croyant* will perhaps be inclined to suspect that there was an inherent spice of insanity in the Abbé's mind.

fallen, or voluntarily retreated, into isolation and inaction. He has mistaken the age in which he lives. The French revolution may appear to begin again, as the cannon-ball, though it has touched the earth, bounds and rebounds before it stops. But Rousseau himself would not now exercise the empire he did over the minds of men. Extreme and violent opinions, however specious their appearance, are now acceptable only to vulgar intellects and perverted hearts. Though still powerful to injure and subvert, they have no power to rule mankind, nor to secure the triumph of their apostles. From the time the Abbé de Lamennais' religious and political radicalism became so flagrant as to draw upon him the anathema of Pope Gregory XVI., almost all his disciples abandoned him. They had flattered themselves, somewhat lightly, that they, as well as he, could be at once liberal and catholic; but they were at all events catholic—and they chose to remain so. '*L'Avenir*' fell, and the coterie of which it was the centre dispersed. For a moment, it seemed as if the new party which had just risen into existence, had completely vanished; but it soon re-appeared. Serious motives and sincere feelings had prompted its first steps, and these now raised it from its first fall. A monthly journal, which excited too little attention among the French public—*L'Université Catholique*—persevered in the endeavour to establish harmony between the Roman-Catholic Church and the ideas and institutions of modern times. It consisted of a series of essays or lectures on history, philosophy, literature, the natural sciences, and the fine arts—all destined to place Romanism in a secure and honourable alliance with science and freedom. The sentiments of which this journal was the organ were sincere, and its efforts persevering, but they were purely literary; there was still wanting some particular practical question which might transfer them from the field of philosophy to that of politics, and from the press to the Chambers. There was still wanting a man of eminence and consideration in the political world, who would plead in the tribune the cause of Romanism in alliance with liberty. The bill (*projet de loi*) on Secondary Instruction, presented in 1842 by M. Villemain, then Minister of Public Instruction, furnished the occasion. The champion appeared in the person of M. de Montalembert. The men who had professed *liberal catholic* opinions or inclinations were now consolidated into a regular political party, active and influential in the Chambers and the elections; led by a man, young, ardent, sincere, eloquent, and honourable; supported by a great number of the bishops; regarded with fear, and treated with respect, by the rest; and represented to the public by a daily paper, *L'Univers*, and a periodical review, *Le Correspondant*, which possess the merit, now so rare in France,

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of having a settled opinion, and of pursuing its diffusion and success with conviction. Thus constituted, in the clergy and the laity, in the national assemblies and the press, the Liberal Catholic Party still occasionally exhibits traces of its origin; it is sometimes more radical than is demanded by the special work it has undertaken, or than consists with its general moral and religious doctrines. It strives courageously for the Christian faith, and against the spirit of revolutionary anarchy and impiety; and yet it often submits, in politics, to the tyranny of that vulgar liberalism which it combats in religion; or, in religion, falls under the yoke of the old sort of absolutism—that malignant and exclusive spirit which demands liberty for itself, but cannot be made to understand that liberty in matters of faith is not possible without charity. These faults and inconsistencies of this Liberal Catholic Party have injured it much in the estimation of the French public, and are represented by its enemies as vices inherent in the very nature of its principles and its sentiments. Its friends, on the contrary, hope that, as it has abjured the extravagances of the Abbé de Lamennais, it will also become sensible of its own errors and of the injury they do to its cause. If this party were to become the predominant one in France, there is great reason to fear that so far from correcting its faults, it would fall completely under their mastery; and that the germs of absolutism which lurk in its ideas, would triumph over its principles (of more recent growth) in favour of liberty. But the Liberal Catholics are probably not destined to a victory so perilous to themselves. For a long time to come—perhaps for ever—their situation will be one of opposition, and their progress difficult and contested. Thus uniting the two antagonist principles that divide the world, this party may still do important service to social order as well as to religion; to liberty, as well as to public morality. The vestiges of a radical spirit and a hard fanaticism which it still preserves, will often annoy the government, irritate the public, and discredit the cause of religion. But the sincerity of its convictions; its fidelity to the discipline of the church to which it belongs; the social position and the education of its principal members, and the proofs they have already given of their political probity, combine to set limits to the errors of the party which probably it will not overstep; and to inspire us with the belief that, instead of gliding down, that dangerous declivity towards which it still leans, it will ascend to the lofty and serene regions of Christian order; the only position on which that harmony between Faith and Freedom, between Church and State, which is the object of all its wishes and efforts, can ever be securely established.

On the whole, and in the present state of religion in France, the Liberal Catholic Party appears to us an important fact and a salutary element.

Such was the state of the French clergy in 1846—so various and uncertain were its dispositions—when the election of Pius IX. took place, and was immediately followed by the totally new line of policy which he introduced into the government of the Church. This election was wholly unexpected; and even those who contributed to, or desired it, were, most assuredly, far from foreseeing its consequences. It was attributed to the influence of France, to her jealousy of the influence of Austria at Rome, and her determination to have a Pope, if not what is called liberal, at least moderate, and favourable to certain reforms and to a certain degree of progress. It is probable that the inveterate rivalry of France and Austria, at Rome was displayed at the election of Pius IX., as on all other great occasions. But we doubt whether either of those powers exercised a decisive influence on the election; or whether Count de Rossi, the ambassador of King Louis-Philippe, be more responsible for having carried, than Count de Lützow, ambassador of the Emperor of Austria, for not having prevented it. At the death of Gregory XVI. the situation of the Roman States was so critical, and the public discontent so menacing, that everybody felt the necessity of putting an end to them; of entering upon some new system, and giving the people some hopes. This sentiment operated very strongly on the conclave, and determined the sudden majority in favour of Pius IX. A longer period of uncertainty, or a choice dictated by contrary views, might have caused a revolutionary explosion. This, at least, was feared by the Cardinals, as well as by the public at large; and this was the true cause of their votes. The election of Pius IX. was not the work of any foreign power, but of Rome itself; it was completely Italian; made under the dominion of hopes and fears exclusively Italian; and in which the policy of France, the policy of Austria, nay, we will say more, the general policy of the Catholic Church, had very little share.

The questions, What will be the ultimate consequences of the election and the reign of Pius IX. to the Roman-Catholic Church on the one side, and to Italy on the other? are involved in obscurity; and Roman-Catholic Europe is probably as much at a loss for an answer to them as Protestant England, although far more deeply interested in their solution. One thing, however, appears to us obvious; viz., that, in this important event, the general interests of Romanism and the particular interests of Italy are  
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not only distinct, but different—perhaps opposed. Up to the present moment, the particular interest of Italy predominates; the general interest of Romanism seems to be sacrificed, or, at all events, forgotten. Has the Pope maturely considered this matter? Has Rome herself—the city of Rome—reflected upon it? Does she understand whence she derives her importance and her splendour? The personal destiny of the Pope, as head of his Church, the particular destiny of Rome, as metropolis of that Church, are perhaps completely and perilously involved in what is passing beyond the Alps. May it not be that those most deeply interested are the most thoroughly blinded?

But this is not an affair on which we are called upon to decide. All we can say is, that ~~he~~ never have the personal character, the peculiar dispositions of a sovereign exercised a more powerful influence over events, under more awful circumstances. Pius IX. is evidently a man of a benevolent, affectionate character; open to sympathy, animated with a lively and constant desire of responding to the impressions and satisfying the hopes of those who approach him, whether intimately or remotely, whether in his palace or in the street, whether laymen or ecclesiastics, princes or people. There is nothing more attaching than the desire of being beloved—nothing more seductive than the wish to please. Such inclinations are amiable as well as politic in a sovereign, and he does wisely and well to indulge them; but not to give himself up implicitly to their seductions. The desire of being beloved is nearly akin to weakness; the desire of pleasing, to vanity. It is said that some time ago, in the midst of one of those sudden and striking ceremonies in which Pius IX. so often gave himself up, in the overflow of his heart, to the exactions or to the acclamations of his people, a spectator exclaimed, ‘Who would ever have thought that God would find out another *General-La Fayette*, and that he would make a Pope of him?’ The effect of what is now passing at Rome extends far beyond the frontiers of Italy. It is not only the internal government of the Roman States, nor even the expulsion of the Austrians and the creation of an Italian nation,—whether monarchical or republican, federative or integral,—nor even the recasting of the various territories of Italy, that are at stake: it is the constitution of the whole of Roman-Catholicism—that is to say, the religious and moral government of a great part of the world—that is in question, and that is now thrown into a state of revolution.<sup>b</sup> We are comparatively without interest in the results of that revolution; but we have so little taste for revolutions in general, and so much distrust of their effects, that we wait to know whether we ought to congratulate ourselves on the one which is now fermenting in that church,

church, whose authority we have long ceased to acknowledge. Whatever be its errors, it is a Christian Church; and we have little hope that, if it were overthrown, anything but impiety would arise from its ruins.

Before the Revolution of February broke out, none of these possible, and now very obvious, consequences of the accession and the policy of Pius IX. excited the solicitude of the French public. The Jesuits alone, and the portion of the French clergy which, from attachment to the legitimist party, sympathises with them, were discontented and anxious. But this discontent did not break forth. The Jesuits know when to keep silence. It is, perhaps, of all the faculties for which they were once so famous, the one which they preserve in the greatest perfection, and use with the greatest success. They knew that Pius IX., even independently of his general policy, was ill disposed towards them; but they also knew that, precisely for that reason, he would treat them with consideration and respect. At Rome, in the midst of the Roman clergy, the Pope the least friendly to the Jesuits cannot neglect or offend them; not only from prudence, and on account of their importance, but also from a sense of duty and of their real merits. Amidst the herd of ignorant and lazy monks and priests at Rome who lead an idle and dissolute life, utterly indifferent to the great interests of religion, the Jesuits distinguish themselves by their activity, their application to study, their attachment to their professional duties, their regular, serious, and laborious lives. They knew the conscientious spirit of Pius IX., and they relied, if not upon his favour, yet upon his justice. Lastly, the Jesuits have recently had such striking experience, especially in Switzerland, of their weakness, and of the little reliance to be placed on the devotedness even of the people who still adhere to them, that they are not all inclined to engage in a contest, and they therefore take refuge in an expectant and silent policy. This is the policy which has dictated the line of conduct they have adopted in France, not only since the storm has burst upon their Order from every quarter, but from the day on which their situation was altered by the accession of Pius IX. They have uttered no murmurs, no complaints, no sinister predictions. They have said nothing. And whilst they kept silence, the Liberal Catholic Party, which had defended them against their lay enemies, rather from devotion to the principle of liberty, than from sympathy for the Jesuits themselves, gave way to open manifestations of the joy with which the new reign and the new policy at Rome inspired them. They had a right to do so; for in spite of the reserve which the Holy See still maintained as to certain persons, or certain particular questions, the language, the promises,

promises, the acts of Pius IX. sufficiently declared his approbation of the Liberal Catholics of France, and gave a solemn consecration to their ideas and their hopes. It is but justice to their leader, M. de Montalembert, to say that he has not been intoxicated or blinded by this success. Far from rushing onwards in the career where he had achieved one triumph, he paused to point out the errors already committed, the dangers imminent; and, in a remarkable speech in the Chamber of Peers on the religious dissensions of Switzerland, warmly professed and vindicated those principles of impartial justice, of true and diffusive liberty, of Christian morality, the respect for which is, in difficult times, the touchstone by which the goodness of a cause may be tested. Valuable example of that provident and courageous resistance which is at once the safety and the dignity—*decus et tutamen*—of nations!

The portion of the French clergy which we believe to be the most considerable—the portion which has adopted, as its guiding principle, the renunciation of all political views and parties—did not receive the new policy which Pius IX. adopted in the government of the Church, either with the same aversion as the Jesuits and their adherents, or with the same enthusiasm as M. de Montalembert and his friends. They were, in fact, a good deal astonished, and somewhat troubled. The spirit of innovation is contrary to their habits, and the pretensions of the Liberals inspire them with distrust. They readily take alarm when they see the Church entering on the downward path of concessions to parties which have long been her enemies. But they entertain not merely the canonical respect for the Pope; they have a genuine and profound deference for his authority. Ever since the sufferings of their Church under the blows of the first revolution, and still more since the personal sufferings of Pius VII., and the captivity in which he was held by Napoleon, the moral ascendancy of the Pope, of his person and his name, has been very great among the fervent and sincere French catholics. This ascendancy is independent of all questions of doctrine, of all controversy respecting the rights of the Holy See, or the liberties of the Gallican Church; and is founded on the impressions and sentiments by which catholic piety is nourished, without any discussion as to its degree or its consequences. An innovating Pope—innovating at least in political affairs; a Pope applauded by Liberals, even those most openly hostile to the Church—was a phenomenon most strange and surprising to the greater part of the French clergy—doubly surprising to the most tranquil, the most exempt from political passions. ‘Yet,’ say they, ‘it is the Pope; the concessions which  
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he makes, or promises to make, do not touch the faith; or he believes them to be good in themselves—or, perhaps, resistance is impossible. After all, he is the best judge, the supreme judge, of the condition and prospects of the Church. Since he thinks fit to yield to the demands of the liberals and to the spirit of the age, doubtless the interests of religion require and her doctrines authorize that course. It is our duty to support the Holy Father, and to tread in the path which he marks out.'

Everything thus concurred to incline the clergy to receive, we will not say with alacrity, but without resistance, the Revolution and the Republic of February. Those who were quietly disposed, and exclusively devoted to their own functions, deemed it their duty to submit to the political vicissitudes of their country. Those attached to the Legitimist party shared the opinions of the laymen who thought that this convulsion held out chances for that cause, and immediately set about turning those chances to account. The Liberal Catholics, whether priests or laymen, hoped from the revolution a real and general advance in religious liberty. All these causes, though different in themselves and acting on different parts of the ecclesiastical body, concurred to produce the same results. In the midst of the moral feebleness which now prevails in France, these causes were, perhaps, more than sufficient to determine that facile and almost eager adhesion which the revolution of February received at the hands of the French clergy, to the great astonishment of Europe.

But how is it, we must again ask, that the revolution, hitherto so deadly a foe of the catholic religion, has at this juncture shown not only toleration but almost good will towards it? Is this surprising fact a mere superficial and transient appearance, or does it indicate a profound and durable change in the general dispositions of France—even of revolutionary France? Is it a mere calculation of prudence, or a serious return to the faith?

In relation to events of so much magnitude, we are no believers in such effects resulting from the calculations of a few men, or even of a party. If the impious passions which deformed every revolutionary crisis anterior to that of 1848, still prevailed in France, they would soon have overcome the prudence, and defeated the efforts, of the ablest party leaders. The public temper must be changed, before so great a change can take place in the public conduct. What, then, is the true meaning, what the real value of the change which has thus manifested itself, with regard to religion, in the temper of France?

A great deal has been said about the 'religious reaction'—, 'the revival of the religious spirit'—in the French nation. If by these words be meant, a certain respect and even inclination

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for all that bears the impress of religion, the remark is true; it is certain that since the beginning of the century the public feeling of France has, in spite of many oscillations, constantly declared itself with increasing force in that direction. The first appearance of this wholesome reaction was under the Consulate, when the nation was just emerging from the storms of the revolution. Its first and most brilliant interpreter was M. de Châteaubriand, and the success of his '*Génie du Christianisme*' its first open manifestation. From that time, though often thwarted, combated, checked, and sometimes even arrested, or momentarily superseded (at least on the surface) by a contrary movement, the progress of the religious spirit has never really ceased. The politics of the country have been fundamentally religious. Philosophy has endeavoured to clothe herself in the garb of religion. Literature and art of a religious character and tendency have been restored to favour. In spite of the numerous reprints of the impious works, serious or scoffing, of the last century—in spite of the scandalous character of a portion of modern French literature, we are of opinion that the general progress of the public mind in France has been, and is, in favour of religious ideas.

A recent incident has distinctly marked the degree of this progress on an official thermometer, if we may be allowed the expression. After the revolution of 1830, a motion was made in the Chamber of Deputies, and frequently repeated, for the re-establishment of the revolutionary freedom of divorce. The government of Louis-Philippe was opposed to it. M. Guizot, M. Duchâtel, and M. Dupin openly voted against it. Nevertheless, it was several times carried by large majorities; and had it not been for the persevering resistance of the Chamber of Peers, it would probably have passed into a law. In 1848 this question had fallen into complete oblivion; but immediately after the events of February, the republican government hastened to revive it, hoping, without doubt, to ingratiate itself with the revolutionary party at the expense of the Church. It was completely mistaken. The Church proved to be more powerful in the National Assembly than the revolutionary spirit or the republican government. The proposition of M. Crémieux excited general reprobation, and will probably not even obtain the honours of a debate.

We are far from undervaluing the importance of this fact, and of many others which reveal the progress of a religious sentiment in France. We regard that progress as incontestable. But sentiment is not religion; taste is not faith. A really religious reaction can only be known by two symptoms; the one,

one, belief in the high truths of revealed religion; the other, solicitude about the eternal destiny and the salvation of the souls of men; for it is in these that religion consists. From such a reaction, France still appears to us very remote. She takes pleasure in religious appearances and tendencies; but she has not returned to the conviction of religious truths, nor to submission to their empire.

The following is, in our opinion, the amount of the serious and actual progress which has influenced, and which explains, the events of the revolution of February concerning religion.

Two ideas may be regarded as firmly fixed in all minds in France, above the reach of political strife or change, and henceforth forming part of the public reason, prudence, and conscience. The first, that a belief in religion is a social and moral necessity; an indispensable guarantee for public order and private morality. The second, that religious belief is one of those individual liberties for which every government ought to show its respect by abstaining from all interference with it.

No party in France, no fraction of a party, worthy of any consideration, now holds that human society and the human soul can dispense with religious belief; the first for the sake of its repose, the other, for that of its moral life. No party, or fraction of a party, now holds that anybody has a right to impose a belief on others, or to suppress a belief held by others, be it what it may, by law or by force. These are truths placed by reflection and experience beyond the reach of question or debate.

But, it may be asked, what resistance would these truths oppose to vehement passions, to pressing interests, to real political struggles? What, for example, would have happened if the Catholic church had chosen to make a serious resistance to the revolution of February with the arms it has at its disposal? Would not the leaders of the revolution quickly have forgotten that religion is necessary, and ought to be free? We are strongly tempted to fear that they would. But neither religion nor the revolution were put to this perilous trial. Neither of them was exacting or aggressive: both showed a disposition to agree, or mutually to acquiesce in what might be indispensable to their living in peace. This is not the effect of a similarity of political or religious creeds. The republic is not Catholic; the clergy is not republican: but such are the internal dispositions of either party; such have been the chastisements and the lessons which each has received during the last sixty years; such is the language of the ideas and sentiments wherein they differ; that though, in fact, there is no tie, no mutual good will,  
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even, between them, they may for a certain time continue their progress side by side—without union, but without collision.

We say, for a certain time:—the indecision indeed, the lukewarmness in belief and in feeling, the tolerance without conviction and without sympathy, which explain the present relations of the revolution and Catholic church in France, will not suffice to keep them long in the same state, for these dispositions are essentially feeble, precarious, incapable of repressing the first movement which may happen to disturb those relations. And some such movement cannot fail to occur. Who would have said, some years back, that the little religious and philosophical coterie which could not succeed in maintaining the journal *L'Avenir*,—which seemed to be dispersed and destroyed by the blows aimed at its chief, the Abbé de Lamennais—would rapidly transform itself into a political party which would give rise to the most earnest debates, would profoundly agitate the whole body of the clergy, would enjoy the patronage of several bishops, would play an important part in the elections—in a word, would occupy the attention and excite the anxiety of the Government and the public? The partisans, lay or ecclesiastical, of a somnolent kind of peace in the State and the Church, thought themselves perfectly secure from such a movement. Nevertheless that movement has taken place. A germ, which seemed little likely to bear fruit, a very small piece of leaven, has been sufficient to cause it.

Now the Liberal Catholic Party is constituted and living. Since the revolution of February has occupied the scene, that party has been little before the public. The sentiments and the questions which it has at heart accord very ill with the strife and din of revolution. It asks for liberty, no doubt, but liberty under a pure and serene sky, towards which the spirit of man may soar without being incessantly dragged back to earth by the weight of sordid interests, or hurled down by the shock of brutal passions. The Liberal Catholic Party at this moment, quietly, and without interfering in the political struggles of the day, takes advantage of the religious liberty which is not contested by the revolutionary party, who, though little religious themselves, feel the necessity of treating it with moderation and respect. But it will not remain in this state of inertness; incidents will arise, necessities will occur, which will oblige it to resume its activity; either to complain of some grievance or to follow up some new progress; and it will then communicate to the religious world in general, and to all the relations of the Church with the State, the movement which has originated in itself. This would happen even if the Liberal Catholic Party were the only one in the Church animated with  
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genuine zeal; even if it were to encounter neither competition nor stimulus from without: but that party is not the only one in which the religious spirit is revived; nor will competition and stimulus be wanting.

The Protestant Church of France is now likewise the scene of a religious movement, which will not be without results, and will keep up the activity and energy of that which has arisen in the bosom of the Roman-Catholic Church, even were that deprived of its original authors.

We cannot speak of the French Protestants without a feeling of the strongest sympathy. After the religious wars of the sixteenth century, at the beginning of the reign of Louis XIII., when they were in full possession of the liberties and the guarantees they had conquered, there is reason to believe that they amounted to nearly three millions out of the entire population of France, which did not then probably exceed fifteen or sixteen millions. From the beginning of the seventeenth century, down to near the end of the eighteenth, they had to endure all possible persecutions and calamities; and they amount, we fear, at this day to no more than about a million and a half. We cannot contemplate the long career of suffering and misery, revealed in this diminution of their numbers, without a profound impression of sadness. At the same time, we are filled with a lively sentiment of admiration and of fraternal joy at the idea of so large a number of Christian families resisting all these trials, this implacable persecution, and holding fast by their faith in the midst of so much suffering. And not only have the French Protestants maintained their faith, but in this situation of constant suffering and constant danger, so long excluded from all public offices, deprived even of their rights as citizens, persecuted and obstructed in the humblest social careers, they may claim a share—a large and glorious share—in all the progress made by their country in civilization, in light, in industry, in wealth. So much was this the case, that when, in the first place, in 1787, by the equity of Louis XVI., and in the second, in 1789, by the decrees of the National Assembly, they were restored to their rights as men and citizens, they took their natural position in the foremost ranks of the French nation; ready to acquit themselves of all the duties which a free country can impose on its sons, and to earn all the honours it can award them.

Viewing them, as we propose to do, solely in a religious point of view, the French Protestants are now, we will not say divided, but distinguished by two different dispositions or tendencies. All are sincerely attached to their hereditary belief; but some of them, though they firmly adhere to this belief, are not extremely

tremely zealous or anxious about it. It is a legacy they have received, and which they wish to transmit to their children, rather than a treasure which they prize and employ with ardour for their own benefit. Others are inspired by a profound love for the faith as reformed in the sixteenth century; it is become the dominant object of their thoughts, the necessary aliment of their inward life; they labour with passionate zeal to revive and to propagate it around them. The former party insist chiefly on the moral sentiments inspired by religion, and think that it can and ought to adapt itself more and more to the advancement of intelligence and civilization. The latter hold a faith essentially dogmatic and fixed, which they regard not indeed as contrary, but as superior to human reason. In the religious sentiments of the former there is a moderation, tinged with coldness and sterility; in those of the latter a severity somewhat exclusive, but a fervour and sympathy powerful, communicative, and inexhaustible. The former are probably still the most numerous among the French Protestant body; the latter are incontestably the most active, and, in spite of all obstacles, will exercise the greatest influence over its future destiny.

It is impossible not to be struck with a certain analogy between this internal state of Protestantism in France and the internal state of her Romanism, which we have just described. In both churches, among the laity as well as the clergy, there is a general return towards religion. Among the Protestants, as well as the Romanists, this new-born religious spirit is, for the most part, sincere; but it is as cold and *routinier* as if it were chilled by age. In the midst of this general lukewarmness, a small party has arisen in the one church, liberal in politics and fervent in religion, which boldly plants the standard of Roman-Catholicism in the centre of modern institutions. In the other church we perceive a small fraction which, without separating itself from the main body, and constituting itself a dissident sect, assumes to be the sole depository of evangelical orthodoxy, and labours to re-establish the reformed faith in its pristine austerity and ardour. In spite of the profound separation which exists between Romanism and Protestantism, in spite of their differences and their dissensions, a certain fraternal resemblance shows itself in their destinies. In both churches like causes produce like effects; in both, corresponding symptoms reveal the same inward workings.

There is, however, a difference which, though it does not destroy this analogy, is essential. The Liberal Catholic Party is, we doubt not, sincerely and seriously religious, and governed by religious principles. Nevertheless, it has attached itself quite

as much to political as to religious questions. The relations of the Church to the State—the liberties of the Church in the State—are unquestionably legitimate and pressing interests regarding religion; but they are not religion; they concern her position in society, not her dominion over souls; the edifice of the Church, not the source of salvation. It is, on the contrary, to questions essentially and spiritually religious that the Evangelical Protestant Party devotes its chief ardour and zeal. It is the state of the Christian faith, rather than the social condition of the Christian church, that engages its prime solicitude. It addresses itself less to public bodies and authorities than to individuals; and seeks to act upon souls much more than upon laws. We hope it will persevere in this course, which is not only the most Christian, but the most effectual. It was by the faith and the hope she inspired, far more than by the institutions she founded—it was by the hold she got on the mind and the heart of man, much more than by the rules she laid down for the relations between ecclesiastics and laymen—that Christianity achieved her first victories:—and it is by these means that she will finally subdue the world to herself. Her divine doctrines and her eternal promises have a thousand times more power than the strongest or the freest constitution of her churches can ever have. In our days especially it is by acting immediately on individuals that religion must regain her empire. The spirit of individual independence, with all its advantages and all its dangers, its virtues and its vices, is evidently the predominant spirit of modern society. Religion ought to restrain its excesses:—but, before she can do so, she must have compensations wherewith to attract and to reward those who submit themselves to her control. Men are possessed and whirled about by a restless insatiable desire of movement, of change, of activity, serious or frivolous. The evil will not be arrested or cured by external barriers, by political forces, by such or such organizations of the various powers and functions of government. You must dive down into the soul; you must act upon the reason and the conscience; you must determine the free convictions and wills of men; you must open before their restless and seeking eye a long, an interminable vista—to their moral activity, a boundless region in which it may find space for the exercise of all its energies, instead of venting itself in disorder and destruction. You can only appease these perturbed spirits by giving them occupation; you can only calm them by culture and wholesome nutriment. This can only be done by Christianity, which appeals confidently to the free will of man, and while she teaches him her law, leaves untouched his freedom of action. The zealous Protestants, who endeavour

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to propagate their belief by such means as these, understand their times and their work. The means they use for the salvation of souls are the only means really effectual for the preservation of society.

It is not for us to offer *our* advice to the Liberal Catholic Party, which imagines it can re-establish Catholicism in peace, honour, and credit, in the midst of modern liberty, and devotes itself with courageous sincerity to that great task. We shall only venture to observe to the distinguished men of whom it is composed, that in order to apply a cure to the moral and social maladies which fill the world with trouble and alarm, they must strive much more for the restoration of religion, than for that of their church: hitherto, from what we know of their labours, they have been far more solicitous about *the church* than about *religion*.

We have now pointed out what appear to us to be the principal and characteristic features of the religious state of France. We watch that state with profound anxiety—for, in our opinion, upon that depends the future destiny of France. That splendid vessel will not cease to be tossed by the direst tempests, until she has recovered the anchor of religion and moored herself firmly to the only ground beyond the reach of the storms of human passion. If we may judge by the symptoms which show themselves—by the progress already made—imperfect as that progress may be—there is still much ground for hope. But who knows France? Who can discover what lies hidden under symptoms the clearest in appearance, or what will be the end of the most promising beginnings? France is a country which defies calculation, and defeats foresight. From 1814 to 1848—during a period of thirty-four years—in spite of two very serious crises—the Hundred Days of 1815, and the Revolution of July in 1830—the aspect of things in France had been such, on the whole, as to inspire the best hopes of her destiny under a constitutional system. Within, the growth of prosperity and well-being had been rapid and uninterrupted: without, the recollections of the days of anarchy and war were fading away. In the midst of peace and security, France appeared to be gradually resuming her great place and her regular influence in the order of Europe. Everything seemed to show and to guarantee her repose, her progress, her future welfare. Vain illusions—baseless shows! In a day, in a few hours, the whole goodly structure is overthrown—and from beneath its apparent strength and beauty all the madresses of men, all the darkness and all the terrors of anarchy have started to sight. Who knows whether the religious state of France is sounder than the political? Who will dare to say that the favourable symptoms, the seeming returns towards religion, which we have

have pointed out, do not cover some fatal work which will suddenly lay open once more the way to the abyss? It is evident that we have before us a society infected with one of those secret and inscrutable diseases which shake the strongest organization, and render every appearance of health doubtful and insecure.

We earnestly hope that in the fearful struggle of which France is now the theatre the right may prevail; and that the defenders of the good cause, in religion and politics, may obtain a final victory. For the sake of all Europe, as well as for that of France herself, we would fain anticipate this with more confidence than we confess ourselves able to feel.

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ART. IX.—1. *Il Contemporaneo di Roma.*

2. *L'Alba di Firenze.*

3. *Il 22 Marzo dell'Indipendenza Italiana di Milano.*

4. *Il Risorgimento di Torino.*

THE liberty of the press is so intimately associated with the notion of free institutions, and is indeed so essential to their existence, that we cannot be surprised at the delight with which the emancipation of the Italian press was hailed in the country itself, nor at the sympathy with which it was greeted by those already possessing the advantage. To secure so great a good, some evil we are willing to endure. It seemed natural that a country so long accustomed to a rigorous censorship should, at first, exhibit more zeal than discretion in the exercise of the coveted privilege; we doubted not that a quick supply of the particular talent required for the conduct of a journal would follow the demand, and that the tone of decency and moderation, essential to the respectability of the daily press, would succeed to the style of exaggeration and vehemence which marked its first efforts. It is with great regret we are compelled to observe that no such wholesome change has as yet taken place: truth, on the contrary, exacts the admission that the mischief has increased as well as the evil consequences which we anticipated from it. When the freedom of the press degenerates into licence, it becomes the most dangerous enemy of the people and of liberty itself. The censorship, as established by Buonaparte (the most rigorous, we believe, of which there is any example), with the countenance it gave to political frauds, was less demoralising in its effects than the abuses of freedom now existing in the same countries. In comparing the journals, some of whose titles we have put at the head of this article, we discover a race of vitu-  

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peration and mendacity, in which each vies in stimulating the morbid palate of its readers, and

‘ Who peppers the highest is surest to please.’

The people, now tasting for the first time such adulation, becomes more impatient than the most jealous despot, and finds courtiers more obsequious. It is singular that the fawning sycophant who assails the royal ear with flattery should be the object of indignant declamation, while public opinion seems to attach so little guilt to the crime of deluding the sovereign multitude, perverting its moral sense, inflaming evil passions, and feeding hopes which can only end in disappointment. It is, moreover, necessary that the press, in order to be useful, should be free for the expression of every shade of political opinion that is compatible with the security of the government. The press, however, throughout Italy is in the hands of the partisans of extreme democracy, who hardly conceal their aversion to all monarchies, and their contempt for constitutional forms; and, in fact, that view only can be given which is agreeable to the ruling party, not under the penalty of censure and imprisonment, as in the days of the Inquisition, but of destruction to property and danger to life! In the midst of this confusion and misrepresentation we are desirous to lay before our readers such portions of truth as have reached us through other channels, and to bring together such materials as may enable them to form some estimate of the true character of the Italian movement.

The grievances long complained of might be comprised under two heads—the predominating influence of Austria in the Peninsula, and the absence in each state of free institutions. The desire to obtain such institutions is so honourable that no Englishman can refuse it his sympathy, nor have we any fear that we shall be suspected of underrating the importance of the object.

The difficulties of forming a constitutional Government are necessarily great; and the state of excitement into which Italy is plunged has increased them considerably. It is remarkable that the Italians, enthusiastic and excitable as they have always been, are little open to the influence of that loyal attachment to their sovereigns which existed in so many parts of the continent, and which still flourishes with unabated vigour in England. Whether this would prove how little claim the sovereigns have had on the affections of the people, or the inability of their subjects to feel it, we will not stop to question; we think that the page of history will bear us out as to the broad fact. The King of Naples is popular with the lower orders in his capital; and the Pope, in his spiritual capacity, never fails to awaken a certain degree of superstitious veneration in the devout population of his

his states; but the sovereigns of Italy have failed to entwine their cause with the habits, feelings, and prejudices of their subjects; and the fall of a Prince or of a Dynasty has rarely made even a transitory impression. The lower and higher orders are not united by those close links in which both find their advantage with us; and there is a total want of common interest among the different classes which makes it difficult to engage them to act simultaneously or in concert. The nobles on the present occasion have generally stood aloof, alarmed, uncertain, unprepared; the populace, excited for the moment by the cry of national independence and Italian glory, have been led to act a part foreign to their habits and repugnant to their usual feelings. The moving spirits have been the exiles who congregated in Paris with the most eager and zealous partisans of democracy, and whose object is the spoliation of the rich and the realization of such a system of government as was dreamed of by Rousseau, and has recently in part been attempted in France. The middle classes, from restless vanity and from jealousy of the exclusive nobles, have lent their assistance to accomplish the schemes of their more designing instigators—not with the intention of realizing these schemes, but in the hope of tyrannizing in turn over those who had banished them from their society. The real aim, we repeat, of the active movers is the destruction not only of all Nobility, but of the Church and of all Monarchy; and they secretly smile at the credulity of those sovereigns who are willing to believe that *their* aggrandizement is the desired object. The Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany may still comfort themselves with the original honesty of their intentions; the King of Sardinia may trust to the good fortune which has hitherto befriended his crooked policy; but each of these sovereigns must, ere this, have opened his eyes to the fatal truth.

The constitutions as yet accorded or extorted in the different states of Italy were all formed on the French model of 1830:—not because the *Charte* appeared on examination peculiarly adapted to the wants of the people, but because the Italian would not lag behind the Frenchman in the race of civilization. Nor can we be very severe on the blindness which a people, lively and excitable and long accustomed to despotism, have shown as to their own qualifications for self-government. The object, however, having been gained, their sincerity would best have been proved by proceeding deliberately with their great experiment. The recent events of Paris should have inspired caution. A wise prince and an intelligent people would have paused before finally adopting a scheme of government which had just fallen in a manner so clearly proving some grand radical



radical defect. To the English observer it is obvious what is the original defect of a system of government which in its theory can exist only by a nice balance of its component parts, and in which one principal ingredient is wanting. The most important element of a mixed government is a class, wealthy, respectable, independent, to separate at once and unite the prince and the people—and this class did not exist in France. The upper chamber, composed of members *named by the sovereign for life*, would have secured the French King an undue preponderance in the state, if such a body could really have asserted the privileges nominally assigned to it; but the want of wealth, the necessary consequence of the French laws of inheritance, was an evil that nothing could counterbalance. To secure the senate some portion of that public respect which is so essential to its very existence, the choice of the sovereign was limited by the constitution of 1830 to certain classes or *categories* from whence its members were to be recruited. With all these precautions, however, it possessed no power to act its part. To resist the encroachments of the popular element such a chamber is helpless; while, if a dexterous prince endeavours to evade the charter he has accepted, its inclination will be—or, at least, will be thought to be—to assist rather than control his projects. Far different is the part of a really efficient senate: our readers cannot have forgotten that the arbitrary measures of James II. met with a resistance in the House of Lords which the House of Commons did not offer, and that the expulsion of that prince and his family was the result of the united efforts of the church and the aristocracy. A senate to be useful must be wealthy and hereditary, nor is there any danger in modern times that such a body should usurp too large a share in the legislation. In England, where the House of Peers is propped by wealth, by hereditary respect, by every feeling that captivates the imagination—where it is constantly swelled by the aggregation of all that is distinguished in the various professions, and supported by the closest connection with the members of the Lower House—with all these advantages, with the exercise of the greatest discretion and patience, with an attention to business such as the hope of professional remuneration cannot always secure, with a reputation for impartiality and incorruptibility which no one has presumed to question, hardly even to praise—it is nevertheless with difficulty that this high assembly can preserve even a portion of its lawful influence in the government. The late House of Peers in France was *null*:—and even the Chamber of Deputies, when the hour of trial came, proved incapable of either protecting the Crown or even maintaining its own existence.

We see, nevertheless, a mere copy of this French scheme in the new constitution of Tuscany. The Senate is named by the Prince for life from certain categories; the members must have attained thirty years of age. The 'Consiglio Generale' is the representative chamber, composed of deputies, paid by their respective constituencies during their term of service. The duration of their assembly is limited to four years. The members are eligible for re-election. The sovereign retains the privilege of dissolving the Council, under the obligation, however, of convening it within three months. It is notorious that the Grand-Duke Peter Leopold was educating his subjects for self-government. He had shown how well he understood the part of a prince; in time he might have taught *them* the duties of citizens. The reigning Grand Duke has accorded his constitution on compulsion—all has since been weakness and confusion; he has shown on several occasions that he can neither resist importunity nor enforce the observance of the laws. Impunity has been permitted to notorious offenders, and convicted criminals have been forcibly liberated.

The constitutions of Naples and Piedmont, as originally published, differed little from this model. In either capital, however, as the disastrous news from France and Germany reached it, the popular faction seems to have regretted the moderation of its first demands, and all are seen to clamour for modifications and changes in their charters before they have tested their efficacy. In Piedmont\* these questions are adjourned till the termination of the war—in Naples they have been pressed to such a point and by such means, that, though the patience of the prince was not exhausted, his soldiers and his subjects have arisen to vindicate his authority and to resist all further concessions. The Roman constitution was originally conceived in the hope of conciliating the contending claims of the clergy and the laity, and might

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\* The provisions in this case had, however, gone through a good deal of discussion already; especially that by which the prorogation and dissolution of the lower chamber belong to the prerogatives of the Crown. 'This,' observed the Solon of the newspaper, 'is surely an anomaly; for if the union of the three estates is necessary for the enactment of a law, each of the estates must be equal, and the power of dissolving the assembly of the people ought to reside with that assembly only.' Thus are the principles of constitutional government understood in Italy, and thus are they commented on by the learned for the instruction of the people!

The 'Alba' of Florence, while expressing a disapprobation of any Upper Chamber, as recalling too strongly the departed days of feudality, takes also a philological exception to the title of the Chamber of Peers—'which implies an *equality* with the prince, and a superiority of one class of citizens over another, at variance with the spirit of the age.' The Senate of Tuscany, it observes, cannot, with due regard to etymology, be composed of men who have only reached their thirty-first year; the right of admission for the reigning prince at twenty-one violates this principle more obviously still. 'In a mixed government,' adds the sagacious editor, 'the senate should not be named by the prince, but elected by the people; we perceive no other method of securing it the necessary respect.'

perhaps

perhaps have had a good practical result, provided always that the hostility of these two classes should subside into a disinterested emulation for the public good, in which the one resigned the sovereignty and the other eschewed usurpation. It is, however, needless to scrutinize anxiously the merits of a charter which was neither given nor accepted in sincerity—the clerical party hoped by some improbable reaction to recover their preponderance, and their opponents secretly laughed at its provisions, determined that in no instance should they take effect: it was not long before the strength of the two parties was tried—nor can any one who ever lived in Rome be surprised at the result.

It is a fashionable doctrine that the wish for a constitutional government on the part of the people is evidence of their fitness to enjoy it; and perhaps we should admit its truth, were it shown that such was their spontaneous desire. The barons who drew up the charter of liberty at Runnymede proved their right to demand it—but we may well hesitate before we attribute the same clear perception to a people incited by the example of a neighbouring state, by the feebleness of their own sovereign, or some other accident in the political atmosphere of Europe. The charter which before it is obtained promises to gratify the ambition, the avarice, and the revenge of the whole community, is quickly discovered on trial to be attended with no such gratifying accompaniments: the disappointment is attributed to every cause but the right one; fresh disturbances arise, producing fresh innovations, to be succeeded by still greater dissatisfaction. A national constitution, worthy of the name, can never be the sudden achievement of a riotous populace—it must be the result of calm reflection and a careful adaptation of the means to the end, and it must command respect as well as affection. Our own has been the growth of ages; taking its rise in the rude but not lawless days of the Saxon, adopted by the Norman conquerors, who had the wisdom to amalgamate their subjects' institutions with their own, and augmented in its usefulness and strength by the contributions of each succeeding age. In Germany and Italy a charter has been thrown from the windows like the head of an obnoxious vizier in a Turkish revolt; and far from the boon having been received with gratitude, tumults have everywhere multiplied—ruin and bankruptcy have been the consequence—internal anarchy and foreign aggression. The very first step everywhere has been a most rash one: we mean the creation of National Guards—a measure which the popular victory already gained would seem to have rendered quite unnecessary, and which in future can only be mischievous. The existence of such a body is inconsistent with the theory of a representative government, and is irreconcilable with

with its free action. It manifestly tends to secure the tyrannical domination of the capital, for the legislature is always liable to be coerced by these municipal prætorians, however little they may partake in or indicate the convictions or the desires of the nation or people at large. These troops moreover have seldom proved efficacious in opposing the violence of the rabble. In the last century in Paris they were the passive spectators of the cruelties daily enacted before their eyes; and in the fatal February of the present year they stood aloof, neither making nor resisting nor even directing the Revolution—but only paralyzing the regular army, to which now already they owe their own escape from instant annihilation.

It would be well, however, if no further nor more destructive innovations were to be apprehended. The Italian gentry share that strange apathy which seems to possess their class in so many parts of the Continent: they will not resist while resistance would be effectual; they will not fight till nothing remains to defend. The peasantry, religious but very ignorant, long oppressed, and little attached to existing institutions, are easily led to good—more easily still, we fear, to evil. The populace of the towns, idle, dissipated, disaffected, listen eagerly to any schemes of change; they are captivated by the novel language of their demagogues, vain of their attributed superiority, delighted with the foppery of arms and accoutrements. The directors of the storm (under the immediate influence of the foreign clubs of agitation and disorder) belong to the class between the noble and the citizen, called in Italy the *mezzoceto*, composed of petty proprietors, members of the learned professions, and newspaper editors—and these have arrogated to themselves all the virtue, intelligence, and patriotism of the country: a pretension that has been admitted and published by the correspondents of newspapers and other superficial observers, who profess to penetrate the whole character of a nation at a glance; who, without knowledge of its history and its manners, and without the power of language to communicate with the natives, decide at once on its capacity, its merits, and its destinies. A further knowledge of the country discloses the truth: this class is not much advanced in political science beyond a declamatory *article*; in good faith and simplicity it cannot compare with the people; while it is inferior in breeding to the upper classes, in morals not more exemplary, in religion less sincere, and in honesty less strict. We should be unwilling to involve any body of men in a sweeping censure: but we must remind our readers that the profession of the law in Italy is not what it is in England; it is not followed by the same class of persons—it does not lead to the same distinctions

—nor

—now are its practitioners held by the community in the same high estimation—consequently they have not that sense of self-respect which is the best support of all professions. The administration of justice is not incorrupt nor impartial; it had long been notorious (everywhere but in the Austrian states) that it might be influenced by fear and favour. Lawyers and notaries will compose the majority of the lower Chamber in every state, and their florid facility and habitual loquacity will waste that time which should be devoted to important business; nor can it be questioned that this party (the most active and influential within the Peninsula) is everywhere anti-monarchical. To a *Republican organization* all their efforts are directed: even in the capital cities it is hardly veiled under a flimsy tribute of lip-honour to the sovereign—while their agents in foreign countries loudly proclaim it, and calculate the weeks which must elapse before the end is accomplished. When Lord Palmerston so strangely made public his correspondence with Prince Metternich, he astonished all who are acquainted with Italy by asserting that he had heard of no such revolutionary schemes as those to which the experienced Austrian had alluded; nor was he aware, he added, of any projects which ought to give serious alarm to the Imperial cabinet. Within a very few weeks after this declaration, Milan was in open revolt, and Venice had declared itself an independent republic. English diplomacy used of old to be ridiculed by our Continental neighbours as inefficient, and its agents as careless: but of late there had rather been complaints of over-activity and a meddling spirit—and we must confess that no information as to the real character of the Italian movement should have reached Downing-street would appear incredible if we could not appeal to this positive assertion.

It was at the moment when the redress of grievances, a constitution, and a *national guard* were promised in Milan that the insurrection broke out; the Marshal Radetsky, paralyzed by the disastrous news from Vienna, and unwilling to bear the reproach of beginning a sanguinary contest, retired to the citadel without taking any measures to secure the leaders of the revolt, or to clear the streets, which we have been assured he might easily have done, and confined his operations to a strictly defensive warfare. It was obvious that the Marshal could not maintain his actual position without having recourse to the severest decision of State-Surgery—an awful responsibility for a subject; his retreat from Milan was rendered necessary by the treacherous conduct of the King of Sardinia, who professed friendly intentions till his forces were actually on the march. Such princes as Charles Albert are not well served—and Marshal Radetsky was aware of his purpose before he put it into execution; hence his retreat on Verona—

Verona—a manœuvre executed with skill and regularity, and which should have been prevented by an army so greatly superior in number, assisted, too, by so many favouring circumstances.

The system of non-intervention—so often professed, and so invariably violated whenever convenience suggests—might justify the opposition of England to Austrian interference in the affairs of southern Italy ; but we are totally at a loss to conceive by what argument the invasion of the Austrian territories by the King of Sardinia can be justified. The possession of Lombardy by the house of Austria is as legitimate as that of any province held by any other state in Europe. It lapsed to the Imperial crown three hundred years ago, by the code of laws at that time in unquestioned operation. Brittany has not been longer an integral part of France—and Alsace, Franche-Comté, and Lorraine appertain to her by titles less legitimate and much more recent. The motives of the King of Sardinia, such as we believe them to have been, are easily explained. That prince, less sincere when supporting the rebellious Lombards than when fighting under the Duke of Angoulême against the constitutional Spaniards, yet nevertheless found a decisive step necessary for the preservation of Genoa, and perhaps of Piedmont also. To occupy the army (the most disaffected body in the state) seemed the best means of security ; the propitious moment, in the eyes of a politician of his stamp, seemed to have arrived when the news from Vienna became public, and when the insurrection of Milan had already commenced ; and here we must look for his justification, as far as a sense of self-interest can justify treachery. He may, however, further plead in his defence that *he*, at least, can be no enemy to intervention : since to the intervention of Austria he owes the preservation of the sovereignty in his family, and his own personal succession to that of France, when his treachery and ingratitude had rendered him equally odious to all classes of his own countrymen. His life-long duplicity will probably soon meet with a terrible punishment. He can be no stranger to the general aversion with which he himself is regarded ; he must be equally aware how little Milan can endure to receive laws and kings from Piedmont—and if the measure of annexation is accomplished, he will discover that the anxieties he has hitherto experienced were but the type of those that must follow this crowning stroke of his falsehood. Part of the noble class of Milan, who delight in titles and keys and stars, may look towards him as the fountain of such honours. But there, even more decidedly than elsewhere, the *mezzoceto*, with whom the strength of the revolution lies, are republicans—and the noble partisans of Piedmont, with the frivolous distinctions they value so highly, are yet more the objects of their aversion than the

the person of a king and the kingly office. They make, in fact, no secret of their principles—they do not attempt to conceal that the annexation of Piedmont is but the first step towards that more glorious consummation which the French propagandists have taught them to expect;—while the mass of the people hate the Piedmontese as foreigners, nearly as much as the Germans, and despise them a good deal more.

The reader versed in Italian history cannot fail to have seen that the intensity of municipal hatred has always been the moving spring of action; that the foreigner was invoked for protection against the neighbour; and the yoke of the Frenchman, the Spaniard, and the German preferred to the more inventive tyranny of the native Italian. It has pleased modern speculators to represent this feeling as extinguished; yet the most careless traveller will have observed that the *odium vicinorum* pervades the common language of every state, which fixes the climax of vituperation in the mere mention of the country of the offender. As a practical illustration, we have recently seen the separation of Sicily from Naples, of Venice from Lombardy, of Piacenza from Parma, while even the meanest towns have refused their adhesion to the capital and to the projected form of government.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany's declaration of war on Austria is an act equally unjustifiable and unnatural, extorted (it must surely be) reluctantly by the hostility of his subjects to that nation, which is an insult to himself and a crying proof of their ingratitude to his house, while the calumnious and indecent proclamations with which his breach of international law was accompanied can deceive no one, and serve only to expose his own weakness. Had his people possessed sense or discretion, it must have been obvious that by peace alone could their new institutions be developed—that the *morale* alike and the novel privileges of the nation must be compromised by war:—but the people were as wild as their prince was feeble.

Of the other sovereigns who have contributed their contingents the best defence for their violation of the law of nations is their utter helplessness. The King of the Sicilies—an unwilling crusader—while unable to enforce the obedience of half of his kingdom, was forced to march his chivalry against a steady ally, to whose repeated intervention he owed his position in Naples. The character of this *national* warfare is marked by the wordy virulence, rather than by the energy or the sacrifices, with which it is attended. At Milan, after the successful revolt, little has been done to aid the cause with money or with troops. The sums subscribed are contemptible; the martial youth prefers parading before the Duomo in the theatrical dress of the national-guard to bivouacking under the

the walls of Verona ; and the conduct of the provisional government has been marked neither with decision nor with prudence. In all those great and successful struggles by which an oppressed people have been freed from the yoke of a powerful master, the cause has been served with the purse and persons of the insurgents. Such was the case in Switzerland, in Holland, and in Portugal ; but in Italy these examples have not been followed. If verbose proclamations and lying gazettes—if nocturnal serenades and fraternal embraces and tipsy banquets were effectual arms, the liberation of Italy would long since have been completed. Volunteers, generally of the lowest and most disorderly part of the population, have offered their services—nay, have actually marched into Lombardy—spreading licence and confusion wherever they appeared ; the disgrace and disasters that have befallen them were the inevitable consequence of their want of discipline ; but far worse consequences remain behind. What means of future subsistence are open to men who have abandoned their callings, wandered from home, and lived in the licence and disorder of their gipsy camp ? Should external peace be restored to Italy, its real sufferings will then commence, and then will also commence that series of sacrifices which the wealthy, the peaceful, and the industrious would not make for the support of order. A people intoxicated with the vanity of its imputed success, naturally idle and now thoroughly disorganized, unbridled by any wholesome restraint, and deprived of all controlling power—who can foresee into what excesses it may be hurried ?

Weak and culpable as all its sober citizens are, its princes, and its governors, there is one among them greater and more illustrious still, whose fault was the heaviest and whose punishment has already begun. It is to Pius IX. that all this complicated evil is mainly owing : we gave him credit in our last Number for good intentions, and we do so still—that is, as far as anything worth calling a good intention can struggle into life where the essence of the character is imbecile vanity. Of his amiable points we have said enough in the immediately preceding Article. But no man ever erred more grossly—or in a way more sure of speedy retribution. His prime duty was the maintenance of the temporal and spiritual power of the See : the first he has annihilated—the last he has perilled more than did the reformation of Luther or the encroachments of Buonaparte. He has allied himself with the spoilers of the church, whose sequestrations he has sanctioned ; and he has expelled the Jesuits, who—whatever may be thought of the Order in former days—no more resemble *de facto* the type revived and blazoned by the Giobertis, than poor Pio

Nono



Nono himself resembles a Hildebrand or a Borgia—who were in Italy, at all events, and especially within his own States, the ablest ministers of his Church, and by far the most strenuous upholders of his throne. These sacrifices, great as they are, have not propitiated the enemies of his authority. His downfall has been decreed and accomplished: we take no credit for having foreseen this event—it was inevitable; but we did not expect the blow to fall so soon: we had not anticipated so swift a consummation of the ingratitude that sooner or later awaits the sovereign who tampers with the courtship of the mob. The dupe of his benevolent intentions, he has been the architect of his own misfortunes—to his fatal love of popularity he has sacrificed his throne, his order, his religion. Coerced in his measures and a prisoner in his own capital, he finds too late that concessions, avowedly condemned by his conscience, have served but to hurry the catastrophe. Never has the Tiara received so severe a blow. Pius VII., a prisoner at Savona and a hostage at Fontainebleau, was strong in the support of his clergy and the veneration of all faithful Romanists; defying the power of Buonaparte, he refused to betray the interests of the church, and his noble obstinacy was crowned with success. Pius IX., a traitor to his order and the slave of a faction, wages an unjust war on the eldest son of the church, and endangers his spiritual authority in Catholic Germany. Had the Pope declared war on Austria at the time of the occupation of Ferrara, a pretext at least had been afforded—(none of the other sovereigns of Italy have professed even the shadow of an excuse for their treachery)—he contented himself, however, with a protest *then*; and it was not till the insurrection at Vienna and the revolt at Milan had broken out that the boiling zeal of the ‘*Giovane Italia*’ could no longer be controlled. Had the Pope even at last declared war in the manner usual among civilised nations, his conduct might still have admitted some sort of apology; but while professing that this step offended his conscience, he attacked the enemy with weapons far more injurious than the swords of *his* troops. He addressed himself to the passions of an excitable people—adjusted them in the name of religion, and bestowed his paternal benediction on the licentious rabble he turned loose on the country in the characters of crusaders! The language of the Roman press has been violent and unmeasured. Newspapers professing to hold the confidence of the Government denounced the Austrian soldiers as wild beasts to be hunted to their lairs, and exterminated with fire and sword. Now whatever may have been the defects of the German Government, the admirable discipline of the soldiery is undeniable.

niable. All who have visited the north of Italy must have observed the decent and quiet demeanour of the Austrian soldier, the respectful piety with which he entered a church, separated himself from his comrades, and, with a half-timid glance at the religious splendour around him, sought out a confessional where his language was understood, or fixed himself before an altar, and prayed 'of his own accord' (we are piqued, like Corporal Trim, for the honour of the army) with an unaffected fervour rarely exhibited by an Italian priest, and not very often by those of the Pope's own immediate subjects, who have the benefit of his example and that of his ecclesiastical court before their eyes.

We repeat, that virtually the temporal power of the Pope is abolished. He can neither appoint his ministers nor dismiss them, nor can he direct their measures. His presidency is merely nominal, and even that shadow of authority he will probably not be suffered to retain. The Roman hierarchy is destroyed—destroyed by suicide—but Rome will soon discover its error. The rich legations by which the court and capital were supported owned at best but a reluctant submission to the Pope himself. How will they now endure to maintain the licentious indolence of the usurping metropolis? Rome, deprived of its ecclesiastical court, unsafe as the resort of wealthy travellers, without commerce or manufactures, and surrounded by its unwholesome desert, where existence is a perpetual warfare against nature, must fast sink into the decay and ruin from which it was only rescued as the capital of the Roman Catholic world. We cannot pretend to lament the danger or downfall of the Church of Rome, but the conduct of Pius must be judged by the principles he professes and the duties he had to perform, and we own we do not see how he can reconcile these.

The Austrian influence, which had hitherto suppressed the popular movements throughout Italy, was unable to resist the advance of innovation, at the head of which the Pope placed himself immediately after his election. That influence was suddenly annihilated, and the dreaded enemy, most unexpectedly reduced to a state of weakness and depression, became in turn the object of attack. Menaced by France, invaded by Sardinia, assailed by the licentious bands of volunteers from every part of Italy, unsupported at home, called to struggle at once against domestic and foreign treason—it required the patience and perseverance peculiar to the Austrian character to make any stand at all in the unequal contest. Upon the subject of this contest the foreign press is more than usually extravagant and mendacious, nor have the mystified and hasty reporters of the English newspapers,

papers, or even the more solemn essayists of our Liberal Reviews, a much better claim to credit.\*

The Austrian forces—represented sometimes as a few thousand dispirited wretches waiting only the summons to lay down their arms, and at others as legions of Huns and Croats,

‘Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,’—

are cut off and massacred by a handful of Tuscan or Roman recruits, who are only prevented by some favouring accident from annihilating the whole force at once, and carrying the war into the heart of Germany. The grandiloquent bulletins of the different governments, surpassing even the fustian of a Spanish manifesto, are designed for the same use that the Italian philosopher assigned to speech—to conceal the truth.† Yet the whole reliance of the Peninsula rests on the Sardinian army—the vaunted enthusiasm exhausts itself in patriotic boastings—and the small number of the Milanese forces proves how little practical is the love of glory in that quarter. The provisional government, wasting time in composing proclamations and inventing uniforms, very soon lost the confidence of the people, and owes its re-installation, after the recent tumult and the abdication which followed it, only to the close neighbourhood of a dangerous enemy, or it may be to that of a more dreaded ally.

We do not venture to predict the result of the struggle now pending in Lombardy—whether the feeble resistance of Austria, or the still more feeble efforts of the Piedmontese will prevail, or whether the matter may be settled by diplomacy: we only wish

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\* Their flourishing accounts of imaginary battles and victories would be simply ridiculous if they were not accompanied by circumstances that render them atrocious. Every meanness and every species of cruelty is attributed to the Austrian, and the contents of forged dispatches are published. It is natural, perhaps, that such accounts should be eagerly read and even believed in Italy, but we own we are surprised at the simplicity of our own countrymen. We have been favoured, for example, with the intercepted letters of the young Archduke Reigrier, who gives his brother a sketch of all their common connections, with his own opinion of each—beginning from the beginning like the sage Mr. Puff—

‘Philip, you know, is proud Iberia’s king.’

He does not, however, emulate the accuracy of that cautious author, since he implies that the ‘Empress Mother’ is the parent of the reigning emperor—a mistake more natural to the gentleman who composed the document than to its alleged author. And this *Correspondence* is gravely commented on even by the Edinburgh Review of June, 1848! Of the same class is the tale of the ‘delicate hands’ discovered in the Croatian quarters after the evacuation of the citadel of Milan, each finger covered with rich jewels, which we must suppose the captors did not think worth removing, since ample time was permitted between occupying and leaving the fortress. These are merely specimens.

† This maxim has been attributed to the late Prince de Talleyrand, but he had not the merit of originality; it had been ages ago put forth by Aretino, whose contemporaries assume that he always acted upon it.

to examine the rights of the contest stripped of its false glare of disinterestedness and patriotism, and wholly independent of the success that may attend it—nor will we allow ourselves to be deterred from doing justice to the administrative merits of the much-belied Austrians on account of the ruinous disorder into which their whole realm has fallen. That disorder, it seems but too probable, may be fatal to the monarchy, composed as it was of different states and races, united only by the ties of their common allegiance to the same sovereign, and a sort of superstitious respect for the central government, whose edicts they all obeyed. We have been assured by those well entitled to judge that the first insurrection at Vienna was too contemptible to have caused any alarm to a well-regulated government. We believe this:—but the error in having succumbed to such inadequate efforts is only the more apparent, and the confidence in the government is only the more desperately shaken. It cannot be expected that a capital in the hands of a rabble of street depredators—students and half-crazy professors, acting under the instigation of foreign agitators—can command the obedience of tributary states or reconquer the submission of revolted provinces. There are we suppose soldiers and gentlemen among the Emperor's subjects—at least in his hereditary states; but till they come forward and rescue their sovereign and themselves from such unworthy thralldom, it is vain to suppose that Austria can regain her rank amongst the great powers of Europe. The principles of France have compassed a ruin her arms could never accomplish. Army after army appeared in the field—unwearied in asserting the cause of national independence, and repressing the ‘disciplined banditti’ of the ‘child and heir of Jacobinism.’ So much devotion was rewarded, and those who struggled bravely, at length triumphed nobly. The battle of Leipsig assured Germany her independence, and the prosperity of Austria might have defied the power of foreign arms to destroy it. Guards may protect a valued life from the stroke of the assassin, but what panoply can avail the suicide?

The discontents in Milan, or more properly the spirit of disaffection, which had slumbered since the coronation of the present unfortunate Emperor, and which the relaxed rigours of the police and other popular modifications of the government had tended still more to lull, broke out with increased bitterness, though without the shadow of a fresh grievance, at the moment when the Pope began his childish quest of popularity. The example of Rome was imitated in Tuscany—in Piedmont—and throughout Italy: the favour of France was not at that time

hoped, but her active enmity was not anticipated, while sympathy and encouragement were received from England, and perhaps still more effectual assistance might be expected. It was then that the Milanese began to irritate the government by every act of petty spite that could *safely* be practised. The patience of the police was tested; and when resistance was at last provoked, the sufferers in the scuffle were mourned for as *victims*. The *Mac-caroni* wore black gloves at the theatre, and numerous lists of names were put down as subscribing large sums for their imaginary families. All that passed at this time in Lombardy confirms us in the fatal truth of those maxims revealed by Macchia-velli (and for which the world has never forgiven him), that it is safer though less moral to play the part of King Stork than King Log. The Emperor represented this last—he soon ceased to inspire fear, and consequently respect. It was discovered at Milan that the government might be insulted with impunity; it accordingly became the fashion to insult it, and fashion is rapidly contagious. The next step was to persecute those who did not join in this unworthy warfare, and persecution produced the boasted *unanimity*. All the resources of petty malice and irritating opposition were exhausted: had the government been as tyrannical as is pretended, none of these insults would have been endured—that they *were* practised is the best proof of the falsity of the accusation. It is possible that German patience might have still held out; but riots brought the people and the military into actual collision. Soldiers, when encountered singly or in *very* small bodies, were assaulted, and sentries in remote stations were found murdered on their posts. The catastrophe, now inevitable, was hastened by the events at Vienna. We have already alluded to the cautious and humane conduct of Marshal Radetsky, who seems to have determined not to shed one drop of blood to obtain a success which could not influence the general result. He might have laid the town in ashes: the fear of the Milanese was great, and their delight at his retreat was great in proportion. The hyperbole of their triumphant proclamations might be excused, but not the calumnies against the Austrian general, nor the forgeries with which they attempted to back them.

No charge is preferred against the Austrian government to justify the hatred it excited—excepting its despotic nature. No tyranny or peculation was permitted in the various offices—neither insolence nor oppression was tolerated in public servants. Economy was rigorously practised in every department; salaries were fixed at the lowest remunerating rate; and order, regularity, and

and method were maintained throughout the administration. The public works in Italy were conducted on the most magnificent scale—roads, bridges, theatres, streets, canals, docks, piers, harbours, churches, museums, were constructed and repaired without parsimony, but with a laudable regard for the public purse. These monuments of a care truly paternal will remain, and will hardly perhaps be excelled by those of succeeding governments. Another boon too the foreign rulers conferred on Italy. They protected the existing monuments of art against the degenerate descendants of the mighty dead, who would have sold their ancestors' tombs as they did their portraits and their arms, and pulled down their palaces for the sake of the materials, had not the 'barbarian' stood between them and destruction.

Persons now living may recall the Venice of the old republic, when luxury and splendour made a dismal contrast with penury and corruption: many more remember it as it was released from French domination to be made over to Austria; its sluggish canals choked with mud, its harbour filled up with sand and rubbish, its palaces mouldering, its suburbs ruinous and forlorn, its inhabitants clinging only from habit and helplessness to their poverty-stricken city, its commerce annihilated, and the Jew alone flourishing amidst the general decay. What it now is, or rather was—for a few months have worked a sad change—every recent tourist can tell. The present situation is truly deplorable. Foreign capital has already been withdrawn, and foreign residents have retired, scared by forced loans and general insecurity. A total stagnation of trade and universal idleness have succeeded. Shameless friars preach robbery and pillage in the public streets, and the laws are powerless to repress disorder. The people of Venice, once noted for gentleness and courtesy, have chased from it those illustrious and unfortunate exiles who had selected it as a retreat. German residents, wholly unconnected with the Austrian administration, who had acquired the rights of citizenship, were outraged and expelled—even popular actresses were imprisoned and detained as hostages by the usurping government.\* The premature and impolitic declaration

\* *Mesdames Fanny Essler and Leove.*—But several German ladies of high rank were exposed also to the indecent and shameful persecution of the police—were dragged from their beds, carried like felons through the streets, and narrowly escaped the violence of the mob, from which the police agents took no means to defend them. *Madame de Ficquelmont* was detained with her daughter, the accomplished *Princess Clary*. The *Princess Chanoinesse de Schwarzenberg*, whose delicate health made a warmer climate than that of Bohemia desirable, and who lived in Lombardy in the practice of every Christian virtue, and with the

tion of Venetian independence may be taken as a type of the wisdom of modern Italy, and as the best proof of its municipal antipathies. On the success of the insurrection a separation from Lombardy was the first object, and the tardy and reluctant submission to Charles Albert (which measure is still resisted) can neither flatter that prince nor deceive him as to the state of feeling in Venice.

The insurrection at Venice, which followed the news from Vienna and Milan, and which was met with such pusillanimous acquiescence on the part of the civil and military authorities, led to the declaration of independence and the revival of a republic on the democratic model, headed by those very men whom the late government had imprisoned for sedition, and who thus gave practical evidence of the justice of their condemnation. Among these men, bankrupt in fortune and equally without talent or reputation, one was styled 'Artiere,' in imitation of the Parisian 'Ouvrier'—with the difference, however, that in Paris it was an imposture, M. Albert belonging to the class of master-manufacturers and not of workmen, while Signor Angelo Toffoli was a genuine tailor (though a very bad one), and had actually plied needle and goose till heavy charges and slovenly workmanship drove his customers from him, and *him* to the more lucrative trade of patriotism. If the territory of the new republic is small (Padua refuses its adhesion—Treviso hesitates—and Chioggia even threatens to withdraw its allegiance), the spirit that actuated it might have been inspired by 'blind old Dandolo'—for the tailor breathed into it the enthusiasm of the 'most forcible Feeble' himself. In the first proclamation to the different sovereigns, the King of Greece is reminded of the ancient alliance between Venice and the Eastern states of Christendom, while he is admonished of the superior advantage of having the Venetians rather than the British for neighbours in the Ionian Isles, which are

seclusion and devotion of the cloister, though not with the bigotry that is sometimes found in connexion with it, was also seized and detained by the agents of an unscrupulous government. We have much pleasure in recording that it was owing to the generous and active interference of countrymen of our own that their liberation was effected, and that they were conducted with due regard to their sex and condition on board the steamer that conveyed them beyond the reach of the inhospitable and ungallant republicans. The sympathy between any class of our own countrymen and the democrats of the Continent cannot be sincere. Our principles are different—we can never learn to bruise the broken reed, and to strike the fallen. Our readers may have remarked the malicious bitterness with which the Italian and French newspapers comment on the circumstance of an English steamer having been placed at the disposal of the Austrian ambassador, who, driven from Rome with the ladies of his family, might have found it a service of real danger to reach a friendly port from whence to return to his own distracted country.

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represented at the same time as pining to return to the obedience of their ancient masters and ripe for a revolt on the first convenient occasion. We have little fear that our influence in the Mediterranean will be disturbed by the Dandolos and Morosinis of the new republic; but in this and in all other publications of liberal Italy, the feeling with which England is regarded is made manifest. In the journals of Rome the alliance of Prince Metternich with England (he has no cause to value himself on *that* alliance!) is announced as one of the instances of his misrule for which he merits banishment, and the late events at Naples are represented as brought about by English influence, which excited the king to an act of treachery and subsequent massacre!\* This is the more unreasonable as our *professed* sympathy was the first encouragement given by any *government* to the revolutions in Italy; and on this account we sacrificed the friendship of an old and faithful ally, and violated the *spirit*, if not the letter, of the treaty by which her Italian dominions were restored to Austria, for the special purpose of maintaining a certain balance of power that was deemed of importance for the peace of Europe—a treaty, moreover, this part of which was, we believe, urged on *hesitating* Austria with special zeal by the diplomatic voice of *Great Britain!* Nor can any just reason be assigned for this state of unpopularity. The English in their intercourse with the Italians are irreproachable. We have scattered our guineas on

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\* The circumstances that led to the collision between the military and the national guard of Naples have been greatly misrepresented in the French and Italian newspapers. On the 15th of May (destined to see a simultaneous attack on all social order in so many capitals of Europe) the agents of the foreign clubs, and their dupes and accomplices at Naples (supported by the floating batteries of the French admiral which were gazing on the town), had resolved to press such demands on the king as they knew in honour he ought not, and which they thought in prudence he could not, grant. His refusal would have furnished an excuse for the meditated violence—his consent would have secured the same ends more peaceably and possibly less speedily. The event disappointed them. The king yielded with very little hesitation, but the more eager and zealous among the partisans, impatient of any delay, began an attack on the military. The royal cause was strongly favoured by the people, and the troops, warmly supported by these, achieved a complete but bloody victory. The rage and disappointment of the republicans knew no bounds, and recourse has since been had to those weapons of falsehood and calumny so familiar with that party. In spite of admitted and incontestable facts, the king was declared the aggressor, and the national guards, who came in arms to his palace and attacked his troops, the victims of his treachery. The abuses of victory when the contest was over were astonishingly few, when the circumstances of exasperation are considered; and the people in fact behaved with more moderation than those of other towns boasting a superior degree of civilization.

We beg to inform our untravelled readers that the race of Lazzaroni is extinct. It had dwindled during the last century, and was wholly exterminated under the rigorous rule of Murat. The existing population of Naples is not more ignorant or ferocious than that of Palermo or Genoa, and is perhaps less so than that of Rome or Milan.

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their high-roads; we have hired their houses, enriched their tradesmen, and patronised their arts. We have enlivened their capitals with our fêtes and entertainments, and have asked nothing in return but that what was offered freely should be accepted graciously. What we *have* received it might puzzle even the Italians themselves (ingenious as they are in the art of self-delusion) to declare. It is highly likely that this agreeable intercourse is drawing to a close: we shall then, perhaps, be regretted, and almost pardoned our wealth, and that political soundness (our only other *real* crime) which has enabled us to stand in the general crash.

Our own ready sympathy, with that of all our countrymen, would certainly attend those of other nations who endeavour by lawful means to improve their institutions; but, while cordially affirming this, we are bound to add that the best cause would become odious if promoted by deceit, falsehood, and treachery. The perfidy with which the 'Liberal' party in Italy masks its republican purposes under the name of reform is known to all; hence the surprise, as we have already observed, that Lord Palmerston's declarations created: so incredible, indeed, did his professed ignorance appear, that other reasons were assigned for his disavowal both at Vienna and in Italy; it was asserted that the Imperial cabinet had been aware of certain circumstances connected with the Spanish marriages (that fertile source of mischief!)—but had not thought fit to communicate the hint to the English Foreign Office—thereby abandoning the part of a faithful ally, and *conniving* at least at a consummation most offensive to the tenants of Downing-street. Hence (it was said) the encouragement given to the revolutionary party in Italy, the publication of Prince Metternich's despatches, and the extraordinary correspondence between the English and Spanish Governments, which led to the recent interruption of all amicable relations between the two countries. Such, we repeat, was the report accredited among those less used to a constitutional and responsible government than to a despotic ministry, in which private passions may often influence public measures. While professing our own disbelief in this ingenious structure of explanation, we cannot but express our surprise at the policy pursued by England during the recent struggle. Had Austria retained her former power, the Sardinian aggression either would not have occurred at all—or, even though supported by the martial zeal of Rome and Tuscany, would easily have been dealt with; nor do we now think any further interference becoming, beyond those remonstrances which are said to have been offered on this violation  
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of public faith. Though the blockade of Trieste has been announced, the bombardment\* of the city was prevented by the energy of the foreign consuls, backed, it is said, by the presence of several English war-steamers, which interposed their ominous bulk between the city and the invading force. Nor are these the only difficulties that beset the crumbling monarchy of Austria. France has openly declared an intention of interfering in the Italian war, should such interference *seem to her* necessary. The new Parisian Republic avows a sympathy with all revolted provinces, and in language characteristically ambiguous reserves to itself the exclusive right of judgment as to the proper moment of intervention. If the powers of Europe are content to hold their dominion on this tenure, France is justified in her vaunt; and they must be prepared to see their dependent provinces exposed—all alike—to the threats, the intrigues, and the agitation of French emissaries. Nor is the independence of Italy from French influence an object of indifference to England. It is obvious that the Italian states, whether formed into a feeble and disaffected monarchy under the King of Sardinia, or as federal republics living in reciprocal hate and petty warfare with each other, must equally be under the influence of France; and in case of any contest between that country and England, we must expect to find the markets of Italy closed against our commerce, and its ports against our fleets.

Austria, deserted by her natural ally (if Lord Palmerston's repudiation of all alliances does not forbid us to use the phrase), is still further exposed to aggression; her steady opposition to the designs of Russia in the East must now be withdrawn; and it is well known that the Illyrian provinces—allied in language, and still more nearly in origin and religion, with Russia—have long been the objects of her solicitude and the baits of her ambition. Trieste and its dependent provinces would be at the mercy of the possessors of the Adriatic coast and their powerful allies, who might cripple or annihilate its commerce at pleasure. Thus an object would be accomplished which Buonaparte deemed of paramount consequence, and Austria and England would be separated. The Germans in their brilliant schemes of political supremacy have planned and partly executed a railroad that was

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\* We regret to observe that this outrage is still threatened, and that the blockade of the town is still continued, to the ruin of commerce and the serious injury of the foreign merchants settled there. We trust such orders have already been transmitted to the commander of the 'Terrible' as may strengthen the power of his remonstrances,—that we shall not abandon the police of the Adriatic, or suffer a flourishing city to be destroyed by the piratical attack of the Sardinian fleet. June 29th.

to traverse the whole extent of Germany, and, connecting Trieste and Hamburg, interchange within a few hours the industry of the East, the South, and North. To such a scheme the free navigation of the Adriatic is essential, but, while compromising their relations in the Baltic by their blundering aggression, they are permitting the ruin of a member of their community at a point still more destructive to their prospects.

If the internal distractions of Austria are such that she is unable to cope with her rebellious provinces and the regular and irregular armies that have invaded them, no foreign assistance can avail her; but if, on the other hand, common sense, national pride, and insulted reason again assert their dominion, and a period is put to this state of anarchy, and if the armies of Austria recover that steadiness and discipline which enabled them to struggle so long and at last so successfully with Buonaparte, then we do affirm that, if Germany ever intends to occupy that place among the great European nations which she claims, France should loudly hear that, by crossing the Alps to attack the first member of the German Confederation, she declares war on the whole of that vast continent. Such language would better become a great nation than the absurd edicts and trivial discussions in the Diet of Frankfort or the bear-garden scenes in the assembly at Berlin.

If, however, the result be otherwise, and the victory is decided in the Sardinian invader's favour, we still, we must repeat, cannot think that his Majesty will long afford an example of successful treachery. The 'enormous lying' about Austrian cruelties, the repetition of which in a hundred journals too probably encourages the Italians in their own undenied atrocities, will by and by be understood everywhere; and close to him, wherever he may be found, and everywhere around him, a reaction and a reckoning will begin. His dangers will be many. France professes to view the annexation of Lombardy to his dominions with serious disapprobation; it certainly formed no part of the schemes of the revolutionary clubs in Paris that Charles-Albert should reign over a powerful kingdom in Italy, nor will any French Government venture to permit it unless some offering is made to national vanity and ambition. The Duchy of Savoy and the county of Nice, M. Lamartine informs us, were destined by the immutable laws of nature to form a portion of The Republic. Should these be ceded by the king, France might be bribed to consent to his possessing a territory which she is convinced would be to him a source of weakness and not of strength, and which, at any rate, he would but hold during the good pleasure of his overshadowing protectors.

protectors.\* But his greatest difficulties may be nearest home; and when endeavouring to conciliate the claims of his different capitals and their arrogant inhabitants, trying to satisfy the appetite of greedy patriots and to countermine the endless plots of unscrupulous republicans, we fancy he will regret the delusions of his ambition, and perhaps feel some inclination to abdicate an authority that he may foresee will not long be left in his power to wield. The war has been waged at his own expense; he has neither been assisted by the money nor the troops of the provinces he came to support; nothing has been done to gratify his vanity or to testify confidence in his intentions. The annexation of Lombardy with Piedmont was not adopted till it was obvious that no other course was open; and he cannot forget that the union with Austria was voted in 1814 with far greater unanimity and enthusiasm. We think it not improbable that some compromise will be attempted—by which no one will be satisfied—and no one bound beyond the limits of mere convenience. Before a permanent and satisfactory settlement takes place, we fear much time must elapse and much suffering be endured. The policy of Italy has been proverbially dark and tortuous; her modern republicans are not more scrupulous than their ancestors, and we hardly expect from them a better result. We deeply deplore the prospect. We are not of that class of speculators who can calmly sacrifice the happiness of one generation to the problematical advantage of that which is to succeed. That the ferment now convulsing the Peninsula will ultimately produce good all the analogy of history, as illustrating the moral government of Providence, justifies us in hoping; but how it is to work, whether as a chastisement or as a regeneration, we cannot tell—our fears are stronger than our hopes. The process—be it what it may—will, we fear, involve much misery to a people who, with all their faults, have many amiable and attractive qualities; nor is our philanthropy sufficiently stern to look forward with calmness to remote good through the vista of heavy and imminent calamity.

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\* Buonaparte thus addresses the accredited agent of the French Republic to that of Venice in a letter dated 1797: 'Jamais la république Française n'adopte pour principe de faire la guerre pour les autres peuples. Je sais bien qu'il n'en coûte rien à une poignée de bavards, que je caractériserais bien en les appelant fous, de vouloir la république universelle. Je voudrais que ces messieurs vinssent faire une campagne d'hiver.' We would recommend this explicit declaration to the careful study of the King of Sardinia, his cabinet, and his allies or subjects in the Milanese states.

- ART. X.—1. *Revue Rétrospective, ou Archives Secrètes du dernier Gouvernement.* No. 1—13. Paris. 1848.
2. *De la Dictature de Paris sur la France.* Par Le Baron Gustave de Romand. Londres. 1848.
3. *Libertas Gallica, or Thoughts on the French Republic.* By Manlius.
4. *Correspondence relating to the Marriages of the Queen and Infanta of Spain.* Presented to Parliament. 1847.
5. *The Navigation Laws: Three Letters to Lord John Russell, showing the Justice, Necessity, and Economy of Protection to British Shipping.*
6. *Germany Unmasked: or Facts and Circumstances explanatory of her real Views in seeking to wrest Schleswig from Denmark.* London. 1848.

IT would be an idle and dangerous self-deception to endeavour to persuade ourselves that the last French Revolution, which, from a variety of concurrent accidents, has found such an unexpected echo in the rest of Europe, has not also had a considerable degree of mischievous influence in this kingdom. We had already abundant elements of anxiety and alarm—Repealers, Chartists, and Radicals—O’Connells, O’Connors, and Cobdens—a House of Commons possessing less public respect or confidence than any we had yet seen—a Cabinet weak and irresolute between its own sense of duty and the innovating influences of its motley partisans—and no opposition!—or worse than none; for the Conservative party, that might have been abundantly capable of counteracting and correcting the disorganizing tendencies of the Whigs, is itself so disorganized by apostacies, jealousies, disgusts, and the almost despair of good faith, principle, or honour in public men, that it—the only solid basis of government in this country—seems rather an addition than an antidote to the danger. On this very uncomfortable state of things burst forth the French Revolution, taking precisely the direction of all the tendencies that had already excited our anxiety at home; and creating, at first sight, a very general extension of the existing alarm; but we have not yet seen any reason to change the hopeful opinion which we very soon began to form, and which we conveyed to our readers in our last number, that the grand experiment of republican government which France had again, in spite of all her former failures, undertaken to make, would prove—with more practical force than the arguments of even a Burke or a Pitt, if we had such giants in these days—the infinite superiority of our old English Constitution for every purpose of good government.

Upon the progress of the French experiment, therefore, it behoves

hoves us to keep a watchful eye, and particularly on those points in which that revolution professed to remedy abuses and evils analogous to those which are complained of by the disaffected here. It will be seen, by the evidence of the revolutionists themselves, that it was made by a small, and, but for the results, contemptible *clique*, on pretences either utterly futile or false;—that the grievances complained of have been reproduced by the Republic in even more oppressive forms; and that, after a four months' crisis of injustice, confusion, and distress—which, to use the reluctant admission of one of their partisans, has made 'their revolution the derision of mankind'—they seem farther than ever from any safe and stable system—moral, social, or political.

The *Revue Rétrospective*, which stands at the head of our list, professes to exhibit selections of papers belonging to King Louis-Philippe and his ministers, left behind them in the unexpected precipitancy of their flight: the character of the editor—M. Taschereau, an old republican and a member of the New Assembly—and the tenor of his notes and comments, sufficiently show that the main design of this publication was to expose the secret delinquencies of the late Government; and if it has failed to do so, we may fairly assume that there was no very serious delinquency to expose; indeed, we think our readers will very soon be of opinion that the publication, whatever damage it may do to the Government which has prompted it, has done the very reverse to that which it was designed to injure.\*

One of the prodigies by which the Parisian Journals endeavoured to glorify *this* revolution was the scrupulous integrity of the populace, who, after the sack of the Tuileries, not only committed no depredations, but, in the one or two cases in which some kind of larceny was attempted, inflicted summary justice on the delinquents. The same praise had been with audacious mendacity bestowed on the captors of the Tuileries on the 10th of August, 1792; but on the late occasion we did give it some credence—not that we suspected that the morals of a Parisian mob had been essentially changed, but that, as there had been little or no opposition—as the palace had been left in the hands of the National Guard—and as the insurrection had been conducted by men invested on the instant with the government of their country—we easily believed that there might have been no pillage. A part of

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\* Is it through bad faith or mere ignorance that the Editor has given, as found amongst M. Guizot's papers, a letter from Louis Philippe to Bishop Watson in 1804, which has been often published, and especially by Sarans in his work on 'Louis Philippe and the Counter-revolution of 1830' (vol. i. p. 94), printed in Paris in 1852? See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lii. p. 666.

the truth has, however, transpired. *When rogues fall out, honest men do not always, as we shall see, come by their own goods; but the rogues at least exhibit their own characters.* From amongst several police reports, showing that there were many important robberies committed at the palace, we select one exemplary case. On the 6th of May there were brought before the magistrates four individuals—two '*ouvriers*,' shoemakers, and two shopkeepers, a *marchand de vaisselle*, and a *marchand de vin*—one of the first charged with having stolen sundry diamonds and other jewels from the Tuileries on the 24th of February, the others with being his accomplices. The principal, one Boutron, dignified with the honourable surname of *le Parisien*, had broken open a press in the palace, and there found several magnificent ornaments of diamonds and pearls, which were proved to have belonged to the Duchess of Orleans. The parties quarrelled about the division of the spoil, and the two *marchands* had exercised their superior intelligence in cheating the two *ouvriers*. Some of the details are instructive. The *marchand de vaisselle*, when asked what might be the value of the articles, replied—'To a thief, only 2000 francs; but to me they may be worth about 50,000.' When *le Parisien* was reproached with the robbery, he answered, with great *naïveté*, '*Bah! tiens! J'ai fait comme les autres.*' And when some surprise was expressed that the *marchand de vaisselle*—'*lui un pensionné de l'état!*'—should have compromised his character by such an affair, he answered, '*Bah! bah! en tems de révolution on ne craint rien.*' To this specimen of revolutionary honesty we are tempted to add a proof of the sagacity of those heroes of the republic. It was proved that the two *ouvriers*, previous to their quarrel about the jewels, had had a violent dispute as to the most desirable result of the great popular victory—one declaring *pour la République!*—and the other *pour la Nation!*

We have little doubt that hundreds of similar instances of integrity and intelligence could be produced of the *peuple généreux autant que brave*; but we confess we had not expected the very early—especially the voluntary—exposition of something very like the same laxity of principle in higher quarters. The editor of the *Revue Rétrospective* avows that his documents are derived from a bundle of papers carried off during the conflict from the residence of M. Guizot's private secretary, and two portfolios of the King's found in the Tuileries. No details are given, either as to the mode by which the papers were abstracted or the authority by which they are now published. The republican journals give obscure and conflicting statements as to the mode in which they were lost and found. There is some mystery on

on that point,\* but it seems certain that they are now in the hands of the Government, and must have been published with its sanction, and, in some instances at least, for its own party purposes.

Every reader of newspapers recollects that, when the elections for the National Guards were about to take place, the celebrated *émeutier*, Blanqui, was a candidate for the Colonelcy of one of the legions. In the great ultra-republican demonstration of the 17th of March last Blanqui bore a principal part; the Government, alarmed at his power, had entered into some kind of negotiation for pacifying and conciliating him; and after several *pourparlers*—evidently meant to gain time—the 22nd of March was appointed for an interview between him and M. Lamartine. But, lo! on that very morning the first number of the *Revue Rétrospective* appeared, containing, in a larger type and more ostentatious form than its other parts, a document purporting to be a '*délation*' made by Blanqui some years before, to the Préfet de Police, of the names and proceedings of his fellow-conspirators—the publication of which, it was presumed, would effectually extinguish Blanqui's popularity. Blanqui, on his part, utterly denied the document, bringing many facts and dates to show that it was a false and calumnious libel, concocted and published by the Provisional Government, as the easiest and cheapest way of getting rid of him. On this point of the controversy we need only express our conviction that the document is in all respects authentic, and that Blanqui was only a new exemplification of Johnson's definition of a *patriot*. But we are equally convinced that the Government produced the paper at that time, for the low purpose of ruining an associate to whom they were at the moment testifying an hypocritical friendship. In this they failed; for a true democratic party grows still more attached to its leader the dirtier he turns out to be. *Similis simili guadet*. We do not here dispute the right of the Government to make use of Blanqui's deposition, if they had found it in the official archives. The right was clear, though the motive might be mean; but we adduce the fact to prove the connection of the Government with the *Revue* and to question the morality and honour of publishing a series of strictly private and confidential papers, particularly if obtained by either treachery or pillage. We can discover no more right in any member of the Provisional Government to appropriate, either for his own party purposes or for the profit

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\* We have some reason to suspect that the portfolios were concealed in a press or *casse* in the palace, the secret of which was betrayed by a faithless servant. This is another of the wonderful coincidences between the 24th February, 1848, and the 10th August, 1792, when it will be remembered the celebrated *armoire de fer*, containing the king's secret papers, was discovered to the new republican ministers by the treachery of one Gamain, who had been employed in its construction.



of a literary friend, the late Duke of Orleans' private letters, than Boutron, *le Parisien*, had to the Duchess of Orleans' necklace;—the one gave the stolen goods to the *Revue Rétrospective*, the other parted with the necklace to the *marchand de vaisselle*. But Boutron was sentenced to six months' hard labour, and the other hailed as one of the five sovereigns of France.

'Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato,—

*Ille crucem prætium sceleris tulit—hic diadema.'*

We make these observations for the sake of public morality and historical truth; but as to the contents of the publication, as far as it has gone, we see little beyond the principle and the motive to complain of. Many of the pieces are trivial, others of a very temporary interest, but some are valuable as historical documents, and the whole is amusing.

The most remarkable feature of these unexpected revelations is, that the King, the Royal Family, and the ex-Ministers have little to regret, and a good deal to be proud of. We have not room or time for any detailed examination of the work; and indeed our newspapers produce, as the numbers appear, the most interesting articles.\* We need, therefore, only take a very summary notice of a few of them, which throw light on the character of the King and some of the personages and events of the late revolution.

The affair of the Spanish marriages is completely cleared up—and that to the credit of all the parties to the transactions—except Lord Palmerston. A series of private confidential notes from the King to M. Guizot express the utmost anxiety on his Majesty's part to follow exactly the engagements that had been made with our Government on that subject. The French Minister at Madrid, M. Bresson, had been induced (by some intrigues, it seems, of Queen Christina) to drop some loose expressions favourable to the simultaneity of the marriages. The King's good faith took alarm at this, and he insisted that Bresson should be formally disavowed and rebuked.

'*Neuilly, 20th July, 1846, half-past 11 A.M.*—My astonishment is so much the greater that Bresson should have thus compromised himself with respect to the *simultaneousness of the two marriages*, from the fact that he knew it to be diametrically contrary to my wishes as well as to those of the Duke of Montpensier and the whole of my family, and that he himself confesses that he was not authorized to do it by you. . . . The result however is that a *formal disavowal* is

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\* A few letters, of a private and almost domestic character, between the King and our Queen are given. They are of little importance, but it will be denied by nobody that her Majesty's letters, three in number, are graceful, amiable, and intelligent. It is said that they were thrown out of the window of the palace, and picked up in a very soiled state in the *Rue de Rivoli*.<sup>21</sup>

*indispensable*. How it is to be done is the only question to be examined; but I have not deceived any one, and I will not, at this time of day, allow any one to be deceived in my name. To make the disavowal promptly and clearly is the best mode to palliate the embarrassments to which this sad indiscretion cannot fail to give rise.'

There are four or five other letters in the same style of earnest sincerity. The last of them was a long answer to a letter from M. Guizot to the King, in which the Minister had happened to mention in the same line 'the marriages of the Duke of Cadiz' (the Queen's intended husband) 'and the Duke of Montpensier.' The King, after he had written his answer, observed this conjunction of names, and adds this postscript:—

'P.S.—I entreat (*conjure*) you in your letters to Bresson not to allow your pen to couple the names of *Cadiz* and *Montpensier*—that conjunction (*accolade*) smells too strong of *simultaneity*—and is very disagreeable to my family and is equally so to me.'

The prudent and conciliatory views of the British Government, to which Louis Philippe was anxious to adhere, were made public by some papers laid before Parliament at the opening of last Session. The dispatches of Lord Aberdeen are everything that they ought to be—liberal and dignified on the part of England, kind and respectful with regard to Spain, candid and amicable towards France; and in his hands the affair would have no doubt proceeded as originally arranged—but unfortunately—unfortunately for those, and we fear for other even more important concerns—Lord Palmerston returned to the Foreign Office, and he, on the 19th of July 1846, sent Mr. Bulwer instructions, which not only indicated a total departure from the arrangement already accepted by Lord Aberdeen, by placing as a candidate for the Queen's hand a prince of the House of Coburg before the Spanish princes—but proceeded to criticise, censure, and rebuke the Spanish Cabinet in terms so harsh and haughty as no independent Government could tolerate. This intemperate paper changed the whole face of the affair—it filled the Spanish Court with equal alarm and indignation, and Louis-Philippe calls it, in one of his notes to M. Guizot, 'an astounding and detestable dispatch.' The *extract* of this dispatch laid before Parliament, with those of Lord Aberdeen's before mentioned, fully accounts for the feelings of both the Spanish and French Courts; but if it be true—as we have heard—that it contained also some still more personally offensive imputations on the Spanish ministers, we can easily forgive Louis-Philippe for believing that 'Lord Palmerston had laid a train for the complete *bouleversement* of Spain,' and for having yielded his own original wish to delay the Montpensier marriage to the urgent alarm

alarm of the Queen Mother and the Ministry of Spain, who saw in the immediate completion of the double marriage their only guarantee against the hostile designs of the English Secretary. It would be foreign from our present purpose to follow this quarrel between Lord Palmerston and the Spanish Cabinet to its recent dénouement by the expulsion of Mr. Bulwer, but we regret to say that it is but too clear that this event was the result not of momentary impressions alone, but of a long course of offensive and, in other respects also, highly impolitic conduct of Lord Palmerston and his too-willing agent.

As to King Louis-Philippe, this correspondence, so evidently impromptu and confidential, is—like all the other papers published in the *Revue*, we think, without exception—highly creditable to the King. Everything that in any way expresses his private feelings is amiable and honourable; his communications with his ministers, of which there are a variety of specimens, seem to have been frank, cordial, and kind, and not more authoritative than the strictest constitutional principle would allow—in fact, he himself was little more than a Minister, as it were, ready to discuss with his colleagues all debatable questions; and it is clear that he carried into the council as honest intentions, and, in general, as sound a judgment, as any he found there. We find, in some ignorant or malicious pamphlets that affect to justify the French Revolution, such assertions as these :—

‘I speak advisedly when I state that . . . strange as it may appear that a man of M. Guizot’s ability and literary reputation should condescend to such a degradation, it has been all along understood that the Prime Minister of France was not a responsible [meaning independent] agent, governing for the good of both king and people, but, as it were, an *unreasoning tool* in the hands of a *despotic master*.’

The *Revue Rétrospective* destroys this calumny, and the King’s correspondence with his ministers shows, not merely his Majesty’s good faith and great abilities, but as fair a balance of the Royal and ministerial authority as, we think, could have been reasonably expected under the circumstances of the country. Was one of the best heads in France to have no share in her government only because he happened to be King?

The large sums which his Majesty was supposed to have placed in foreign funds was no doubt a great object of curiosity with the possessors of his portfolios; but all that is produced is an account showing that he had possessed in America about 55,000 dollars, which, all the proceeds being re-invested, had increased in 1847 to 72,600 dollars 5 per cents.—that is, about 18,000*l.*, producing 900*l.* a-year. There is no trace in these papers of any English funds; but we have heard and believe the truth

truth to be that all the King possesses out of France is a sum of about 10,000*l.* in the British funds, yielding about 300*l.* a-year; and the Queen has, it is said, about 500*l.* a-year in the Austrian funds—a legacy from an aunt, one of the archduchesses. And to these three small and accidental resources is reduced all that malevolence has said of the avaricious accumulations of the King.

Though we are on this occasion looking at these papers chiefly in the relation they may seem to bear to the late Revolution, we cannot resist producing an extract of a letter of extraordinary good sense and spirit from the late Duke of Orleans, while on a tour in the south of France in the year 1839, to his father, which gives indications of a character that, if he had lived to these days, might have saved his dynasty. We must premise that at the time of this tour there was considerable anxiety as to how the Prince was likely to be received by the *legitimist* south, and particularly at Bordeaux, where he was apprised that his appearance would be unpopular, and whence he might even receive a remonstrance against his visit. Trade was at the moment much depressed, and there was pending before the Cabinet a question of a certain *dégrèvement*, or remission of duties, in which Bordeaux was peculiarly interested; and the Prince deprecates its being solved in favour of Bordeaux while he is on his tour, lest it should be misconstrued into a concession made for his sake:—

‘Amboise, Aug 12, 1839.

‘As to continuing my tour to Bordeaux—I am in for it, and no petition, no agitation, no demonstration, shall prevent my visiting a French city when once my intention has been announced. There would be a kind of cowardice in omitting a town because it happens to be in a depressed state—to evade visiting and examining face to face sufferings which my absence would not cure. My visit to Bordeaux, therefore, admits, I think, of no question, even though appearances should be worse than they are. As to the decision of the Government [on the remission question], if I may venture an opinion on a matter in which I am now personally implicated and interested, it would be that the remission which is asked should at least not be conceded before nor during my visit in Bordeaux. I will not consent to open the gates of Bordeaux by a key that should close against me the gates of Lille. I will not be acceptable in one place at the risk of being unacceptable in another. I will, therefore, not willingly be a party to any solution of the question that might seem dictated by a wish to secure myself a more favourable reception.’—p. 76.

The whole letter (embracing several topics) is marked with a similar character of modesty, firmness, and good sense.

Another letter, from the Princess Clementine to her brother the Prince de Joinville, then a midshipman in the *Levant*, is said to have been thrown, with other papers, out of the windows

of the Tuileries, and has been published in one of the Paris journals (not in the *Revue Rétrospective*). Of this also, though it has been reprinted in some English papers, we must give an extract, because it is in itself worth preserving, and has recently acquired a new interest by the reappearance of Barbès in the political storm:—

‘ Neuilly, July 18, 1839.

‘ I shall commence, my dear Hadjy,\* by giving you a detailed account of the last few days; they have been rich in events. The trial is progressing; the irritation of the Republican party increasing; according to the accounts of the police, each day threatening to carry off the little ones.† It was decided they should be placed in the college. They were lodged in the house of the principal, M. de Wailly—so no sleep for him. All kinds of precautions were taken; sentinels placed all round; an extreme surveillance. The first night of their being there a fire broke out, which kept every one on foot. In this manner the night passed. They thus remained six days under lock and key, amusing themselves with the pupils, eating, drinking, firing petards. In the mean time, at Neuilly, anxiety was becoming more and more intense. Duchatel [Minister of the Interior] looked gloomy, fearing it might end in a collision. The Republican societies of the *Saisons* and *Montagnards* were *en permanence*; the horses to the King’s carriage ready to transport him to Paris at a moment’s notice. On the evening of the 12th the sentence [on the conspirators of the 12th of May] was pronounced; there was no outbreak. The peers separated in perfect tranquillity.

‘ The morning after, a Council was held to deliberate upon Barbès’ execution. My father’s voice, as well as Chartres’ and mine—indeed of all the family—was for the commutation. I have a horror of the scaffold—above all, of the political scaffold: far from appeasing through fear, it irritates and exasperates parties. Still many were for the execution. The first Council decided nothing. At one o’clock it was announced that a strong column, amounting to 700 or 800 young men from the schools of law and medicine, had marched to the Place Vendôme to demand of the *Garde des Sceaux* that mercy should be extended to Barbès. Their leader spoke to Dariule, and told him that he could answer for those gentlemen that they would do nothing without orders, and that they would now retire, which they did in effect. In the mean while another column, the greater portion composed of workmen, carrying a flag, inscribed on which was a petition for the abolition of capital punishment, was moving towards the Chamber of Deputies. A charge of cavalry sufficed to disperse them. Then came word that the mob was on the road to Neuilly. Instantly *Le Beau* [the King] gave his orders. Rumigny‡ turned out in uniform—gates all shut, squadron of horse mounted, arms distributed at the dif-

\* She calls him *Hadjy*, we suppose, as being on a *pilgrimage* to the East.

† The two youngest brothers, Aumale and Montpensier, whom Louis Philippe had just sent to a public school.

‡ General Rumigny, aide-de-camp to the King, now with him in England.

ferent posts, and nothing occurred. The whole day passed *en fidget*. Every one out. Rumigny and Chartres smoking cigars before my father's window, without his even remarking it. The King had seen the Chancellor, Soult, and several peers; all unwilling to pronounce any decision. In the evening another Council—Soult [President of the Council] and Dufaure [Minister of Public Works] were of my father's opinion. Nothing yet determined on. The morning after, 14th July, after a long and stormy Council, my father, contrary to the unanimous advice of the ministers, in the exercise of his constitutional right, commuted Barbès' punishment. (I forgot to tell you that the preceding evening he had received Barbès' family, consisting of his sister, brother-in-law, and cousin.) As the ministers still insisted, the King finished the debate by saying, "I will not do it. How could this hand, that yesterday pressed the hand of Barbès' sister, and was covered with her tears—how could it this day sign the sentence of her brother's death?" There was no answer to this.

'All this time Barbès' cousin, a young man with the pale face of the south, and long hair, was waiting the decision. Liadières\* was sent to announce it to him; he believed it would have been unfavourable. He became almost mad with joy, pressing the hand of Liadières, weeping, crying out "*How good the King is! his life is safe—assure him of our gratitude—we shall all come to thank him to-morrow.*" They have not come. The day passed off tranquilly, and since then Paris has been perfectly calm. When his commutation was announced to Barbès, who had up to that moment shown much *sang froid* and religion, reading nothing but the "*Manuel du Chrétien*," he said "*Louis Philippe spares my life, and I am grateful for it. Now my political rôle is over; I have had enough of it.*"

'The commutation has been exclaimed against; but criticisms and complaints will quickly pass away, while the good effect will remain,—the political scaffold† will not have been erected since the Revolution of July.'

This is a curious historical document. We have in these *at-troupemens* of students and *ouvriers* a forecast of what was accomplished nine years later; and, seeing as we now do, the force and extent of the conspiracy of which they were the result, we only wonder how the King and M. Guizot (who came into office in the next year) were so long able to avert the outbreak. The letter is also in other respects remarkable. The Princess was then only seventeen; and however startled her delicacy may be at seeing her confidential *épanchemens* to her brother so unexpectedly published, she has no reason to regret it—it does honour to her head and her heart, as well as to the humanity of the King; and indeed we must

\* One of the king's *Officiers d'ordonnance*.

† She means in contradistinction to executions for attempts to *assassinate*—for Fieschi, Pepin, Morey, and others, had been guillotined; but surely Barbès was really guilty of murder (though not of assassination), by his absurd and bloody insurrection.

say that everything that appears is creditable to the personal character of the whole Royal Family. We shall not be suspected of too much political partiality to the Dynasty of the Barricades, but we must honestly confess our belief that France, which has expelled that family, has not retained another so generally amiable, clever, accomplished, and exemplary in all religious, moral, domestic, and social duties. There may be amongst them exceptions of detail, and there must be *degrees* of merit—but taken altogether it certainly exhibits a remarkable combination of good qualities which we are not surprised to find that the successors of *Barras* in the Luxembourg find it more convenient to exile than to imitate.

Of the accounts of pensions or gratifications paid out of the secret-service funds (which are given for nearly the whole of M. Guizot's ministry), and of a dozen or two of letters of solicitation and flattery, we shall only say that we are surprised to find them so moderate and so few. They are far from showing anything like a spirit of corruption in the administration; the worst cases can do little more than excite a smile at the unlucky solicitors. The Republican conspirators, who for 18 years have had a predominant influence in the French press, have succeeded, we are sorry to say, in creating a pretty general opinion that the government of Louis Philippe was peculiarly corrupt; and the scandalous affairs of Gisquet, Teste, Cubières, and some others, came, unluckily, in aid of those denunciations. Now, we believe that it could be easily shown that the greater and the worst part of this corruption (much exaggerated, we believe, in the opposition press) arose out of that laxity of all principle which has marked the whole course of the French Revolution; which was sometimes checked, but more frequently connived at, under the despotism of Buonaparte; and honourably—though often ineffectually—resisted during the Restoration by such men as the Dukes of Richelieu and Broglie, MM. Laisné, Châteaubriand, and Villele; but it received from the Revolution of 1830 a new impetus—which MM. Casimir Périer, Molé, and Guizot, and the King himself, zealously endeavoured, but in vain, to master—and they successively fell—chiefly, we believe, by attempting to govern a demoralized and turbulent state of society by moral and legal authority. But let us confess at once that experience, as well as general induction, proves that it is the inevitable price that must be paid for the overbalancing advantages of a *representative* Government, that the minister who has to reconcile and combine the discordant tendencies of the executive and legislative powers by *managing* the representative body must be necessarily subjected to constant solicitation, and

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forced to frequent, often painful, and generally reluctant compliances; and we have no doubt that if another successful *émeute* were to put the public in possession of the portefeuilles of M. Lamartine, we might have a ten times more copious and curious assortment of delicate articles than has been gleaned from M. Guizot's. Nay, we more than suspect that, if Downing-street had been pillaged by the Chartists on the 10th of April, it would have been found not much more immaculate than the Tuileries. We should like to see the communications of Mr. O' or Mr. Mac, Colonel *This* or Dr. *That* to even a Whig Secretary of the Treasury on the eve of some pinching question. What a raree-show of patriotism it would be if we should ever obtain an insight into all the consequences of the celebrated compact at Lichfield House!

The revelations of the *Revue Rétrospective* will give pain to the dozen (most of them obscure or insignificant) individuals whose vanity, cupidity, or poverty they expose; but no case whatsoever is made out against the general administration of Louis Philippe. To show indeed more strongly how little of the blame of such transactions in what we call constitutional Governments can belong to the executive ministers—the victims really, and not the offenders—we need only remind our readers that one of the very first regulations proposed in the new National Assembly was to prohibit the members—who, be it noted, had already secured individually a net pay of 25 francs per diem—from ‘soliciting for themselves or others any favour from the Government.’ The proposition, though received with considerable ‘*hilarité*,’ was gravely referred to a committee, and finally passed with becoming solemnity, and is now at once a standing order of the House and a standing joke with all the rest of the world; nay, indeed, one of the gravest republican journals has had the irreverence to call it a ‘*bon billet de la Châtre*’—Ninon's celebrated periphrasis for an impudent deception.

We have quite as little faith as the journalists in these *billets à la Châtre*, and we believe there is no point in which the new members will more accurately represent their constituents than in *place-hunting*. The Revolution that has abolished every other species of *chasse* has developed that in a most extraordinary degree. Before the Republic was nine days old, the organ of the new Government—if we might not rather call it the Government itself—the *National* of the 5th of March complains that—

‘*La Curée*—the greedy struggle for a share of the spoils—goes on, and has become one of the embarrassments and even dangers of the Republic. The Members of the Government, instead of being allowed leisure to perform the various duties imposed upon them, find themselves invaded by *crowds of parasites and intriguers* that encumber their  
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their ante-chambers and interrupt their business. Is it surprising that, hunted and harassed by these *insatiable hordes* of solicitors, the Provisional Government should have made some mistaken appointments ?'

This picture is no doubt a true one ; but the real motive of the complaint was that the Government, and the *National*, and ' *the insatiable horde* ' of their own families, friends, and followers, having already seized on so extravagant a proportion of the spoil, were alarmed and enraged at the crowd of hungry interlopers that came clamouring for a fairer distribution of the *curée*. Our knowledge of such arcana must naturally be very limited and imperfect ; but we have made some inquiries, and are really astonished at the '*favouritism*—the *nepotism*,'—the corruption, in short, that may be traced through all (without exception, as far as we have been able to unravel them) of the appointments of the Provisional Government. Our readers will be, we think, surprised at the following evidence of the public greediness for place, and of a republican minister's mode of dealing with it. The *Monteur Universel* of the 27th of May contains the following official notice :—

' The Minister of Public Instruction receives every day so enormous a quantity of letters, petitions, solicitations for money, specimens of prose, poetry, and music, that the mere acknowledging the reception of those letters would occupy the time and strength of the whole office ; for instance, for a dozen of places which may become vacant by changes and *reductions* in one of the four public libraries in Paris, there are above 300 applications. The Minister cannot answer these applicants ; it is enough to apprise them through this channel that they are all read and duly registered,' &c.

This advertisement, in addition to the proof of the deluge of popular solicitation, exhibits another remarkable feature. It was not till the proclamation of the democratic Republic and of universal suffrage had invested each individual Frenchman with an indisputable share of the national sovereignty, that any minister, since the Terror and the Despotism, had ever ventured to play the Turkish bashaw to the extent of absolving himself from the courtesy and the duty of at least acknowledging the letters of applicants, and particularly of persons of education and social respectability. We know not how Robespierre, old Carnot, Fouché, Savary, &c. may have acted in such cases, but we think we may say that no minister of any of the Bourbon Governments ever dreamed of such insolence, even to the humblest literary labourers. Who, then, is this autocrat, who, like Napoleon, has changed the republic of letters into a despotism *à la Turquie* ? Why, no other than that self-same egregious Minister of PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, Citizen CARNOT, who had just before signed that

that memorable circular which apprised the constituencies of the Republic that 'the greatest mistake that could be made was to suppose that the want of either property or education (!) was any kind of objection to a legislator !' If we were not dealing with this chief of the new order of *Ignorantins*,\* we should like to ask how it happens that in the neology of the Republic the 'reduction' of a dozen places should mean such an increase of patronage as to subject him to 300 applications in one of the thousand establishments placed under his enlightened administration, and to reduce him to the necessity of answering his correspondents through a channel that it seems never better deserved its title of '*Moniteur Universel*.'

This may at first sight seem a small affair—but *ex pede Herculem*—we may calculate from this footmark the gigantic dimensions of the corrupt servility on the one hand, and insolent despotism on the other, which already distinguish and are likely very soon to destroy the new republic. Hungry workmen, ambitious journalists, and starving artists will not long be satisfied with a *renvoi au Moniteur* from the supercilious *Ignorantin* whom they themselves so recently raised to office, especially when in the same *Moniteur*, and almost under the same date, they will find that this same Carnot, who has not time to answer their letters, has been diligent enough in procuring his *brother* a lucrative appointment in Paris, and for his *cousin*, an old half-pay soldier, one of the highest *civil* offices in the state—the prefecture of the department of the Doubs.†

It would be uncandid and unreasonable to complain of the natural disposition of all ministers under all forms of government to favour their personal or political friends. Party connexions *must* be cultivated in a representative Government, and the brother or the cousin of a minister or a member may be quite as fit as any other candidate; but what may be justly complained of is, when pretended patriots—puritans in opposition, profligates in power—are found abusing, to the most scandalous excess, that very patronage, the moderate and necessary exercise of which they reprobated as crimes in their predecessors. We have thought it right to draw the attention of our readers to these practical illustrations of the boasted purity and integrity of republican governments, but we regret to say that the inferences and considerations which they suggest are almost as applicable to England as to

\* Some of our readers may not be aware that there was, under the old régime, an order of Friars specially intrusted with *public instruction*, who were seriously called '*Frères Ignorantins*.' We did not expect their revival in the cabinet of the Republic.

† In the cursory glance that we have had of the names that appear to have had the largest share of the *curtè* we find those of the members of the Provisional Government prominent,—*four Aragoes, three Marrasts, —Blancs, Maries, Flocons, &c.*

France. We do not complain that a Whig ministry should prefer Whig followers, but we have a right to require that these should be of respectable character and adequate abilities. Has it been so?

But we must now return to the *Revue Rétrospective*, where we find two other papers to which recent events have given additional interest.

The first is a secret report dated 21st of January last—only a month before the revolution—made to M. Guizot of a conversation of M. Thiers with one of his intimate friends:—

‘M. Thiers said—The country is making giant strides to a catastrophe which will break out either before the King’s death, if he should have a long old age, or soon after. There will be a civil war, a revision of the charter, and *perhaps some change of persons in the highest station*. The country will not bear a regency [that is the regency of M. de Nemours], unless something *great* be done to renovate the national spirit. *Louis-Philippe has founded nothing*. He will leave his family a hard task to hold its ground. If Napoleon II. were still alive, he would supersede the present King. For my part I am disgusted with everything, and want (*ne veux*) nothing. Europe will again find France in her way. Till the King’s death nothing can be done. Guizot must remain: but we must prevent his carrying out his approximation to the continental powers. We must force our foreign policy upon him by frightening him with the indignation of the Chamber and the country. With this object I shall ascend the tribune, and oppose him to the utmost on the questions both of Italy and Switzerland.’

We can have no doubt of the substantial and almost literal accuracy of this report, and it seems to raise grave suspicions that M. Thiers was not entirely ignorant of the republican conspiracy that was brewing. Everybody now knows, as M. Thiers seems to have known, that the design of that conspiracy was, to wait for the King’s death; but thus apprised of the ultimate danger, and foreseeing the possibility of a still earlier attempt, what can be said in excuse for the factious conduct of M. Thiers and the other dynastics in risking the Banquet movement, which it was easy to foresee might, or indeed must, accelerate the convulsion? If the King ‘*founded nothing*,’ was that *his* fault only? On the accession of the new dynasty, M. Thiers, then a mere journalist, was immediately elevated into the Council of State—he had for a time the chief responsibility of the finance department—he was subsequently a Cabinet Minister—in three administrations of the Interior, and in two others of Foreign Affairs—and twice *Prime Minister*: how was it that in these great stations *he* ‘*founded nothing*’? We do not blame M. Thiers for this failure. We believe that there was nothing to be founded.—We could never have expected that, unless the whole nation had embraced a conviction of the inherent mischief of the French law of inheritance,  
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any minister would dare to touch that question; and—this question being *de facto* unapproachable—that France wanted nothing which mere legislation could give her. What she wanted, and might have been expected to gain, was steadiness—moderation—stability—a higher standard of morals and a lower pulse of political agitation; and we think we may safely ask who did most to countenance these ameliorations of the national character—the King or M. Thiers? We are by no means hostile to M. Thiers, nor do we forget his official services—his firmness in the *émeute* of June, 1832, and the *attentat* of July, 1836—his bold advocacy of the laws of September—nor his efforts to preserve the hereditary peerage; but we think it highly unfair that he should reproach the King with having ‘*founded nothing*,’ when he himself is so strong a witness of the difficulties which defeated the strenuous efforts of the King and of himself and of all other ministers to give stability to the monarchy. Nor can we so easily forgive him for having out of office talked so giddily of *renovating the national spirit*, that is, embarking France in the perilous lottery of war—for endeavouring to increase and accumulate difficulties of the same kind on succeeding administrations, and for having thus accelerated the catastrophe which he seems to have foreseen. We shall see presently that M. Thiers is beginning to emerge from the democratic flood, and we hail his reappearance with the more satisfaction because there is reason to hope that the terrible lesson of the last four months has not been lost upon him, and that his remarkable talents may—as occasions shall arise—contribute to the re-establishment of something like regularity, honesty, permanence, and legality in the government of his country. •

The other extract relates to M. Lamartine, and is so just a picture of him that we wonder M. Taschereau has ventured to give it. It is a letter to M. Guizot signed ‘*A. Tissot*,’ undated, but evidently written soon after one of those incendiary speeches at Mâcon, by which M. Lamartine, the quondam royalist and legitimist, announced at once his ambition and his apostasy:—

‘*Monsieur le Ministre*,—Is there no limit to the inviolability of deputies? Is it to be borne that M. Lamartine should thus preach sedition and play the demagogue in broad day before an assemblage of two or three thousand spectators, *all more or less in liquor*, and to advance propositions equally silly and subversive of public tranquillity, while the government has no antidote to the redundant *verbiage* with which the politicians of Mâcon are so enchanted? If I were in your place, *M. le Ministre*, the first time the honourable deputy appears in the Chamber I would give him a good dressing for his conduct, which, ridiculously vain as it is, may yet have a mischievous influence on his ignorant audiences. I would suggest to him that he should not show

so much rancour because the King's government had not chosen to enlist in *its* service the devotion which he had formerly professed for the elder branch, by sending him to make incomprehensible *Meditations* on the shores of the Bosphorus. Be assured, sir, that these observations delivered from the tribune by your able voice would find a general echo in the Chamber, and might induce gentlemen to consider how far a deputy should be allowed to harangue crowds out of doors on questions which tend to neither more nor less than the overthrow of all government whatsoever. Your servant,—A. TISSOT.'

We know not who M. Tissot may be, but it is clear that M. Taschereau, with whatever intention he may have published this letter, can have done M. Tissot no injury in the mind of any sober-minded man.

We here close our remarks on the *Revue Rétrospective*, and we have said so much of this publication on account not so much of its intrinsic interest (though it has a good deal) as of the manner and spirit in which it has been produced, and of the remarkable fact that, intended, as it apparently was, to decry the late government, it has not brought to light anything like a ministerial delinquency—hardly a job—nothing that could in the slightest degree either justify the revolution, or afford the most distant prospect that the country can be better or more purely governed under the new *régime*, which—on the contrary—is forced to make up in corruption and violence for its deficiency in all the solid bases of authority.

It seems to us very important to show by every sort of evidence that this revolution, however awful its results may be, was in its motives and in its actors the most ridiculous that ever excited the mingled scorn and terror of mankind. Of the revolution of 1789 there were visible and substantial causes—for that of 1830 plausible pretences—for this of 1848 there were neither. The wantonness, the *impromptu* of the attempt—the haphazard of the events—the accidental audacity of a dozen obscure agitators, the spawn of two printing-offices—the quiet, nay silent resignation with which all the constituted authorities evaporated, and the utter indifference and mechanical exactitude with which, at the word of command, the whole nation went to the *right about*—are things which, having seen with our eyes, we yet can hardly believe. It was assuredly the most *moutonnaire* evolution that any people ever performed, and can, in our opinion, be in no otherwise accounted for than by a combination of terror and indifference produced by the following causes:—1. The '*dictature*' which Paris has been permitted to assume over the rest of France; 2. The '*dictature*' which factious and seditious journalism had assumed over Paris; 3. The devolution on an armed, irresponsible, and independent body—the half-mutinous and half-cowardly National Guard—of the real powers of the state; and, finally, the want in the public mind

mind of that great moral tie—that *prescriptive reverence*—which attaches a people to its institutions, which in England we call loyalty to the Crown and Constitution, and which so many successive revolutions, and especially that of 1830, had extinguished in France, at least as regarded the reigning sovereign. That sovereign deserved a better fate. We lamented the circumstances which forced him, under an awful alternative, to ascend the throne, and we as deeply lament those which have most unjustly and unjustifiably extruded him from it. But there may be yet this consolation in store for him—that the example of his rise and fall may ultimately profit his family, his country, and the world, by teaching mankind that France must look for some more solid basis and regulated action of government than the immediate will and direct impulses of what is called the people—but in truth of audacious factions and desperate adventurers. Nobody who has paid any attention to the circumstances of the case can now pretend that the Revolution was a national or even a popular movement. It was the work, as we have said, of a mere *clique*, in the narrowest and lowest sense of the term. It was the work of the same thirty or forty incendiaries who had kept alive the republican conspiracy ever since the Restoration, and who compose almost exclusively the *personnel* of the new *régime*. That party, though, as we formerly said, formidable for its activity, its inveteracy, and its daring, was not so in numbers, and it appears that, up to the moment of its accidental, and to us still unaccountable, triumph in February last, it had been but little if at all augmented—less indeed than even we, who have paid some attention to the subject, at first believed. It was but the other day in the National Assembly that one of the members, M. de Saint Romme, had the candour and courage to declare—and he was not contradicted—that those whose republicanism was of an earlier date than the 24th of February were a minority of even that Assembly, and insufficient to have carried on the ordinary business of the country. And M. Goudchaux, the first Provisional Minister of Finance, subsequently confessed that the Republic came too soon—that is, that France neither wished nor was prepared for it. Though we have little room for such details, we will give one short instance, in support of this opinion, which the recent change of the President of the Assembly has brought to our notice.

We had forgotten, if ever we knew, more of Citizen *Buchez*, who had the honour of being selected as first President of the National Assembly, than that he was a doctor, who, having no professional business, became the editor of that very dishonest compilation, the '*Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution*,' and we suspected that it was this work which led him to the chair.

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We were mistaken :—we now find that Buchez had been an active conspirator against all governments for thirty years. In 1823 he was tried for his life for the plot of Bédfort, and narrowly escaped, the jury not being able to agree, while many of his accomplices suffered death. He then became the editor of republican periodicals, and was an active organizer of the secret societies into which the republican conspiracy ramified itself. These were his real titles to the chair. Connected with Buchez in those earlier transactions we find the names of MM. Guinard and Flottard, who, when we saw them the other day elevated into the important offices of *Chef de l'Etat Major* of the National Guard, and *Secrétaire Général de la Mairie de Paris*, we erroneously supposed to be more recent acquisitions to the republican party. But, no, they also were veterans of revolt, and became thus entitled to their share of the *curée*. We attach considerable historical importance to this class of circumstances, not at all complaining that the new republic should reward its old friends, but because it proves that the Revolution was not, as at first pretended, an appeal to the country, provoked by the bad faith, corruption, and oppression of Louis Philippe and his ministers, but a continuation of the same conspiracy that had disturbed Louis XVIII., expelled Charles X., and, from the first hour of his reign, forced by their indefatigable treasons Louis Philippe into the very measures of repression for which they now arraign him. It shows, also, that, though the nation has so strangely acquiesced in the republic, the republican cause itself had been wonderfully stationary, and had obtained hardly any accession of note or talents since the days of Charles X., except M. Lamartine, who turned republican because no other party would give him the place that his vanity arrogated, and Louis Blanc, and some other young writers in the *National* and the *Réforme*, who took their colour from the journal by which they subsisted : and in truth the whole revolution was pretty nearly comprised within the circle of these two journals. They, the *conspirateurs*, *émeutiers*, *détenus*, and *proscrits* of the two last reigns, and their counsel, almost all proprietors or *rédacteurs* of journals, were the real founders of the new republic—and they instantly engrossed, without any important exception that we recollect, all the offices of the state. Every day is throwing fresh light on this important fact. We gave in our last number the evidence of an accidental eye-witness of the concoction of the *Provisional Government* in the office of the *Réforme*, even before the old government had been expelled from the Palais Bourbon. We gave it with a little doubt ; we suspected some exaggeration ; we thought it hardly possible that a great nation risen in arms to reclaim its liberty and honour could have

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been so grossly stultified and trampled on. We now find, however, all the particulars we then gave fully confirmed, and others still more wonderful superadded. The *National* has come forward to claim its share in the merit of having created, not merely the Provisional Government, but the republic itself. Some one, it seems, has accused the *National* of having originally designated M. Odillon Barrot as a member of the Provisional Government. This, as no one is now less in favour than the once popular M. Odillon Barrot, it indignantly denies, and thus disproves—we beg that every word may be weighed:—

‘One of our political friends who had assisted at a meeting of citizens where the question of a Provisional Government had been agitated, came to request us to accept a list which had been agreed on, telling us at the same time that he had promised the adherence of the *National*.’

‘The *National*, aware of all the necessities of the crisis, ordered immediately, and without reflection, the publication of this list, composed of *M. Dupont (de l’Eure), Lamartine, Arago, Ledru-Rollin, Garnier-Pagès, Marie, Marrast, Louis Blanc, Flocon*. Some time after M. Louis Blanc came to invite us to add to this list the name of a workman—*M. Albert*. The *National* understood how important and how just this accession would be, and it added the name of M. Albert. While this was already settled in the office of the *National*, they were still debating in the Chamber and in the streets between a regency and a republic. But the *National* would listen to no hesitations, and immediately issued its list, placing before the names mentioned these few but energetic words in large type:—“GOUVERNEMENT PROVISOIRE—A BAS LES BOURBONS—VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE.” This publication was immediately and profusely circulated and placarded throughout Paris; and thus the presses of the *National* were, we assert, the FIRST ORGAN OF THE PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC.’—*National*, May 29, 1848.

To the list thus amicably arranged between the two journals, and in which they took care that they themselves should have the lion’s share, was added the name of M. Crémieux, the Jew advocate, which had been on a list adopted by the mob in the Chamber of Deputies: and thus was this monstrous government imposed—we say, again, by a small clique of journalists—on the astonished country, with the additional humiliation of being forced by their tyrant democracy to celebrate the disgraceful event as the dawn of liberty and the crown of the glory. *Quousque Catilina!*

Can such a system raised on such a foundation prosper? can it even last? We said three months ago that we thought not. Every day has confirmed that original impression; and from all we see and hear we are convinced that there is not one man of common sense in France who seriously believes in the permanence



nence of the species of republic they have adopted. Their constitution is as yet in the workshop, and we will not prejudge the machine till we see it brought into operation; but we cannot imagine how any paper constitution can secure itself against the capricious omnipotence of the sovereign people, whether exercised, as it probably will be, by Paris, or, if it were possible to depose Paris, by the ignorant and suspicious restlessness of the masses throughout the country. Let us see what has already happened. It is not, on the day that we are writing, four months since the republic was established, almost without a blow—absolutely without a dissentient voice; yet mark how often within those four months this unanimous revolution has been in the imminent and alternative dangers of ultra-revolution and counter-revolution, or, in short, some undefined and indescribable change.

The reports in the daily journals of the transactions of the 17th of March, 15th of April, 4th and 15th of May, created successively general surprise and a kind of vague alarm; but, what between bad faith in one class of the Paris journals, and prudence, not to say fear, in another, we have received very imperfect and sometimes very false ideas of those remarkable transactions. We do not pretend to know their secret history; the feuds of the contending parties seem likely to reveal it at no distant period, and a curious and disgraceful history we have no doubt it will turn out to be; but on the face of the affairs there is quite enough to justify our prognostics of the precariousness of all authority in France, and to warn other countries of the danger of such wild experiments.

Each of the days we have mentioned was successively proclaimed 'a glorious day, which had consolidated and cemented the Republic,' but we were not told why it was that the Republic required to be consolidated four times over within three months of its original consolidation, nor how it happened that two of these consolidations were effected on principles and with objects absolutely contradictory and violently antagonist to the other two.

It is worth while, we think, to recall our readers' attention to some characteristic points of these successive epochs of what we should call national folly and infatuation, if we did not hope and really believe that the majority of the French nation look upon them with almost as much wonder and disgust as we do. In order not to be suspected of exaggeration we shall employ, as far as possible, in our summary, the phrases of the republican journals themselves—where we abridge the letter we shall be careful to preserve the spirit. We begin with the first inauguration of the Republic:—

'Feb. 27.—France has to-day witnessed one of the grandest and most

most beautiful *fêtes* that her annals record. . . . [Here a long description of a silly procession of the Provisional Government along the Boulevards hardly so respectable as a *Lord Mayor's Show*.] . . . The people were animated with but one universal sentiment of concord, and a confidence of national grandeur and prosperity, which this time at least will not be disappointed. We may assert with a just pride that the Government, based on this popular force, will be found *the most powerful Government in the world.*

This concord and confidence was nothing but a *voile mensonger*, spread over the dissension that already existed in the infant Government, and the inquietude and alarm of all rational men as to what was to be done with the armed bands of *ouvriers* and *prolétaires*\* who had been called into action, and deprived of their ordinary and honest means of livelihood. These dissensions and fears fermented rapidly—the Movement discovering that a *bourgeoisie* was aristocratic, and insisting on *swamping* and *degrading* the old National Guard, by an overwhelming incorporation of the mob, and by divers offensive alterations in the detail of its equipment and organization. The friends of order wished to protect the National Guard, but were defeated, and the defeat was the more serious, for one of the questions was the election of a new set of officers, which was likely to have a considerable influence in the future elections for the National Assembly. The Government hesitated—but audacity always prevails, and the '*National*' of the 14th of March opened its leading article with the words which, if they had been true, would have been of more permanent importance than Bonaparte's startling *sanfaronnade*, '*La Maison de Bragance a cessé de régner*'—*La Bourgeoisie a fini avec Louis Philippe!*

The *Bourgeoisie*, however, made another effort for existence by a demonstration on the 17th of March of, it was said, 10,000 National Guards as petitioners to the Provisional Government. The ultra-Republicans met this by the display of 150,000 *ouvriers* and *prolétaires*, whose very aspect crushed the demonstration of the National Guard. The *ten thousand* made a hasty and not very honourable retreat. This was, however, another glorious day. The '*National*' chanted out—

'17th March.—The manifestation of this day will have a marked place in the annals of the Republic. Its importance is derived from its true character—a general resolution to support the Government.'

This was an adroit but rather impudent turn to give to a movement which was quite as much intended to overbear the

\* A new word for the lowest classes of the people, from the Latin *proletarius*, the poorest Roman citizen, who had nothing to contribute to the state but his children—*proles*.

Government as to intimidate the *Bourgeoisie*, and it succeeded in one as well as the other: the Government (though with secret reluctance) not only persisted in its measures against the National Guard, but it had the meanness to *thank* the insurgents for their appearance on this great day: with a lamentable mixture of fear, falsehood, and flummery, it says,—

‘People of Paris, you have been as grand in this great manifestation—so regular—so well ordered—as you were brave on your barricades!’

And the ‘*Réforme*’ sang still louder its song of triumph over the *Bourgeoisie*:—

‘17th March.—Paris has had its *second great day*. This was the real *fête* of equality; 150,000 men, grouped into deep column, marched as regularly as the old soldiers of our victories, and occupied by their masses the places and quays round the Hôtel de Ville [the seat of Government]. They were calm, as Force is under the banner of Justice. We have no longer any alarm of dissension—the *Revolution is completed and terminated!*’

A month—a turbulent and anxious month—scarcely elapses before we have a new ‘great day,’ and almost another Revolution. The contending parties were exactly the same as on the 17th of March, but the results were directly opposite—it was now the turn of the National Guard to triumph over the *proletaires*; and the versatile and weathercock Government thus celebrates the victory in the ‘*Moniteur*:’—

‘16th April.—Paris has made to-day one of the most spontaneous and most striking demonstrations of opinion that the great city has ever witnessed. The Government was informed that some factious leaders had promulgated the idea of a Committee of Public Safety. The Government, though aware of the ridiculous weakness of such an attempt, thought it right to take precautions. The National Guards were called out, and answered the call with alacrity and energy. The workmen too, assembled in the Champ de Mars, of whose intentions some suspicions had been circulated, sent a deputation to the Hôtel de Ville, and afterwards defiled in a body before the Provisional Government; and Generals *Courtais* [mark, *General Courtais*] and *Duvrier* were in the midst of the National Guard, and showed a *zeal and loyalty* that the people acknowledged by repeated applause. All Paris joined in this great demonstration, which has given new strength to the Provisional Government, and *once again proved to France and Europe that the Republic stands thenceforward on an immutable foundation.*’

All these commotions were, as the more remarkable commotions of the first Revolution had been, a struggle between the different branches of the insurrectionary party for the ascendancy in the elections. The *Bourgeoisie* had now re-established itself, and the Government, proclaiming a *fête of fraternity* for the distribution of colours to the National Guards, *old and new*, adroitly

adroitly took the opportunity of recalling into Paris the regular army, which had been removed ever since the 24th of February. This *fête*, held on the 20th of April, produced, the journals tell us, an exhibition of 400,000 men in arms at the command of the moderate portion of the Provisional Government.

It was against this influence that the attempt, of the 17th March had been made; it was under this influence that, on the 24th April, the elections began—and the consequence was that Lamartine, the candidate of the *Bourgeoisie*, had 250,000 votes, and Ledru-Rollin, the supposed candidate of the *Proletaires*, but 130,000: had the issue of the struggle of the 17th been different, Ledru-Rollin would have had the 250,000—but we doubt whether Lamartine would have had the 130,000.

At length—on the 4th May—the Assembly met, and it was supposed, even by those who had the least faith in its permanent influence, that the struggle of parties would have been altogether transferred to its debates, and that its meeting would have suspended, for a time at least, those periodical explosions of popular feeling.

It has not been so—the debates, indeed, within the Assembly have been a series of as disgraceful party squabbles and violences as could have been expected, but a more vital struggle was going on around it.

On the very day—the 4th May—on which they first met, another popular demonstration was made, which has been so generally misrepresented and misunderstood, that it is worth while to record the real circumstances.

On the evening of that day, after the Assembly had been four hours employed in verifying the elections, and in other routine details of its organization, it suddenly, and as it seemed spontaneously, interrupted its sitting, and, with the Provisional Government at its head, marched forth to proclaim the Republic in presence of the people assembled in front of the portico. We extract a specimen of the triumphant style in which this tardy and apparently unaccountable movement was celebrated in the journals.

‘Three hundred thousand voices saluted this exhibition with a cry that will find echoes even to the extremest limits of Europe! *How strong, how powerful is the National Assembly*, that stands on such a basis of *universal support*! The Republic had been already proclaimed, but this was a *new and more solemn consecration*, which has now given a double pledge—first, that no retrograde step is possible—secondly, that *any attempt at disorder, disturbance, or anarchy would be crushed by the energetic unanimity of the People*.’—*National*, 5th May.

This was the tone of all the comments at home and abroad—but what were the facts? The popular party, which had made the Revolution, was dissatisfied at the result of the elections, and resolved to give the Assembly an early lesson of the power of the people. Crowds had been all day accumulating round the building, and towards evening began to express dissatisfaction at having had no share in the instalment of their representatives. Rumours, murmurs, and finally cries of indignation, reached the ears of the Assembly from without. In the interior, delegations of the Clubs and bodies of the National Guard had gradually intruded themselves, filling the gangways and corridors: some of them even occupied the seats of the members, and all showed a strong sympathy with the discontent without. It was past six o'clock in the evening, an hour at which the Assembly might have been expected to adjourn, that *General Courtais*, Commandant-General of the National Guard, one of the members of Paris, and of the dissatisfied party, suddenly appeared in the tribune in full uniform. The scene that followed was suppressed in some of the journals, and slurred over in the rest. The '*Réforme*,' the organ of the insurgent party, made the nearest, but still an imperfect, approach to the truth:—

'*General Courtais*.—I come in the name of the population of Paris. (*Interruption.*)

'*Several members*.—Go on with the elections! go on with the reports!

'*General Courtais*.—I demand that the members of the Provisional Government do forthwith proceed to the colonnade in front of this palace to proclaim the Republic, and that the representatives of the people follow them. (*Agitation.*)

'The entire assembly rises and cries "*Vive la République!*"

'*Several voices*.—Go on with the reports!

'*Other voices*.—No, no!

'*A member*.—The heroic population of Paris requires you, by the voice of the Commander of the National Guard, to proclaim the Republic in its presence and in the face of day.

'*Many voices*.—*Nous y allons! nous y allons!* We are going! we are going!

'The members of the Provisional Government leave the hall and are followed by all the members of the Assembly.

'The sitting is suspended.

'The Assembly, preceded by the Government, appear on the colonnade, and the Republic is proclaimed. . . . An extraordinary enthusiasm bursts forth from this assemblage of 800,000 people. The representatives mingle and fraternise with the people. At half-past six the sitting is resumed and the election reports are proceeded with.'

—*Réforme*, May 5.

Thus this pretended inauguration of the Republic was, in truth,

truth, as some of the Paris papers now confess, a second edition of the 17th March, which ended in the prostration of the Assembly before an armed mob, and its natural consequence was to encourage the agitators to another and more conclusive attempt to regain by force the power they had lost by the ballot.

With great difficulty Ledru-Rollin had been elected one of the Provisional Government. Louis Blanc and Albert had been excluded even from the ministry. The Assembly was therefore to be dissolved and a new Government established. This attempt was made just ten days after the *inauguration*, and was at first entirely successful. The Assembly was invaded—just as the Chamber of Deputies had been on the 24th of February, but with rather less resistance—the president and members were expelled, and another Provisional Government was named; but the National Guard, having gained confidence from the demonstrations of the 16th and 20th of April, assembled with alacrity, and, though it was, either by treachery or accident or both, left inactive in the earlier part of the transaction, it was brought forward time enough to reinstate the Assembly within an hour or two, and to recover the Hôtel de Ville and seize several of the insurgent leaders very soon after. Some circumstances of this *échauffourée* are striking. On the 16th April we saw the Government affecting to have the most perfect confidence in the *zeal and loyalty* of *General Courtais*. On the evening of the 4th of May we saw General Courtais, in all the pomp of the commander of the popular force, lording it over the submissive Assembly. On the evening of the 15th we saw that same General Courtais coming in the same character into the same Assembly in the name of the same ‘heroic people,’ and with, for a moment, still greater success; but in half an hour we saw this popular hero seized and ignominiously disarmed by his own soldiery, his epaulettes torn off, his person assaulted, his life endangered, and only saved by his being sent a close prisoner to the republican bastille, the donjon de Vincennes. *Barbès*, whom the Government had lately, but in vain, solicited to accept the *government of the Luxembourg*, and *Albert*, himself one of the decemvirate, and both just elected representatives of the people by 200,000 voices, are sent to jail like felons;—*Caussidière*, the bold invader of the *Préfecture de police* on the 24th of February, is dismissed;—Louis Blanc, the historian, the philosopher, the profound theorist, and the boldest working hand of the revolution, is precipitated from his Luxembourg throne of velvet and gold, narrowly escapes with his life from the hands of the Garde Mobile, on whose shoulders he was carried in triumph a week before;—and in the third month of the reign of *liberty, equality, and fraternity* one half of the leading heroes of February had

sent the other half to jail, and the prisons of Paris were fuller, we are told, than they ever had been since the days of Robespierre.\* Barbès and others of the most zealous, active, and efficient members of the eighteen years' conspiracy against Louis Philippe had been replaced by their ungrateful child, the Republic, under the same bolts and bars from which the clemency of the monarchy had released them. These events, if demagogues could be taught, might afford a most wholesome lesson to the agitators all over the world; but it will not. The risks, the certainties of such vicissitudes are no check on the intoxication of upstart ambition or the contagious insanity of popular delusion.

There was another event which, though pregnant with very serious considerations, came like a farce at the close of this busy melodrame of the 15th of May. We have said that the Representatives and their President abandoned the Chamber to the mob, but the President did worse: he signed, before he quitted the chair, an order to prevent the National Guards being called to the rescue; he, when the fright and hurry were over, protested that he did so, first, to gain time, and, secondly, because he was forced by the mob. These explanations could not be both true, and many thought that Citizen Buchez would not have been displeased at the success of the attempt; but the great body of the members were themselves so ashamed of their humiliating expulsion, that, when some criticism was ventured next day on the conduct of the President, they were easily satisfied with his miserable excuses, and gladly acquiesced in an eulogium which he pronounced on them and *on himself* in a style on which, we think, in the face of such facts, no Thraso, Bessus, or even Falstaff, would have ventured:—

‘Vous avez été *magnifiques* de calme et de dignité, et votre *Président* a été comme vous!’

*Ipse dixit!* with equal modesty and truth!

From that day forward the Assembly remained in constant alarm of a new invasion, and only continued its debates under the constant protection of 20,000 bayonets.

Such is a brief sketch of the relations of the representative body and the grand constituency to whose dictation all the other constituencies of the Republic have been hitherto so implicitly subservient; but the excessive violence and folly of the last attempt, of the 15th May, at once so frightened and strengthened the Government and the more moderate portion of the Assembly, that they now ventured on measures necessary, no doubt, for their own personal safety

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\* The days of the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th of June have added, we hear, four hundred of all ranks to the number.

and for public order, but utterly irreconcilable with the *principle* of the revolution and the basis of their own authority. What was the immediate cause and only pretence of the Revolution? The Government's having forbidden (as the existing laws gave them the power, and as subsequent events have so fatally proved the necessity, of doing) unauthorised assemblages, and especially one announced for the 22nd of February, in the *Places Louis XV. and de la Madeleine*, of which a *monster banquet* (not itself forbidden) was the pretext, but the intimidation, if not the overthrow, of the Government and the Chambers the real design. Now, mark the parallel! On those same *Places*—and with the same purposes—crowds had been in the daily habit of assembling. The new Government had endeavoured by many shifts, too long to be detailed, and by occasional exertions of force, to get rid of this danger, but in vain. At last another *monster banquet* at 5 sous a-head is announced, and the Pentarchs, feeling that the crisis of their fate has arrived, come to the Assembly with a law against *attroupements* infinitely stronger in its action and more severe in its penalties than the old law, the very intimation of which was the pretext for the Revolution. The Assembly, feeling like the Government that its own existence also was at stake, passes the decree in one sitting by 478 to 82. The Revolution was thus, for the moment at least, bridled, if a decree could bridle it, and no one, we believe, can deny that the measure was just and necessary; but after that admission we wish that any of the 478 members who voted it would explain why it is that MM. Guizot and Duchâtel are in exile, and Citizens Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin enthroned in the Luxembourg. We are glad that it passed—doubly, trebly glad—first, because it afforded France a respite from the turbulent dictation of the mob and a chance of internal tranquillity; and, again, because it was on the part of the Government and the Assembly a distinct repudiation of the first principle of their revolution; and, finally, because it is or ought to be a wholesome warning to our own rioters and an excellent example to our own ministry. If we are to have the perils of the French precedents, let us have the benefit also.

Of the personal composition of the Assembly, and of the degree in which the talents and respectability of the members are likely to prove adequate to its great duties, we know little, and should *à priori* have had but little confidence, but for an incidental circumstance which is in more ways than one worthy especial notice. Our readers recollect that one of the most crying grievances which it was pretended rendered the revolution necessary was the number of Placemen in the abolished Chamber. We exposed that dishonest pretext in our last Number, but we were



were not prepared for the additional answer which the late general election has supplied. Not only were the Government lists filled with *placemen*, but we learn from the *Réforme*, a tolerable authority on such a point, that for the 900 seats in the Assembly there were 1,200 *placemen candidates*. How many of these were successful we know not, but probably a considerable proportion; and although no doubt the Provisional Government had turned out some of the most respectable of the provincial functionaries, and replaced them with inferior persons, we still suppose, for the reason we before gave, that the functionary class may have afforded some valuable representatives, whose local and legal experience, and habits of business, may help to control and steady their less practised colleagues. The new Constitution however, with more republican consistency than practical prudence, proposes for the future to exclude them altogether, or with a very few exceptions. In the present state of society in France, this may produce a very disadvantageous effect on the character of their Assemblies.

Another of the complaints against the former Government was, that it unduly influenced the elections. Never, we believe, was so gigantic an interference with freedom of choice made as in the late elections—a most undue proportion of the 900 representatives have been named by two or three dozen *meneurs* of the clubs in Paris. We might, indeed, almost say that the only limit to their success was the want of decent candidates and the local influence of some of the Provincial functionaries.

But even after all this excessive exertion of revolutionary influence we have the admissions already quoted, that the majority elected had not previously been republicans, and we have little doubt, from the information that has reached us from various provincial districts, that the *republicans* are indisputably and even notoriously the weakest party in the country, and that the marked predominance of M. Lamartine in the elections was chiefly produced by the general idea—whether in fact true or false—that he must needs be, from his antecedents and personal character, the *least republican* of the men of the day.

This opinion soon received a most unexpected confirmation—unexpected we mean in its so early arrival—for that it would ultimately come we never had any doubt.

Our readers know that the first impulse of the revolution had ostracised M. Thiers quite as unanimously and almost as completely as M. Guizot. At the general election his name was not heard, or only in a way that marked the odium, we had almost said contempt, into which he appeared to have fallen. But mark the consistency of revolutions! In the interval between that and the recent election for supplying the vacancies on double returns, M. Thiers

M. Thiers reappeared as a candidate in several departments, and he addressed to the electors of the Lower Seine a profession of faith the least republican of anything that has been published since the Revolution. He even went so far as to hint a consciousness of some former errors of opinion, and to pledge himself to support the interests of the clergy. 'We must,' he said, 'encourage and protect the priest of every parish as our safeguard against the demoralizing and Socialist schoolmaster.' The *National*, after begging pardon of its readers for seeming to give too much importance to a character so 'ridiculously contemptible' as M. Thiers, insisted in several indignant articles that M. Thiers was the incarnation of the old régime, and that the most that he could expect from the Republic was to be tolerated in his obscurity. The elections are held, and we find that this type of the monarchy and advocate of the church, who was not so much as heard of in the 900 ballotings of April, is returned for five most important constituencies—for Paris, the *fifth* on the elected list—at Rouen, the *first*—at Bordeaux, the *first*—for the Department de l'Orne, *first*—for the Department de Mayenne, *first*.

Some other results of these elections were scarcely less extraordinary or important—the three leading parties recommended their lists of candidates for the eleven vacancies of Paris in their respective journals—the reactionists, as their opponents call them, in the *Journal des Débats*,\* the Government in the *National*, the ultra-Republicans in the *Réforme*. Of the *Débats* list 6 were elected, of the *Réforme* 4, and of the *National* only 1, and that one was also in the list of the *Débats*; and this is the more remarkable, for in the general election, only a month before, of the 36 to be elected, 25 of the list then recommended by the *National* were returned, and of the *Réforme's* list only 5. The *Débats* did not, on that occasion, venture to offer a list. In the individual personages also the Government received a marked rebuff. The first in the return was Caussidière, the Prefect of Police, whom they had just dismissed, and who resigned his seat for the avowed purpose of appealing to the constituency against the Executive. The Government had also lately expelled Louis Buonaparte from Paris, and the Assembly had since refused to permit a letter of his to be read; but the constituency of Paris, as if in defiance of these decisions, returned him; and he was the eleventh, who, with the 6 of the *Débats'* list and the 4 of the *Réforme's*, completed the deputation. But he was also returned for the departments of

\* The list in the '*Débats*' was headed '*List agreed upon by a meeting of proprietors, merchants, and artists.*' The '*Débats*' adroitly evaded the appearance of giving it as its own.

the Lower Charente and of l'Yonne, and both the elections were marked by circumstances that may indicate important consequences. In Paris, exclusive of the *Banlieu* (environs) and the army, he was considerably in the minority, and in the army, where he might have been expected to be strong, he was peculiarly weak, not having nearly half as many as Victor Hugo the poet; but the *Banlieu* raised him to the eighth place. The only way of accounting for this anomaly is, that the *Communist* clubs (who voted for the *Réforme's* list, on which he was not) had less influence *extra muros*, and that the peasantry of the environs voted either from recollections of the Emperor or from a spirit of opposition to the Government. The election for the Charente was still more remarkable. There were but two candidates for one vacancy—M. Paillet, a former deputy, and M. Charles Thomas, the editor of the *National*. At the last moment, just as the ballot was about to begin, some one pronounced the name of Louis Buonaparte—a vast concourse of electors immediately tore up the tickets with which they had been furnished, and, in spite of all remonstrances and representations of the illegality and futility of voting for a banished man, 23,000 votes placed Buonaparte at the head of the poll, amidst cries of '*Vive l'Empereur ! à bas la République !*' These nominations created considerable excitement throughout France; the republican journals confessed that they were alarming symptoms; and though the prudence or patriotism of M. Louis Buonaparte for the moment relieved the Government from a great embarrassment and all parties from the danger of a conflict on *his* account in the streets of Paris, there can be little doubt that here is an additional source of future discord and danger. But there is another circumstance of these elections to which the Journals also attached considerable importance—the apathy that the electors had shown on this second occasion of exercising their universal franchise—the numbers of voters had been strangely diminished—in most places to one-half—in others to one-third—and even one-fifth! This, though it may have other concomitant causes, seems at least to show a considerable indifference to, and little confidence in, the Republic.

We do not venture to build theories for the future on these vicissitudes, and whirlwinds, as it were, of popular favour; but we adduce them as a proof how precarious must be at this moment the popularity and the powers of the Government, and how little dependence can be placed on the stability of a system not standing but *shaking* on the surface of a quicksand.

One final observation on another grand deception of the Revolution—must be added. It professed to establish the perfect freedom

dom of the press. Those who have watched its course in Paris, and especially in the provinces, know that of all its deceptions there is none greater than this. It is true that the press enjoys the utmost licence in immorality, in disorganizing society, in libelling former governments, and calumniating their persons and their principles; but any literary attempt in the opposite direction—any approach to even the most moderate criticism on the men and things of the Revolution—any doubt as to the justice or even the success of its measures of spoliation and violence was more than the boldest dared. The *Débats* was dumb, and the *Presse* prudent. M. de Romand tells us that he could not get his very sober argumentative pamphlet against the *Dictature of Paris* published in France, and, having had it printed in London, he found the French ports closed by order against its admission. A friend of ours in Paris wished to have translated and published the last article of our Number for March, but dared not venture, for, as he wrote to us, '*le mob est un terrible censeur.*' It was not till very lately that the divisions in the republican party enabled what for want of a more precise name we may call the Conservative press to assume a freer tone. When the *National* and the *Réforme* had quarrelled—the *National* turning the *Réforme* out of the Government, and the *Réforme* stripping the *National* of its popularity—the Dynastic and even the Legitimist papers began to criticise the whole. None of these ventured to attack the Republic *de front*, but they have taken every occasion of decrying and opposing the Ministry, and ridiculing the Assembly. On this important and extensive subject we shall at present confine ourselves to one short prediction,—that such a revolution as we have been most imperfectly describing cannot stand the light of reason, the force of argument, and the evidence of facts, and that the press-made government will either gag the press or the press will destroy the government it created.

Having brought our observations on the state of France down to the moment at which we write (23rd June), we feel ourselves entitled, even while we acknowledge that every passing hour varies the aspect of affairs, and may produce events beyond either calculation or conjecture—we feel ourselves entitled, we say, from the facts that are already history, to ask where, in what is past, is there to be found any justification for the revolution,—where, as far as human foresight can extend, any reliance for the future? What promise has it fulfilled? What hope can it inspire? What evil has it remedied? What good has it done, or is expected to do? Louis Philippe has been expelled the Tuileries, and M.M. Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin installed in the Luxembourg as

*Barras*

*Barras* and *La Revellière Lepaux* were before them—but for how long? Will the new Pentarchy be more able, more honest, more durable than the old?—will they even last till the 18th Brumaire?

But whatever may be *their* fate, let us ask the still more important questions—is France happier, richer, or more respectable in her own eyes or those of the world?

Is the administration purer, freer from favouritism, rapacity, and corruption? Let the *Aragos*, and the *Carnots*, and the *Flocons*, and the 1200 candidate-placemen, and the 20,000 greedy beggars for the *curée*, answer that.

Is civil liberty more assured? The prisons have a thousand tongues to reply; and the enlèvement by *lettre-de-cachet* of M. Emile Thomas, who could not agree with the Minister of Public Works, has exhibited a capricious violation of individual liberty not exceeded by Le Noir or Fouché.

Are person and life more secure? The disorder and consternation of more than half the departments and principal towns, and the bloody excesses of Gueret, Castelsarrasin, St. Etienne, Rouen, Limoges, Nismes, and Lyons afford a melancholy negative.

Is property more sacred? Ask the *rentiers*—the contributors to the savings-banks—the railway shareholders—the Insurance offices—the landowners—the mortgagees—the whole population!\*

Is work more abundant and wages higher? What have they done towards realising the mad promise of the 25th of February?—*Le Gouvernement Provisoire de la République Française s'engage à garantir l'existence de l'ouvrier par le travail. Il s'engage à garantir du travail à tous les citoyens.* Look at the *Garde Mobile*—the *ateliers nationaux*—the contradictory and futile, and all impracticable expedients of the bewildered assembly and terrified government to employ or feed a population which their own acts have deprived of their honest and ordinary mode of livelihood.

Are trade and commerce more thriving? Look at the empty shops—the mutinous manufactories and closed counting-houses—all the weak bankrupt, the strong *liquidating* and shutting up to be out of harm's way.

Is national credit higher? At the end of January, the 5 per cents. were at 116 and the 3 per cents. at 75. At the end of May, the *Fives* were at 69 and the *Threes* at 47.

In short, in what branch of Government—in what walk of life—in what public or private interest—in what social, moral, ju-

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\* We are tempted to repeat a pleasantry full of good sense, and almost the only one which the Revolution has produced. The *Charivari* (the French *Punch*) represents an honest labourer inquiring who the *Communists* are; he is told that they are people who would have *l'argent commun, le terrain commun, le travail commun.* 'Mais,' says the *Eusebius abnormis sapiens*,—'*pour commencer, n'y est pas le sens commun.*'

dicial, or even political results—can the most strenuous republican assert that there has been any improvement; in which can he deny a manifest and growing deterioration? \*

And it must not be unobserved that the fault is evidently not so much in the men, as in the principle to which they have so hastily harnessed themselves. There has been, and still is no doubt, in the Government and its agents much folly, much corruption, infinite jobbing, with an excessive proportion of passion and temerity; but how could it have been otherwise, with an administration thus cast up as if by the eruption of a volcano, in which whatever is lowest and hottest is sure to be exploded to the greatest heights? They were, however, the best that their party could produce. They were all men of some education, and had had a long training in the literary and legislative, and even insurrectionary conflicts of a great political struggle. They were, therefore, or at least ought to have been, in some degree prepared for the duties they usurped; and no men ever called to the government of a state had a wider latitude for the development and fulfilment of their Utopian projects and plans, whatever they might be. They have also had the good fortune of being spared any judicial or much extra-judicial bloodshed. They are no doubt politically and even morally responsible for a loss of life† much greater than is usually supposed; but it was in the accidental conflicts of the insurrection, and involves no personal reproach. The new Republic cannot plead, as the old one most falsely did, that she is driven into foolish or erroneous or guilty courses by opposition. Her difficulties have arisen—not from her opponents, for she had none—nor from her ill-wishers, for, millions as they are, they have been utterly passive and even mute—but from her own principles, and even in spite of the efforts of her own founders and supporters to moderate and limit the logical and, we will say, inevitable result of those principles.

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\* At Rodez, the chief town of the department of the Aveyron, there is a club of women, and the first question discussed in it was on the existence of God. The debate was very animated, and the two parties were so nearly equal that the solution was a long time in suspense. It was finally decided in favour of the existence of God by a majority of 12 votes.

† We have never seen any account of the numbers killed in Paris in the three days of February, and even of the wounded the official accounts from the several hospitals are somewhat at variance with each other, but that of the 29th of April gives the following results:—Wounded received up to 28th of April, 643; died, 103. Among the wounded were 94 of the military and 18 women. There is also a note in one of the returns stating that 65 of the troops and municipal guard were massacred and burned by the populace in the guard-house opposite the Palais Royal. Those killed on the Boulevard des Capucines are variously estimated from 30 to 60; but it is now said that but one or two were killed, and that the whole exhibition was a trick. Of those killed in other parts of the town we have no mention, but altogether the total number killed and wounded may probably have been about 1000.

The Republic and her Government has had more than fair play—in the ordinary nature of things they ought to have encountered great resistance—a powerful opposition. They have had nothing of the kind; yet their measures have been more disastrous, their violences (short of murder) more monstrous, than any opposition could have excused. It is with the utmost confidence that we again and most earnestly appeal, as far as our humble voice can be heard, to the common sense of mankind, whether the late revolution in France affords one single point that could justify any other people, and above all our own people, in envying her condition, or following her example.

We cannot pretend to have fathomed the state of thought and feeling in Germany—and as to some other parts of the Continent we are perhaps hardly better informed. We are far, therefore, from venturing on any predictions as to what is likely to be the eventual result of the multitudinous conflict of passions and interests, of codes and faiths, races and nations that are now warring in the vast territory between the confines of France and Russia, from Jutland to Abruzzo. Though the troubles of Naples and Sicily—the liberal harlequinades of Pope Pius—and even some uneasiness in Hungary preceded the French outbreak, they, as well as its immediate offspring in the rest of Europe, will probably be essentially influenced by its results. We repudiate as much in politics as in social life the maxim of the French egotist, that *dans les malheurs de nos meilleurs amis il y a toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas*—but we confess that the distracted state of the Continent affords us this hope and consolation, that France will be left to pursue her own course, and work out her own theory, without any external interference from any quarter, and that the other nations of Europe may be allowed to profit—each after its own fashion—by her example.

As to the foreign politics of our own Government, we trust that it will at last see the necessity of abandoning altogether that system of revolutionary propagandism of which Lord Palmerston is the unlucky type. The spirit in which he has conducted our relations with Europe is sufficiently indicated by the tone of his Spanish correspondence, which even his colleagues can hardly defend or even excuse. Lord Palmerston's instructions were exceedingly flippant in style, and rash in substance, and Mr. Bulwer perhaps thought that he best fulfilled the wishes of his principal in executing them with appropriate *brusquerie*. They justly exposed us to the humiliating *tu quoque* of the Spanish Minister's advice to tranquillize Ireland before we attempted to do that good office for Spain: and, had he stopped there, he would have had the best of the wrangle, but he lost his advantage

advantage by the unjustifiable expulsion of our Minister, and forfeited all personal and national dignity by the allegation (a shameful one, whether true or false) that Mr. Bulwer was dismissed not from any other personal or political feeling, but because the Spanish Government could not answer, in their own capital, for his personal safety. They have however, on second thoughts, told the truth, that they were afraid of the machinations of Lord Palmerston and his agent—a fear which we believe they were really justified in feeling, though their evidence of any positive acts of interference is very weak. We must, however, add that it was not likely, from the nature of such delicate cases, that any very direct and conclusive proof could be adduced. We believe also that, if the whole truth were known, it would appear that we are in pretty much the same condition as to Portugal, and we have no doubt that our wisest course would be to recall our expensive squadron from the Tagus, and forbid the interference of our Minister in the feuds and factions of Portuguese politics. The circular in which M. Lamartine at the dawn of his power professed to tear up the treaties of Paris and Vienna, was in accordance, no doubt, with his own *visionary* reveries, but it was an outrage on the public law of Europe. Those treaties are synallagmatic—that is, mutually binding; and it is not in the power of one of the parties to abrogate or recede from them. M. Lamartine's bravado, which one might reasonably suppose written under the influence of '*Haschisch*,' and the conduct of the German states against Denmark, and the aggression of the King of Savoy on Lombardy, would, each of them, have amounted to a *casus belli*, if we had been so disposed. Austria, we believe, has called upon us to intervene in the latter case, which is a very gross one; for King Charles Albert is acting in direct violation of the treaties by which he holds a large portion of his own possessions, and if our own interests had required, and if the general interests did not seem rather to dissuade our intervention, it would have been perfectly justifiable; but not being bound by any express stipulation, we have declined to comply—we should have said, '*wisely declined*,'—but that we cannot impute it to Lord Palmerston's prudence (the least prominent of his good qualities), but simply to his reluctance to take any step against the general revolt. We are delighted, however, when we find him, from any motive, willing to be quiet; for on the whole we see no disadvantage, and, on the contrary, a great convenience, and even an accession of real dignity and effective power, in England's accepting the independent position that so large a proportion of the Continent has made us, and leaving them, for the present at least, to settle their own affairs as they may judge best.



best. We do not mean that we are not to hold diplomatic intercourse with their governments, either new or old, but that we should avowedly and rigorously abstain from mixing ourselves in the settlement of their internal concerns, or even their arrangements with each other. If those arrangements should be found hereafter (which for some time to come we do not anticipate) to compromise our own national security, it will be then time enough to intervene in such manner, and to such an extent, as circumstances may require; and we may be assured that whenever that duty shall accrue, England will not have lost (*if it be not sapped at home*) the power of vindicating, as of old, her interests and her honour.

But we confess that we look at present to foreign affairs with very little other interest than as warnings and lessons for our conduct at home; and at home we should have little present alarm, but for the weakness, and, in some respects, the incapacity of our Government. We will candidly confess that here we feel more sympathy with La Rochefoucault's maxim, and that it is a considerable satisfaction to us that our good friends the Tories were out of office when this alarm burst upon us. It is the nature of Whiggery, while in opposition, to increase every kind of public danger, and at all risks to join any party, however destructive, provided its destructive tendencies can embarrass the existing Government. If the Tories had been in power in last February, and the Whigs in opposition, we are reluctant to conjecture where the Monarchy of England might now be—perhaps at *Nottingham*.

It is one of the great merits—practically perhaps the greatest—of our political system, that no disaffection or sedition, or, much less, rebellion, can ever attain any formidable height, but exactly in the proportion in which it is countenanced in Parliament: even when *Parliament* itself has been, as often happens, assailed, it is always by a party which would neither have dared nor, indeed, so much as thought of an out-of-door opposition, if they had not been excited and encouraged by an opposition within the House. The public danger without has been always commensurate with the weight of the faction within doors; and the theoretical omnipotence of Parliament is not more certain than its practical influence on public opinion. Now, the Tory principle, faithful to the Constitution, the Crown, and the Church, never—at least as a party—condescends ‘to lend the crowd its arm to shake the tree.’ It is reluctant to ally itself, for factional objects, with repealers, radicals, and revolutionists; and a Whig Government is always sure, in such emergencies, that Conservative support will counterbalance the mutiny and disaffection of its own disorganizing followers. If on the 10th of April 200,000  
special

special constables rose in London in support of constitutional order and the monarchy, we will venture to assert that 190,000 of them were Conservatives. If there be, as we believe, two millions of men ready to turn out to-morrow in the same cause throughout England, 1,900,000 of them will be found to be Conservatives. We do not charge this by way of personal blame on individual Whigs: it is the essence of their party—of which the chief strength has always been in the dissenting and republican interests—to be opposed to *things as they are*; but these can never be principles of a *Government*, of which the first duty is to administer *things as they are*, or to ameliorate them by gradual and cautious steps. Therefore, up to Lord John Russell's 'revolution' of 1830, we have seen that the moment a Whig party got into power the influence and, we may add, the duties of *place* predominated over what was called patriotism. Charles Fox was the most turbulent of Whigs, but King George III., in his long reign, never found in the practical exercise of government a stauncher Tory than Mr. Secretary Fox; and until the Reform Bill had given the Whigs a chance (and for that purpose and that alone it was passed) of being able to keep themselves in office, without the concurrence of the great Tory majority, we never saw a Whig administration carry from Palace Yard into Downing Street its disorganising antecedents. Patriotic professions were the slippers with which the Whigs performed their pilgrimage to the Mecca of office; but on reaching the sanctum of the Treasury, they reverently left them at the threshold. Since the Reform Bill, they endeavour to wear them a little longer, but they soon find that such a slippery floor requires a firmer footing, and they cast them off. Mr. Labouchere proclaimed in 1846 the right of every Irishman to carry arms. Mr. Labouchere and his colleagues brought in in 1847 a bill to interdict and punish the exercise of that right. Lord John Russell proclaimed at Liverpool in 1838 the right to the people to assemble in large bodies for the purposes of representing their grievances. Lord John Russell in 1848 calls out 10,000 troops and 200,000 special constables and superadds strong penal enactments to prohibit such demonstrations.\* Just—if comparisons be not too odious—

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\* The following is an extract from his Lordship's speech on that occasion:—

He alluded to the public meetings which were now in the course of being held in various parts of the country. There were some, perhaps, who would put down such meetings. But such was not his opinion, nor that of the Government with which he acted. He thought the people had a right to free discussion. It was free discussion which elicited truth. They had a right to meet. If they had GRIEVANCES, they had a right to declare them, that they might be known and redressed. If they had no grievances, common sense would speedily come to the rescue, and put an end to these meetings.

It was not from free discussion, it was not from the unheeded declaration of public opinion,

as M. Lamartine got into power by heading a mob in February and only kept his power by dispersing the same mob in May.

We notice these inconsistencies, however, not so much by way of reproach to our ministers as a warning, and, indeed, a proof out of their own mouths, that the times in which we live require—IF THE MONARCHY IS TO BE PRESERVED—the *de facto* abjuration of the destructive professions by which they got into place. Even if we could admit—which we are very far from doing—that abstractedly those declarations were constitutional or even excusable at the time they were made, we think that we may appeal to their own candour and experience whether the circumstances of the country and the world are not so essentially changed by recent events as to render them now not merely untenable, but absolutely dangerous. We are told every day by the disorganizers that ‘the measures of a government ought to be varied with the *spirit of the times*.’ We say so too. ‘The state is disordered, and requires remedies:’ agreed; but let us, as the first step to health, see what the disorder is and which way it tends. Are the remedies to be the antagonist correctives of sober practitioners or the *homœopathics* of quacks? Are we to endeavour to inflame the feverish and refrigerate the palsied? If we have attained a dangerous velocity, should we increase the steam or apply the *break*? At the approach of a hurricane should we shake out or further reef our canvas? *Legislation* and *Government* are, as we have once before said, but other words for *control* and *restraint*, and their only use is to curb and regulate individual and popular passions. To the despotic tendencies of James II. our wise ancestors opposed the Revolution of 1688. When the Jacobite tendencies of Scotland at the beginning of the last century, and the Jacobin tendencies of Ireland towards its close, threatened civil war and the dismemberment of the empire, they were met by the *Unions*. Against the military and all-engrossing despotism of Buonaparte we joined in evoking a spirit of constitutional liberty and national independence all over Europe. The nature of the danger must decide the nature of the antidote. What is the present peril of the liberties of mankind—kings, princes, oligarchies, aristocracies?—or the contagious

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opinion, that Governments had anything to fear. There was fear when men were driven by force to secret combinations. There was the fear—there was the danger, and not in free discussion.’

This extraordinary declaration was followed by an alarming propagation of such demonstrations—the Corn Law League amongst the rest, and an actual insurrection in South Wales, for which Frost and others were convicted and transported. These men on their trials alleged in defence of their treasonable proceedings the authority of Lord John Russell, then Secretary of State for the Home Department.—See *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxx., p. 238.

insubordination,

insubordination, the licentious intoxication we might say, of the masses of mankind impatient of government and incapable of governing? To legislate, therefore, in the *true spirit of the times* would be to apply the drag—to reef the sails—and to postpone to a calmer day experiments which, however plausible in theory, could not fail at this moment to increase the general agitation and to create additional disturbance to a variety of national interests already in too much perplexity and alarm. This, we confidently believe, is the predominant, though secret, feeling of the Cabinet itself; but a kind of *mauvaise honte*, or, what we believe is still more powerful, a fear of discontenting some of their violent partizans, shakes and almost palsies their better convictions. They would gladly put down the treasonable farce of Repeal, but they cannot risk losing their Irish tail, disjointed as it is; they would willingly extinguish Radicals and Chartists, but they cannot venture to break altogether with Mr. Hume and his clique. Above all, they are afraid of the opposition of Sir Robert Peel, which would be apoplexy—or of his protection, which must end in atrophy—and the main object of their distracted and contradictory councils is to evade both. They are, we candidly admit, between Scylla and Charybdis; but it is a vain endeavour to *work* through their difficulties by alternately approaching the opposite dangers: in the present state of the sea and weather, *they had better anchor*; that is, they had better abandon their oscillating experiments, and endeavour to govern the country on the broad principle of maintaining in their present, though already too much impaired force, all our ancient institutions. If they would do so, if they would fairly *entitle themselves* to the support of those—the vast majority of the country—who are disposed to maintain the Queen's Government, they might, we believe, render themselves independent of the factions between which they are now balancing in alternate hope and fear. It would be the most natural and, probably, the easiest and, in a choice of difficulties, surely the least inconsistent course.

We are glad to be able to say that the Government has not been wholly indifferent to these warnings; and in one great point they have done their duty, but, with their usual oscillation, in a way that goes far to deprive it of its moral and permanent effect. The act against seditious and treasonable language was, we may say, forced upon the Government by the extravagant violence and audacity with which the success of the French Revolution had inspired the mob-orators of both Ireland and England. It made, in fact, little change in the law, but it rendered its application more easy, and the punishment more certain and therefore more effective. It was introduced as a *permanent amelioration*, or

rather exposition, of the law; but the Government took fright at some show of opposition from their radical supporters, and they had the weakness and folly of endeavouring to soothe that opposition by limiting its duration to *two years*. Now this was a double mischief: in the first place, it discredited the Government and their measure—it was a confession that their first proposition was ill-considered and unconstitutional; it armed its opponents and victims with an admission that it was a law *ab irato* and *pro hac vice*, to hit individual cases—a special bill of pains and penalties, not fit to be admitted into our code, nor to be tolerated for general use. This deprived the law of its moral force, and reduced, by statute, sedition from being *malum in se* down to *malum prohibitum*, and that for two years only—and thence followed an inconsequence likely enough to affect the public mind which seldom takes the trouble of reconciling such apparent discrepancies. Mr. Mitchell is sentenced to *fourteen years'* hard labour in a penal settlement, for a crime which was not, *ex hypothesi*, a crime a *month* before, and which will cease to be a crime in about two-and-twenty months after his conviction. If the common sense of mankind did not acknowledge the necessity and permanent justice of the law, the 'amendment' with which the Government consented to stigmatize it would have destroyed its effect and rendered it as much a dead letter before the expiration of the two years as after; and this amendment was made by those who have preached to us on so many other occasions the superiority of the moral over the legal force of legislation. The second mischief is more obvious and practical. The Ministry is perhaps modest, and calculates that the act will last *its* time—and so it may. Two years may be a very ample calculation for the duration of a *Ministry*, but the bill was for the protection of the *Queen* and the *Constitution*, and we trust that they are still worth more than two years' purchase. But the act, we shall be told, may be renewed. Every man who knows anything of parliamentary history must know that there is no worse mode of legislation than thus sowing the dragon's teeth of future debate: and an unpopular or coercive measure, that is to become annually or biennially the signal of party conflicts, can never do as much good as the inflammation it creates must do mischief. We do not speak of cases in which the evil is temporary, and the measure obviously of the same character—such as the occasional suspensions of the Habeas Corpus; but such a law as we are now discussing, of which the permanent expedience is as certain as of the statutes against High Treason (of which it is in fact an offset), ought not to be exposed to the risks and the odium of annual debate. Was there ever anything more absurd or more mischievous

chievous than the annuality of the Irish vote upon Maynooth, or the Irish Arms Bill?—things necessary and inevitable, but made for fifty successive years the occasion of a yearly conflict, which revived, continued, and exasperated the very passions which the measures themselves were intended to quiet and disarm. We deeply deplore that the House of Lords did not exercise its, we had almost said judicial, authority in restoring this bill to the state in which her Majesty's Government originally introduced it, and from which they had not assigned any rational motive for departing. If the advisers of the Crown had the weakness to waive the permanent interests of the Crown, this was just the occasion for the House of Lords to have vindicated them.

There is another instance of the imprudence of the ministry which cannot be overlooked. It will be easily believed that the example of the Provisional Government of France in appointing M. Crémieux, a Jew, to be the *Ministre des Cultes*, did not tend to remove our objection to Lord John Russell's Jew Bill: the general principle involved in these measures was the same—namely, that the *State* is of no religion, and that the preference which Christianity had hitherto enjoyed in what used to be called Christendom was no better than bigotry and usurpation on the natural rights of man.

In the French case the insult to the religious feelings of the majority of the people was marked and wanton. The object was not to find a place for Crémieux—he was already greatly provided for as *Garde des Sceaux*, or Minister of Justice—of which no one complained on the score of his religion:—but instead of continuing a separate *Ministère des Cultes*, or adding it to one of the other ministries, they accumulated that office on the head of the *only Jew* in the Administration, or, as we believe, then in the Assembly. That scandal, however, was of short duration. Crémieux has been the first minister displaced—the interests of Christianity in France are no longer in the hands of an unbeliever, and the first immediate result of getting rid of him has been that the immoral and antichristian \* bill for facilitating divorces, which had created so much alarm in the moral and religious public, has been, as we mentioned in a previous article, abandoned by his successor.

In England the attempt, though not so gross, was if possible more wanton. The French case involved no absolute illegality—

\* We say 'antichristian' on the highest authority. 'It hath been said, "Whosoever shall put away his wife let him give her a bill of divorce;" but I say unto you, That whosoever shall put his wife away, saying for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery, and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.'—Matthew v. 31, 32. But the *Sermon on the Mount* was, of course, no authority with the Jewish minister.

if indeed there be in France either legality or illegality till their new constitution shall be in force—but in England the Prime Minister *personally* associated himself to an illegal transaction, with the modest salvo of promising to exert his *ministerial* power to make it legal. ‘*Christianity*,’ say our jurists, ‘is part of the common law of England;’ and how, without abrogating that fundamental and most ancient principle of our law, we can admit Jewish legislators we cannot understand:—nor fortunately did the House of Lords. And there we had hoped that this—to say the very least of it—unseemly attempt would have ended; and we certainly, in our anxious wish to see the Queen’s Government respectable and respected, would not have revived a subject, on many other accounts also, very disagreeable to us. But Lord John Russell, it seems, is piqued by his failure into making another and still more unconstitutional attempt—he has given notice of a motion for trying his measure in some other form. This will not only be liable to all the objections that prevailed in the last discussion, but it will be in virtual defiance of that great Parliamentary rule that a measure once rejected shall not be again propounded in the same session. It is unbecoming, we must think, in any member to endeavour to evade by subterfuge an established principle—but from a *minister* the precedent is a most dangerous one, for we do not hesitate to say that, if the rule be not *bonâ fide* adhered to, it will be impossible to conduct public business in the House of Commons. We trust that if Lord John Russell should be so ill advised as to persist in this attempt, that House will not be a party to the evasion of one of its most wholesome rules, and at all events the House of Lords will see additional reasons for adhering to its former decision. Why will Ministers thus gratuitously provoke and alarm both the moral and constitutional feelings of the country?

But it seems as if it were their sole design to dissatisfy and alarm everybody. Mr. Hume proposes a new revolutionary Reform Bill, which Lord John Russell, being now first minister, had no alternative but to oppose; and that he opposed it with sound and forcible arguments *we* shall not be in a hurry to deny, as they are those which we have so often and so strenuously urged against his Lordship’s own ‘revolution.’ But though the substantial arguments might be good, the sauce with which he served them up was of a more questionable flavour. He made but a slight allusion to his former doctrine of *finality*, and only to invalidate it by giving hints and putting cases of reform which might by and by satisfy, or at least approach, Mr. Hume’s democratic views. But we easily forgive Lord John Russell for some little embarrassment in the handling the Conservative weapons to which

which he had been so little practised, and on the whole the Conservative substance of the speech reconciled us to the over-liberal garnish. But then we find him spoiling his Conservative theories by a very opposite practice. Sir De Lacy Evans, the member for Westminster, had brought in a bill to relax the rate-paying clauses of the Reform Bill. The minister was bound, we think, in public duty and personal consistency to maintain his own Reform Bill, and to have opposed any tampering with that measure. What can be so reasonable, even in the most latitudinarian view of the doctrine of representation, as that a person claiming to vote in right of a certain property shall have discharged the latest rates and taxes to which the property is liable? There is, and we think can be, no other safe test of the elector's claim. But all limitations and tests are odious to those who aim at universal suffrage; and many of the supporters of the Administration find it convenient to profess that doctrine, and Lord John Russell finds it inconvenient to dissatisfy or even to embarrass them. He therefore voted for this bill; but he also and simultaneously gave notice of a bill of his own, we suppose on the same principle;—though whether with a design of superseding Sir De Lacy Evans's bill, or of going still further, we know not: but in either case he gives the sanction of the Reform Government to the relaxation, and perhaps to the abrogation, of one of the most important provisions of their own Reform Bill! We need not inquire into the details and probable results of the proposed measures; our present complaint is that the Government, in a time like this, should lend itself to the *principle* which is obviously at the bottom of this new agitation. Have they not read the evidence produced by every election committee of this Parliament as to the shameful corruption of the inferior classes of electors? Is it designedly that they make so great a concession to the principle of *universal suffrage* as to take a step towards disconnecting the franchise from property and taxation? Have they paid no attention to the baneful operation of that principle daily developing itself in France, where it bids fair to stifle all sober, independent, and intelligent opinion? They may not, perhaps, trouble themselves about such remote consequences; but can they be so blind to their own special interests as not to see that such concessions satisfy nobody, and will not secure them even the precarious votes they bid for; while, on the other hand, they disgust and alarm those who would be willing to aid the *Queen's Government*, if they could do so without increasing a power so slow and irresolute for any good—so prone, or at least so accessible, to every mischief?

But the most menacing is in immediate danger, and, as we believe,



believe, in ulterior results, is the insanity—for such it seems to us—of the Ministry and the majority of the House of Commons on the repeal of the Navigation Laws. We can account on low, poor, and inadequate, but still intelligible motives, for other parts of their conduct—their wishes to propitiate the O'Connellites, or the Cobdenites, or the Humites, or the Peelites, or the Israelites; but what their object can be in pulling down the Navigation system we can as little understand as we do any of the so-called reasoning on which the measure has been advocated. An hundred witnesses have been examined, and thousands of pages in blue books and pamphlets have been published, to instruct the country in what nobody ever denied,—that the Navigation Laws may enhance freight, and of course the prices of sea-borne articles, whether of import or export. We are not now going to reargue the general question. We have already treated of the principle in two recent Numbers; and Lord George Bentinck in Parliament, and Mr. G. F. Young in the press, have lately elucidated the details with remarkable ability. We shall therefore only say that we are satisfied the excess of price chargeable on the Navigation Laws has been very much exaggerated, and that at worst it amounts to a sum hardly perceptible to any individual consumer. Then it should be remembered that, if freight in British ships be 5s. or 10s. or even 20s. a ton more than in foreign ships, the profit is all our own; whereas, if we employ the foreign ships nominally so much cheaper, the profit goes to the foreigner: in one case England is wholly benefitted, in the latter we are helping our rivals—soon perhaps to be our enemies. It is of rather more national as well as individual advantage to pay 60s. to be shared at Liverpool, than 47s. a ton to be realized in New York.

But even if the difference were greater than it really is, it is but a small price which we pay for vast advantages—a very moderate insurance against enormous dangers! Every one undergoes a heavy expense for insuring his house and goods from fire, and his ships from risk of the elements or the enemy—(an expense, be it observed, that the Exchequer more than doubles upon us)—and shall we not at such a minimum premium *insure the country*? And what are the Navigation Laws but a grand system of mutual insurance of our houses, our lands, our ships, our colonies, our domestic safety, our national independence? To secure these vital objects by a nursery for the Navy and a fixed market for our manufactures, was the theory of the Navigation Laws—and never was theory more impressively sanctioned by experience. Are we not the greatest maritime and commercial nation in the world; and has not that greatness grown up chiefly by—as well as with and under

under the Navigation Laws? We do not deny that other causes helped, and that our people seem to have a peculiar maritime aptitude—but what has fostered, developed, and confirmed that national aptitude? Other nations have been in succession great maritime powers—Spain, Holland, and even Portugal—where are they now, and what shall we be if we lose our naval superiority? In short, it seems to us as certain as any proof by induction can be, that the Navigation Laws are essentially interwoven with our commercial prosperity, naval power, and national safety. We most earnestly advise our countrymen to be satisfied with their golden eggs; and, above all, not to try the experiment of killing the hen that lays them.

But if we had any doubt upon this point—nay, if we could bring ourselves to shut our eyes to the light of day and to dream that the abrogation of the Navigation Laws might *possibly* be innocuous or even beneficial—we should still, we hope, have common sense enough to feel that this is not the time for any such experiments. The spirit that is abroad is a spirit of destruction, and ought, as we have said, to have naturally inclined men of common sense to the antagonist principle of preservation.

We have seen, we confess, with astonishment the ministerial proposition carried by 294 to 177—a majority of 117. Some of the majority have, we understand, individually alleged that they voted for the *committee*, not with a view to the total repeal, but for the amendment of some small grievance that they have discovered in the working of these laws. The votes of men so confessedly blind to the true state and real import of this great question would be of little account—but their number must be very small, and we are therefore, however reluctantly, forced to conclude that a large majority of the present House of Commons, however incongruous their opinions on other subjects may be, are prepared to concur in the abolition of the Navigation Laws, and to *discolonise* the empire—for such must be the inevitable result. If Jamaica is to find no more protection in England than Cuba, and England no more preference in Jamaica than Spain, it is clear that there will be and can be no really colonial relations between us, and that we shall have no more interest in Jamaica than in Cuba. In that case the most sincere Conservative—the stoutest Protectionist—the oldest Tory would confess that the colonial system was no longer maintainable—that England would not, and *ought not*, to burthen herself with the government and defence of distant settlements with which her connexion was merely nominal, and from which she derived no compensation whatsoever. We should be very sorry to wait till rebellion or war should release our repudiated colonies from us. We should feel

feel such a disgrace—but it would be no real loss, for *in the supposed case* there is nothing to lose and a great expense to be saved. If, therefore, the Navigation Laws are to be repealed, we hope to see the colonies emancipated at once, voluntarily and amicably, and our ships and troops brought home, where it will probably not be long before we shall need them. Bermuda, Gibraltar, and perhaps Malta, would probably be reserved as military posts; but the *colonies* properly so called, whether with our consent or without, will soon make themselves other destinies; and we may be well assured that the other maritime powers of the world will not be slow in adopting the protectorate of the colonies we shall have shaken off, just as we see them tightening their tariffs in proportion as we relax ours. The Canadas, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland will perhaps form one or two new American states. The West Indies will either be another slave state, or a slave-cultivated dependency of the Union. The Cape of Good Hope is, we fancy, not yet strong enough to set up for itself, and, having little either export or import trade, would be at present more slightly affected by the change; but it would probably again accept the protection of Holland, unless the United States bid higher for that half-way house to the East. The Mauritius, which we have ruined by mismanagement and bad faith, will no doubt revert to France.

On our *continental* empire in the East, which has outgrown maritime protection, there might be no immediate political effect; but what might follow from America's possessing herself, as she certainly would, of the carrying trade with the East, is a serious consideration for Leadenhall Street. We suppose it might be worth while to maintain the penal settlements of New South Wales *as such*. But, as to all the rest, we must contemplate England as entirely relieved from colonial connexions, and, *per contra*, we must in candour add, *responsibility* and embarrassment. Our colonies are, we admit, a great expense in peace, and in war still greater, with the addition of the risk of dishonour in losing them; and it is not to be denied that in these views they are heavy burdens,—but burdens which we bear for the preponderating advantages that result; the nursery for seamen which we suppose to be essentially necessary to our naval power and, of course, to our national existence; and the extensive, steady, and, as it were, domestic markets which we and they mutually afford to each other, and which is of infinitely more importance to *our* population than to theirs. In the British colonial markets our manufactures have hitherto been secure of a preference, and safe from the restrictions and impositions of rivals; but hereafter they will have to meet the linens, woollens, hardware, and, in short, all the manufactures  
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of America and Europe, not in open and equal markets, as the free-trade theory deceitfully promises, but under such restrictions and tariffs as those foreign nations may think proper to oppose to our unilateral and suicidal system. In all this complication of interests and duties, and this conflict of certainties against possibilities, of experience against theory, our abstract opinion would undoubtedly be to abide by certainty and experience, and to adhere to the system under which we have grown to be the envy of the world; and let us add that it ought to be no inconsiderable ingredient in these considerations—to find that the whole of those classes of the continental press which are the most rancorously hostile to England are all overjoyed—‘*extasiés*’—at the prospect of the repeal of the Navigation Laws. We need not take any trouble to prove that measures which delight the manufacturers of France and Germany cannot be, in their judgment at least, very favourable to ours. But if on general principles we should be thus adverse to make such vital experiments, can we deem it otherwise than impolitic almost to insanity to attempt them at this moment? By the admission of its strongest advocates this free-trade principle cannot succeed but by reciprocity on the part of other countries. Where have we seen any tendency to reciprocity, even in regular governments? and are we not certain that revolutionary governments will be still more under the influence of *ouvriers* and manufacturers, and, therefore, protective of domestic industry, even perhaps to unjustifiable extents? We have before us, in the clever work called ‘Germany Unmasked,’ indisputable proof that we have no reciprocity to expect from *her*; and it is singular enough that at this very moment one of the avowed objects of the Zollverein is ‘the institution of special navigation laws fashioned on the model of those of England’ (p. 22).

But, in addition to mere commercial risks, we are in a great political danger at home, which the distresses of our own working people may render unmanageable; and abroad we see a great European crisis, which may at any moment precipitate us into war—a war in which we should have one or two weak allies to defend, and only one other—and that the most remote from our sphere—whose power could in any degree avail us; while, on the other hand, we see a jealous, envious, and hostile world ready to combine against us. And it is amidst these awful prospects both at home and abroad that the Queen’s ministry has chosen or submitted to carry the principle of change and perturbation into all the great interests of the country, religious, electoral, maritime, commercial, colonial! with the additional danger of having shown themselves incapable of resettling, even on their

their own views, any of the various objects that they have thus disturbed.

What is to be the end of all this? how is an administration to be kept alive that forfeits by alternate and opposite weaknesses the confidence of all parties? Where, if they fail, are we to look for another? And where can any possible administration hope to find a clue to the labyrinth in which the two last parliaments have entangled interests, bewildered opinions, and discredited characters?

The House of Lords may, and probably will, reject, and for a time delay the repeal of the Navigation Laws, as it did the Jew Bill; but the House of Lords cannot be in permanent opposition to the Government, and it will be ultimately forced, if the House of Commons persists, to give way as it did on the Catholic Bill, the Reform Bill, the Municipal Bill, the Corn Bill, and all that series of measures which, we hesitate not to say, have shaken the Monarchical constitution to its very foundation. The most, therefore, that we can now expect from the House of Lords is to obtain the interval of a session or two for reconsideration. We put no great trust in popular reconsideration of abstract or theoretical propositions, but as to the Navigation question, we believe that it has all along met but little encouragement from the people, and that the distressing effects of free trade on our manufacturing districts are rapidly weaning even their population from that unhappy delusion.

As to arresting the progress of revolutionary measures and doctrines at home, we believe that, if we had a Government able and willing to do its duty, its whole duty, and no more than its duty, the insane violence of the Irish Repealers and English Chartists would strengthen their hands, and enable the Constitution to retrieve some of the authority that it has lost. It is very well to convict Mitchell, and to prosecute Jones and Fussell, and by large displays of special constables to defeat occasional demonstrations; but something more is necessary—some larger and more ready powers should be obtained of dealing with unconstitutional assemblies and assemblages. Repeal in Ireland and Chartism in England have been most essentially altered in character by the revolutions on the continent. Never before had there been witnessed such permanent effects from sudden explosions of a populace—never before had Governments, the oldest and apparently the strongest, being overthrown, and even as it were eradicated, by a *coup-de-main*. We, therefore, think that, for offences become by circumstances so much more formidable, the law should obtain an increase of power adequate  
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to the increase of the danger ; and designs against the public peace should be made punishable in their very earliest stages, and not allowed to grow to a head that requires the extraordinary interference of either troops or special constables.

But, finally, we recur to the opinion expressed at the outset, that the progress of the French Revolution will and must have a most powerful influence on our internal condition. The Reform Bill, and its consequences, have thrown so much power into the hands of the 10/. householders, that, without *as yet* adopting Mr. Cobden's assertion, that the towns must govern the country, it is not too much to say that, considering the superior degree of combination and activity of which the 10/.-householders are susceptible, they are likely to become a predominant power in the legislature, that is, in the Government ; and on their permanent moderation and undeviating good sense—(very doubtful qualities in any large classes of mankind)—the permanence of our constitution seems to become every year more dependent. On them the result of the French Revolution will have a great and, we must admit, reasonable effect ; and, in truth, no class of society can be indifferent to the progress of this great experiment. *If* universal suffrage, a single legislative authority, a triennial parliament, and a quadriennial president shall be found, *permanently* and after a fair trial *in all weathers*, compatible with the security of life, liberty, and property—with peace abroad and peace at home, and with the moral and social requirements of a civilized people—this result, coming in aid of the more dubious precedent of the United States, would deprive monarchy of most of what we have always thought, and still believe, its peculiar—not to say its exclusive—merit as a form of government. But if, on the contrary, as the whole antecedent history of Europe—as all the varied phases of the last half-century of revolution—as the rise and fall of the old French republic—as the troubles which we have seen rocking the cradle of the new one—as every experience of the nature of man, and, above all, of the Frenchman—as, we say, all these evidences seem to foretell, this new constitution should turn out to be neither more satisfactory nor more durable than any of the dozen great national disorganizations which have preceded it, then, indeed, it will have been written for our warning, as well as theirs : of all which attempts we think we may venture to say that it is in its principles the crudest, in its construction the most trite and trivial, in executory power the weakest, and, as to stability, the least likely to outlive the Assembly that creates it. No one who will not take the pains of comparing it with the old constitutions of 1791, 1793, and 1795, can imagine what a poor plagiarism and gallimaufry it is of those anarchical and ridiculous formulæ which have been  
for

judge from his words, he had not that elevation and purity of spirit, that abstractedness of soul, to which the thought of things and beings out of the world that lies before us here, clothed with attributes that seem to render them the shadowy intimations of a world beyond our ken, which we know only so far as it is spiritually revealed, is most congenial.

It is chiefly on the score of his romantic entertainments that we claim for Fletcher a place on the same level with Jonson, notwithstanding the greater force of the latter in comedy. There are few works, however, respecting which there is such diversity of opinion; and the reason may be that they are, in a larger proportion than most others, addressed to the fancy and mere humour or state of feeling, and that in matters of fancy and feeling there are almost as many minds as men. Schlegel decries *The Faithful Shepherdess*, generally so admired for its poetic grace, as a clumsy performance, by a perverse sort of criticism contrasting it with the *Pastor Fido*, which has neither its defects nor its excellencies; and Mr. Dyce underrates, we think, *The Beggar's Bush*. He suspects that not to it but to the former Coleridge referred when he exclaimed 'How sylvan and sunshiny it is!' I could read it from morning to night.' The last sentence was, of course, an hyperbole of conversation; but Coleridge, as we happen to know, admired *The Beggar's Bush* deliberately, and at one time had thoughts of adapting it for the modern stage. As to 'sylvan and sunshiny,' thus to characterize a regular pastoral, to which grove and forest and sunshine appertain by natural right, would be a critical truism not much in Coleridge's way: it is as if one were to remark that the *Iliad* is full of fighting or the *Excursion* of rambles in the open air. As we cast our eye back on this play in the collection of dramas to which it belongs, it shows like a tract of wild woodland interposed between towns and cities and mansions with gardens and pleasure-grounds. *The Pilgrim* was rated still higher by Coleridge. It displays more vigour in the exhibition if not of character, yet of various emotion, and charms, as Mr. Dyce says, 'by the rapid succession of events, the well-contrived situations, the vivacity of the comic scenes, and the unstrained grace and occasional vigour of the serious portions.' It is objected that 'the madhouse scenes are in a great measure extraneous to the business of the piece,' and that 'though the monomania of the scholar Stephano is very happily developed,' the various 'follies and lunacies' of his companions are utterly out of nature. This is undeniably a defect in the plot, but it should be remembered that without some display of the horrible humours of the madhouse, the misery of the furious Alphonso, the

1791.

- V. *September 14.*—A revised Constitution is adopted—the King proceeds in state to the National Assembly, and swears to maintain it.—‘*Les Français croient la Révolution terminée, et en témoignent toute leur joie.*’

1792.

- VI. *August 10.*—The King and Constitution overthrown—the Republic proclaimed—a Revolutionary Government ensues, which judicially murders the *inviolable* King.

1793.

- VII. *May 31.*—Another revolution overthrows the Girondin Government, and establishes the Reign of Terror.
- VIII. *June 29.*—The permanent Republican Constitution is finally prepared, submitted to, and accepted by, the primary Assemblies of the whole Republic; and on the 10th of August the representatives of 44,000 districts assemble in the Champ de Mars to ratify and consecrate the Constitution.
- IX. *August 28.*—Within two months after its promulgation, and a fortnight after its consecration, the new Constitution is pronounced unfitted for the exigencies of the crisis, and is suspended by a vote of the National Convention—the Government is declared to be revolutionary—that is, the Convention (which the Constitution had dissolved) is kept in power. But, some clamour having been raised for the Constitution, it became expedient to free the Government from all control of either Constitution or law. And—
- X. *October 10.*—The Convention decrees, on the report of St. Just, that the Government of France shall be, till a general peace, a revolutionary dictatorship, to be exercised by the National Convention and the Committee of Public Safety.
- XI. *December 4.*—The Terrorist Constitution.—‘*Modèle,*’ says Thiers, ‘*du Gouvernement Provisoire, énergique et absolu.*’

1794.

- XII. *July 28.*—Revolution of the *neuf Thermidor*, which ended Robespierre’s Reign of Terror.

1795.

- XIII. *September 23.*—A new Constitution, with five directors and two councils, adopted by the French people in their primary Assemblies, and promulgated by the National Convention.

1797.

- XIV. *September 5.*—The revolution of the 18th *Fructidor*, by which two of the directors, and many members of the majority of both councils, were expelled and exiled—the elections of forty-eight



eight departments were annulled—and the ‘*sol de la liberté fut purgé*’ by the banishment of the proprietors, editors, authors, contributors, &c., of forty-one opposition journals. The extensive dictatorial powers of various kinds given by this revolution to the Directory were justly denounced as ‘*l’enterrement solennel de la Constitution, et de tout système de liberté politique.*’

1799.

- XV. *December 24.*—A new Constitution (called of *le Dirhuit Brumaire*) of three Consuls, a Senate, a Tribunate, and a Legislative Body: the consulship for ten years. It was submitted to the votes of the people, and accepted by 3,011,007 against 1562.

1802.

- XVI. *May 10.*—A new consular Constitution on the election—self-election, in fact—of Buonaparte as consul for life. This was submitted to the votes of the people (2nd of August), and accepted by 3,568,885 against 8374. This Constitution conferred on him the power of naming his successor and the Senate; the Tribunate, the only body which had any independence, was diminished one half, and the hereditary First Consul was invested with a direct and irresistible power in the election of the Legislative Body. It was, in fact, a despotism.

1804.

- XVII. *May 18.*—A new Constitution erecting France into an hereditary empire.—‘*Barrière éternelle contre les factions, les troubles, et les désastres qui ont déchiré notre patrie.*’

1814.

- XVIII. *April 6.*—The embryo Constitution passed by the Senate and Legislative Chamber, dethroning Buonaparte, and ‘*appelant librement Louis Xavier au trône comme Roi des Français,*’ on condition that he shall swear to and sign this Constitution: which he did not.

- XIX. *June 4.*—The Royal Constitutional Charter.

1815.

- XX. *June 9.*—Buonaparte’s *Acte additionnel aux Constitutions de l’Empire*. This was submitted to popular vote, which the people gave with great reluctance; the imperial functionaries and emissaries, however, contrived to procure about 1,000,000 votes against 6000. We do not enumerate separately the government attempted for Napoleon II. nor the provisional government of June, 1815, nor the restoration of the Charter, 8th of July.

1830.

1830.

XXI. *August 7.*—The new Charter under the Orleans dynasty.

1848.

XXII. *February 24.*—Proclamation of the Republic.

Two-and-twenty revolutions and constitutions in about fifty-nine years!—and if we subtract the three monarchical periods of Buonaparte, the Restoration, and Louis Philippe, amounting altogether to near fifty of those years, we shall appreciate still more justly the degree of agitation, distress, and terror which filled the other nine years of political experiment. There was not one of those changes which was not celebrated as a national triumph—not one, even the earliest and the shortest, that did not proclaim itself as the *happy and eternal close of the revolution*. May we not be forgiven if the promises of permanence and prosperity which the new revolution makes to itself and to the world find less credit with us than the long line of precedents which we have quoted—if we augur for the new Republic a shorter and we hope a less guilty career than the former—and if we feel more and more strengthened in our opinion that, *if left to itself*, the total failure of this experiment will tend to confirm the sober principle of constitutional monarchy, and awaken amongst our own people a stronger gratitude for the blessings we enjoy, and in our own Government a wiser and firmer resolution to maintain it?

Since the foregoing sheets were printed, and as this page is going to press, we receive the accounts of the melancholy events of the 23rd of June and two following days, on which we have neither time nor space to say much more than that they appear to us to be, as far as they have gone, a confirmation of all the opinions we have advanced and a fulfilment of all our worst apprehensions. They announce the Pentarch Executive cashiered—a military dictator—15,000 soldiers and citizens killed and wounded; probably a much exaggerated number, even though the slaughter may have been the greatest that the blood-stained city had ever before witnessed—the law-courts suspended and merged in courts-martial—twenty journals, even the most moderate and respectable, suppressed; their editors imprisoned and threatened (surely it can only be a *threat*) with deportation to the South Seas! and a similar sentence actually passed by a general decree of the Assembly on ‘many thousands’ of the insurgents. In short, scenes of blood and acts of despotism such as the civilized world had never before seen, except—if it be an exception—in the Old Revolution. And all this mischief and misery has  
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been brought on, first, by the precedent and example of the February revolt, and, immediately, because the *ouvriers*, the real founders of the Republic, insisted on the performance of the *programme* of the Provisional Government, and refused to resign the benefits of the *ateliers nationaux*, which had been solemnly pledged to them as a fundamental institution of the Republic. Under what superior advice—under whose guilty connivance at least, the vast preparations were organised—it is as yet too soon for us to ask. The hour for treason displayed will come. We cannot but pity the sufferers on both sides; but what shall we say of the leaders, as to whose case there is no doubt—of the men who made the unhappy *ouvriers* the tools of their ambition in February and its victims in June? We are forced to write before the struggle is entirely over; but the issue is not doubtful. The insurgents are defeated, as they would have been—and with not a tithe of the suffering—if Louis Philippe had consented, on the 23rd of February. It is perhaps, after all, as well that he did not. The world would never have believed the enormous reality of the peril; and the lives then lost, however few in comparison with the massacres of the last week, would have been reproached to him as wanton and cruel sacrifice. What has happened was perhaps necessary to convince the world of the extent of the danger of popular insurrections and the real mercy of early and vigorous repression. We are struck with a singular *rapprochement*. After the insurrection at Warsaw some years since, the Russian proclamation announced ‘*L’ordre règne à Varsovie.*’—This phrase excited the mingled ridicule and indignation of the whole French press, and the shop-windows were filled with prints of streets strewn with dead bodies, over which the Cossacks were supposed to exclaim ‘*L’ordre règne dans Varsovie.*’ In the Paris papers of the 26th of June, which are full of the details of this unparalleled massacre, and which describe it as not yet quite over, we find the President of the National Assembly opening the sitting of that morning with a declaration that ‘*l’état de la capitale est satisfaisant; L’ORDRE RÉGNE DANS PARIS.*’ And the Assembly answers, ‘*Vive la République!*’

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NOTE.—There were in the last article of our last number two inaccuracies copied from the works before us. General Lamoricière is not the brother-in-law of M. Thiers, and the King did not retire from the Tuileries through the subterranean passage, but through the great avenue of the garden.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. F.—1. *Physical Geography*. By Mary Somerville, Author of ‘The Connexion of the Physical Sciences,’ and ‘Mechanism of the Heavens.’ 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1848.
2. *Physikalische Geographie*. Vorlesungen gehalten an der Universität zu Berlin in den Jahren 1834 und 1835. Von Friedrich Hoffmann. Berlin, 1837.
3. *The Physical Atlas*: a Series of Maps and Illustrations of the Geographical Distribution of Natural Phenomena; embracing Geology, Hydrography, Meteorology, and Natural History. By A. Keith Johnston, F.R.G.S. Edinburgh, 1848. Folio.

THE growth of the Physical Sciences brings with it the same demands as the progress of civilization in the arts of life. New methods and divisions of labour are required to satisfy the call for higher advancement and a more consummate perfection: new names are needed to express and classify these divisions. We find practical illustration of this in the numerous Societies which have grown up of late years, professing the separate and especial culture of branches of Natural Knowledge which, half a century ago, were barely recognised or imperfectly deciphered on the great page of Nature. More remarkably still is this principle of subdivision exemplified in the labours and collections of individuals in the field of science, where we find men seeking and earning fame by a devotion to objects which appear utterly trivial to those unused to such researches. The Fauna and Flora of natural history are striking examples. We may smile at the phrase of ‘illustrious arachnologist’ applied to an indefatigable spider-collector of our own day, and marvel at the laborious zeal of M. Robineau in gathering up 1800 species of the genus *Musca* in the single Department of the Yonne. But when we come to regard the completeness which this great branch of science has attained through such particular researches, and the curious and unexpected results derived from minute inquest into the subdivisions of the organic world—the fungi, the algæ, the heaths, the lichens, the mollusks of different seas and depths, the zoophytes, infusoria, &c.—we cannot fail to recognise the value of these insulated labours, and to applaud the happy diligence to which we owe such exact and abundant knowledge.

It is in nowise inconsistent with the circumstances just stated, that changes should be simultaneously going on, which blend all sciences and all parts of science more closely together; giving unity to seeming disseverment, and carrying the mind forward to future connexions hitherto unexplored and unseen. Such high generalizations can only be reached by minute and precise knowledge of subordinate parts; and this exactness cannot be attained otherwise than by the division of labour we have indicated. We divide, to obtain supremacy over the whole.\*

Physical Geography—that branch of science which embraces all matter, in all its forms of existence, organized or inorganic, forming the great globe on which we dwell—may rightly take place as one of the highest departments of human knowledge. Spacious, however, though its domain and objects be, and familiar in their connexion with other parts of science, it is only lately that its boundary has been defined, and its subjects and subordinate branches, heretofore pursued under these separate connexions, been associated under one comprehensive name. So recent, in truth, is their association in any explicit form, that Mrs. Somerville's volumes come before us as the first English work bearing the title, and distinctly comprehending what belongs to this great subject. We possess, indeed, the valuable Physical Atlas of Mr. Keith Johnston, which may well be associated with Mrs. Somerville's book for their mutual illustration. But this Atlas is itself a recent undertaking; and by no means yet known, or studied, commensurately with its merits.

It is welcome to us to receive from the pen of Mrs. Somerville this introduction to Physical Geography as an independent branch of science. This lady, as all our readers know, has earned for herself no common reputation by her earlier scientific writings—to which we have given our tribute of praise in former volumes of this Review (Nos. 94 and 101). She brought to the '*Mécanique Céleste*' of Laplace a mathematical capacity and cultivation, which enabled her to present to English readers an admirable

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\* The only practical doubt to be entertained on this subject regards the recent multiplication of Societies professedly devoted to single departments of Science. We cannot now object to this as 'an over-early and peremptory reduction of knowledge into arts and methods;' but we firmly believe that the result of this division has often been to starve rather than foster the objects of pursuit, thus detached from their former connexions. That private patronage which, by a proud peculiarity of England, gives basis to these institutions, is hampered by the multiplicity of demands upon it; their government becomes feeble or partial from the same cause; and the labours of individuals, admirable in themselves, often lose their due weight and circulation by being parcelled out among various subordinate receptacles. It is simply a question of degree; but we repeat our own conviction that the division has been carried to an injurious extent, and believe that the same judgment might be extended to other public institutions, with which our actual state of society is crowded and perplexed.

summary of the spirit, methods, and results of this great work. To the 'Mechanism of the Heavens' succeeded her volume on the 'Connexion of the Physical Sciences'; unassuming in form and pretensions, but so original in design, and perfect in execution, as well to merit the success of eight editions, each carefully embodying all of augmentation that science had intermediately received. Though rich in works on particular sciences, and richer still in those eminent discoveries which establish the relations amongst them, yet had we not before in English a book professedly undertaking to expound these connexions, which form the greatest attainment of present science, and the most assured augury of higher knowledge beyond. Mrs. Somerville held this conception steadily before her; and admirably fulfilled it. Her work indeed, though small in size, is a true Kosmos in the nature of its design, and in the multitude of materials collected and condensed into the history it affords of the physical phenomena of the universe. In some respects her scheme of treating these topics so far resembles that since adopted by Humboldt, that we may give Mrs. Somerville credit for partial priority of design, while believing that she would be the last person to assert it for herself.

We may briefly notice here her style in treating scientific subjects, inasmuch as our comments will apply equally to the volume just mentioned and to those now before us. Few writers have shown so remarkable a continence as to all superfluous words and phrases. Not upon any formal principle, but from that native simplicity which is a quality of genius, Mrs. Somerville never indulges in those covenanted passages of preface or peroration in which authors often 'labour only to ostentation.' She goes at once to the work in hand; fully prepared and informed; clear and exact in her methods; and always preferring perspicuity to ornament. In treating of the mutual relations of the physical sciences she conducts her reader to the generalizations of which we have spoken, not with any pomp of announcement, but by those clear and certain steps of induction which, better than any artifices of language, raise the mind to the height of the subject, and engage the imagination with visions of higher knowledge yet to come. When writing on astronomy she allows the stars to speak for themselves, in all their sublimities of number, space, and time; not defacing the history of the heavens by those gorgeous epithets which we find in some modern treatises—words of earthy origin, and which rather debase than elevate the grandeur of the theme. Such is the character of her works throughout—a character perfectly compatible with great merits of style, and passages of much natural eloquence.

In these days of diffuse writing we are loth to say anything which may seem to point at brevity as a fault, and especially where the subject is so vast that it can only be embraced by severe condensation. If viewed, however, as an elementary work, Mrs. Somerville's treatise on Physical Geography must be considered as hardly copious enough for the great mass of readers. What her clear understanding unfolds in a sentence would be a theme to other writers. Though arranging her subjects well, yet does she tax the memory too unceasingly by the close and compact series of facts which form the burden of every page. There is no sufficient repose for the reader's mind, nor illustration enough to refresh the attention. As respects the work before us, we are perfectly sensible that this more copious illustration could not have been attained without enlarging or otherwise altering its plan. In adverting to the fact, therefore, we do so rather in the way of explanation than censure; freely admitting that in the same compass it would have been impossible to concentrate the same amount of knowledge more clearly and efficiently. The canvass must be larger, if details of outline and colouring are required to enter into the picture.

This wider canvass, though unhappily incomplete, is afforded in the '*Physikalische Geographic*' of Frederick Hoffmann—lectures delivered in the University of Berlin in 1834 and 1835, and, after his premature death, published in the volumes which we have placed at the head of this article. The lectures gained high reputation when delivered, and their merits as a clear and animated exposition of this great department of science are well attested by the published work. The previous pursuits and travels of Hoffmann prepared him for the undertaking, and his proximity to Baron Humboldt—the father, as he may fairly be termed, of physical geography—was well calculated to foster and facilitate the studies thus directed.

To Germany also we owe the first execution of a Physical Atlas—that of Berghaus—which has been followed in our own country by the larger and more complete one already alluded to; diligently elaborated from the best and most recent sources of knowledge, and ably executed in all its parts. Such works are as essential to the study of physical geography as are experiments to the chemical student, or models and diagrams to instruction in the mechanical sciences—or what is more pertinent in this case, as common maps to common geography. Their linear delineations to the eye are an admirable shorthand-writing, conveying impressions to the mind far more explicit and forcible than any mere descriptions can afford; suggesting comparisons and relations, and giving facilities of reference, which can in no other way,  
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be equally attained. This very conviction of their value would lead us to urge upon Mr. Johnston the expediency of some reduced form of his great Atlas, which, though detracting in a certain degree from its completeness, might render it more accessible to common readers, and more useful, therefore, in illustration of the volumes before us, and of future writings on the same subject. The original Atlas, however, ought to have a place in every good library. We know no work containing such copious and exact information as to all the physical circumstances of the earth on which we live; nor any of which the methods are so well fitted for the instruction of those who come ignorantly to the subject.

What, then, is Physical Geography, and what its objects and methods as a science? The definition, though not otherwise difficult than from the amount of what it comprehends, is necessary as a starting-point to the subject, seeing that the question is often asked by those who know geography only in a more common sense, apart from the qualification prefixed. We might begin this definition negatively, by stating that physical geography excludes, save with the view to descriptive reference, all those artificial lines and names with which man has covered the earth for political demarcation or other social purposes. The fluctuations of boundary from conquest or migration—the changes made by settlement and distribution of new lands—the works effected by the art or industry of man—are wholly alien to its course of inquiry. It has no concern with cities, population, commerce, or human history, except in as far as they incidentally affect the physical conditions of the globe, or are affected by them. These physical conditions themselves form the subject and scope of the science. Physical Geography is the history of the earth in its whole material organization—of its figure and other conditions as a planetary body—of the composition, structure, and elevation of the continents and islands which comprise its solid superficies—of the extent, depth, tidal and other movements of the oceans and seas forming its liquid covering—of the rivers and lakes which give circulation to water through and over its solid parts—of the atmosphere which envelops it, and ministers so largely to all natural phenomena—of the great physical elements of light, heat, and electricity, in as far as they affect the conditions of matter on the globe—and, finally, of the innumerable forms of organic existence diffused throughout the whole of this vast creation.

Thus earth, air, and ocean, with everything of animal and vegetable life tenanted these great domains, come within the scope, and constitute the science, of physical geography. Although



though those objects have been pursued before, either separately or in conjunction with other branches of science, and many of them admitted into common works of geography, yet is the volume of materials so vast—their connexion in every part so intimate—and the advantages of studying them in this connexion so manifest and obvious, that it was impossible they should not be brought eventually into closer association as an especial department of science. We have already named the part which Humboldt has had in defining and extending the domain of physical geography. He brought to his personal travels a singular concentration of knowledge on all these subjects. His eminent faculties for observation, fostered and enlarged by the wide range of country and climate which his travels embraced, gave connexion to objects before dissevered, and multiplied to our view those relations upon which the unity of nature depends; while his writings, matured by reflection and constant accession of knowledge, have further expanded these connexions, and tended mainly to give its present form and character to the science.

The basis and introduction to physical geography is a knowledge of what may be termed the planetary conditions of the earth, and of the general form and manner of distribution of those solid, liquid, and æriform parts which compose its substance, or are developed over its surface. There is a certain deficiency in this portion of Mrs. Somerville's work. She enters too abruptly on her theme, without due definition of its objects, or adequate notice of the great preliminaries we have just mentioned. A reference to former works is not sufficient to denote facts so important to this study as the figure and dimensions of the earth, its specific gravity, and the movements and changes impressed upon it by the two celestial bodies with which it has most intimate physical relations. We could have wished further that the other topics just mentioned, viz. the relative distribution of land and water over the globe, the configuration of continents, islands, oceans, &c., which are cursorily noticed in the second and some succeeding chapters, had taken a more distinct place in the outset of the work. These general facts, largely investigated of late years, form the framework of the science; and, as they represent the existing state of the earth's surface, apart from all hypothesis or ambiguous conjecture, may reasonably antecede those views of geological structure and succession, which, however matured by the active research of late years, do yet leave many important points hypothetical and obscure. Our authoress adopts the opposite plan; and, turning back the leaves in this mighty volume of the history of the globe, expounds from them the long series of changes which science has recorded as accounting for the

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the appearances now existing before us. This geological survey is prefaced by a passage which we willingly quote, as a specimen of the feeling and spirit pervading her whole work :—

‘The earthquake and the torrent, the august and terrible ministers of Almighty power, have torn the solid earth, and opened the seals of the most ancient records of creation, written in indelible characters on “the perpetual hills and the everlasting mountains.” There we read of the changes that have brought the rude mass to its present fair state, and of the myriads of beings that have appeared on this mortal stage, have fulfilled their destinies, and have been swept from existence to make way for new races, which in their turn have vanished from the scene till the creation of *man* completed the glorious work. Who shall define the periods of those mornings and evenings when God saw that his work was good? And who shall declare the time allotted to the human race, when the generations of the most insignificant insect existed for unnumbered ages? \* \* \* These stupendous changes may be but cycles in those great laws of the universe, where all is variable but the laws themselves, and He who has ordained them.’

The principles and leading facts of geology are now become so far familiar, or so easily accessible, that it is unnecessary to follow in detail the history of those great natural events which have successively affected and altered the surface of the globe. It is given by Mrs. Somerville succinctly, but clearly and impressively. The arrangement she follows is mainly that of Mr. Lyell, whose authority is sanctioned equally by his eminent merits as an observer, and by the spirit of true philosophy in which he has examined, classified, and recorded the vast assemblage of facts forming the present material of this science. Any changes hereafter made in the systematic arrangement of rocks must of necessity be subordinate to the great outlines now adopted by geologists—founded, as they are, not merely upon the relative position and structure of strata or rocky masses, but yet more unequivocally on that wonderful series of fossil remains of animal and vegetable life, which, entombed in different portions of the crust of the earth, do thence decipher to us the order and relation of mineral masses, as well as of the multitudinous forms of organic being which have given life and activity to successive epochs and conditions of the globe.

In the discovery and exact denotation of these organic remains consists the great glory of modern geology, and its most profound interest. What in truth more wonderful than to know that, during the ages which have passed since Man was created upon the earth, there have been lying hidden beneath us the innumerable vestiges of distinct anterior creations of living beings—separated from us, and from each other, by periods of time of which human reckoning can attest nothing certain but the vastness—forms and species

species differing, more or less, from all those we now see around us, yet with relations of type showing the unity of the great Designing Cause from which they severally and successively proceed! The empires of antiquity rose and were extinguished—the ages of Grecian and Roman culture passed away—and still these vestiges and remains of the life of former worlds remained hidden to human sense and speculation. It is true that fragments of them had been worked out of the quarry, gathered from the bed of torrents, or dug out of alluvial strata; but it was only to become subjects of ignorant wonder to some—of rash or superstitious theory to others. Admitting some few happy conjectures of an earlier period, yet can we not date the science of fossil remains farther back than the time of Cuvier, whose genius first discovered its vast import, and whose labours gave it a basis and right direction of pursuit. These remnants of former organic life, silent heretofore, became now the interpreters to man of events antecedent to his own time on the earth. The progress of the inquiry—aided continually by larger scope and increased exactness of observation—has rendered it in our own day a record, singularly authentic and minute, of those great changes which have destroyed or restored, elevated or depressed, the early covering of the globe; while in the succession of organic remains we have the history, similarly written on tablets of stone, of the living forms which have successively tenanted the earth under these different conditions, and finally disappeared to give place to the existing forms of life, and amongst and above them all, to Man, now first introduced to fulfil his destinies in the great scheme of creation. •

*‘E tenebris tantis tam clarum extollere lumen,’* may well form the motto and the eulogy of the eminent observers who have brought this subterranean world to light; creating thereby and almost maturing a new science, perfect as an example of inductive inquiry, and prolific of extraordinary results. We are speaking of it here only in connexion with that series of changes on the earth's surface of which it is the exponent and record; otherwise we might dwell on the great questions which it has suggested to philosophical inquiry,—viz. whether there be any such absolute nature of species as to preclude the possibility of an unbroken succession, by generation, of organic life, from its earliest appearance on the earth to the present moment, admitting unlimited time, and altered conditions of the surface, as the elements and causes of progressive change?—or, dismissing this doctrine, whether there be any true ascending scale of perfection in successive creations, and evidence of higher and more consummate organization of living beings, as we rise upwards in the order

order of fossiliferous strata, and bring the series to the types and forms which now exist around us?—an inquiry much more complex than it may at first appear, and often made obscure by faulty definition of terms; yet capable, we believe, of eventual solution, and exercising meanwhile the talents of many eminent naturalists in this fertile field of discovery. If the solution be affirmative (as under certain qualifications is probable), we are at once admitted to wider views of the Divine Providence, as manifested in antecedent acts of creation; and may even, with humility, look onwards through time to future periods of the earth, pregnant with like changes and advancement in the form and other conditions of animal life.

Reverting again to physical geography, as instructing us in all that regards the surface of the earth, we find in the whole aspect and condition of this surface the closest dependence on those great phenomena which geology records. This may readily be understood as respects the more dominant features of the globe—the continents, oceans, islands, mountain groups and chains. In the height, depth, various configuration, and inequalities of these vast materials forming its present superficies, we find the proof of enormous physical forces acting under various conditions of time and space—forces mechanical, chemical, and electrical in kind, disintegrating, consolidating, crystallizing, elevating, and depressing—such actions existing through incalculable periods of time, either slow and continuous, or recurring at intervals with vehemence of power and sudden and mighty effects. These are the subjects with which geology as a science is concerned. It derives its evidences from the relative position of rocks, whether stratified or unstratified—from the materials of which they are severally composed, and from the various manner in which these materials are combined by crystallization or otherwise—from the numerous phenomena, whether of order or disorder, in stratified rocks and in veins—from the identity or succession of organic remains in different strata—and from the effects of earthquakes, volcanoes, deluges, and other phenomena expressing the great physical forces which have most recently acted, or are yet acting, on the surface of the globe. In stating the opinion of Humboldt that all or nearly all the existing land has been raised out of the ocean, we sufficiently mark the mighty changes that are in evidence before us, and show the close relation of physical geography to all that forms the subject of geological research.

Though, for the reason already given, we do not follow Mrs. Somerville in her outline of geology, yet may we briefly notice certain of the more recent views and discoveries in the science, remarkable in themselves, and illustrative of the relations just mentioned.

tioned. The first we would name is the curious class of facts lately collected and powerfully applied by Lyell, Darwin, and others, to prove the slow and continuous upheaving or depression of large tracts of land in different parts of the world—in effect of subterranean changes going on underneath. The phenomenon belongs to our own time, as well as to anterior ages in the history of the globe. In Sweden, for instance, a line traverses the southern part of that kingdom from the Baltic to the Cattegat, to the north of which, even as far as the North Cape of Europe, there is evidence, scarcely disputable in kind, that the land is gradually rising at the average rate of nearly four feet in a century: while to the south of this axial line there are similar proofs of a slow subsidence of surface in relation to the level of the adjacent seas. This and various other examples of what may be termed secular changes of elevation, particularly in South America and amidst the great coral formations of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, have led the eminent geologists just named to regard such slow progressive changes as the probable cause of many or most of those great aspects of the earth's surface, which by others have been attributed to paroxysmal actions of subterranean forces, sudden and violent in kind. The question is one still under controversy, and capable perhaps of being only approximately settled. It must be allowed to the advocates of secular change that they have all time at their disposal. The admitted facts in every part of geology give a licence in this point without line or limit; and without such licence, and the supposition of slow and steady movements, it is difficult to explain the existence of vast unbroken expanses of level continent such as that of European Russia, the horizontal strata of which, stretching over a thousand miles in one line, have demonstrably been formed below the sea, and are nowhere penetrated or broken by those igneous rocks which have been elsewhere the agents of sudden and violent elevation. But this privilege as to time does not settle the question; which can only, we think, be reasonably solved by admitting every gradation of action of the great physical forces which tend to disturb, or have disturbed in past ages, the solid crust of the globe. Such gradations of action might naturally, or even needfully, be expected to occur; and this anticipation is confirmed by the phenomena, representing, as they do when fairly interpreted, an extreme variety in the *manner* and *degree* in which the same physical forces are put into operation on the masses subjected to them.

We touch here on another doctrine of modern geology, bearing closely on our subject—that, namely, of Elie de Beaumont, as to the evidence, from the parallelism of mountain-chains, of their contemporaneous

contemporaneous origin from elevating forces acting during the same geological periods; and his better substantiated rule for deciding the relative ages and upheaving of such mountain-chains by comparison of the inclined and horizontal strata severally resting upon them. These views, which have led their author to recognise twelve principal periods of dislocation and elevation in Europe alone, are still disputed and ambiguous; yet by enlarging the basis of inquiry, and suggesting new and more definite modes of observation, they have doubtless contributed to the remarkable progress of geological science. Prospectively, though more partially, we may contemplate the same result from the researches of Mr. Hopkins, who has boldly applied his mathematical resources in seeking to submit some of these great phenomena of seeming disorder to strict geometric laws. In his memoir 'On the Parallel Lines of simultaneous Elevation in the Weald of Kent and Sussex,' by assuming theoretically the application of an expansive force acting uniformly upwards within an elliptic area, he finds that the effects as to elevation, fissures, direction of dislocation, &c., correspond almost exactly with the actual longitudinal and transverse fractures in the district just named. The same principle of inquiry has been applied with the same success to the fractures in the mountain limestone and coal districts of Derbyshire—a happy illustration of the aid which one science renders to another, and of the influence of those great laws which serve as a basis and bond to all.

Another part of modern geology, singularly important to physical geography, is that so well and copiously illustrated by Mr. Lyell—the influence upon climate and organic productions of the vast movements which have raised new lands out of the ocean, and given greater elevation to those already raised. To this source we may doubtless refer many phenomena of altered climate in particular regions, which had before embarrassed us at every step. An increase of land above the sea between the tropics raises the mean temperature—in higher latitudes depresses it—and every such vicissitude must be attended with some corresponding change in the nature and conditions of organic life. During that comparatively recent epoch of the earth's surface when what geologists call the tertiary strata were formed, it is certain that a vast increase and general upheaving of land occurred in our northern hemisphere, with the effect of gradually changing the climate, before tropical in kind, to one of extreme cold—of each of which prior states we have numerous proofs in the phenomena, both of organic and inorganic nature, now laid open to our observation. Succeeding changes in the proportion of land and sea, and in the elevation of the former, have brought  
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the surface into the state in which it actually appears, and produced those conditions of climate which support the existing forms of animal and vegetable life.

Our space will not allow us to notice more than one other of those achievements of modern geology by which our knowledge of the earth's surface has been so greatly enlarged and perfected. This is the power, gained through careful study and comparison of fossil remains, of identifying strata and classes of rocks, remote in situation on the globe, and often exceedingly dissimilar in other and more obvious characters—thereby correcting local and partial inferences, and establishing great epochs of common movement and change over every part of the earth. The various and accurate knowledge derived from this beautiful indication renders it one of the most striking examples of those new methods which have given such unabating vigour to modern science. Were any illustrations necessary to attest its value, we might especially refer to what the labours of geologists have effected in classifying, according to this principle, the great systems or formations of the Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous strata; removing what formerly seemed anomalies, and determining their relations in such manner that observers can scarcely be at fault hereafter in recognising these rocks, in whatsoever place, or under whatever forms, they may appear.

We have now to consider the exterior aspect of the globe, as derived from the great physical causes thus operating upon it—whether from without in its condition as a planetary body,—or on its surface in the mutual action of the elements which surround it,—or from those hidden depths below the surface, the *ταρταρα γαίης*, whence have proceeded the more violent and irregular actions, rending, raising, or depressing the solid crust above. Mrs. Somerville gives an able summary of the latter phenomena in her second chapter:—

‘The continents had been raised from the deep by a powerful effort of the internal forces acting under widely-extended regions; and the stratified crust of the earth either remained level, rose in undulations, or sunk in cavities, according to its intensity. Some thinner portion of the earth's surface, giving way to the internal forces, had been rent into deep fissures, and the mountain masses had been raised by violent concussions, perceptible in the convulsed state of their strata. The centres of maximum energy are marked by the pyrogenous rocks, which generally form the nucleus or axis of the mountain masses, on whose flanks the stratified rocks are tilted at all angles to the horizon; whence declining on every side, they sink to various depths or stretch to various distances on the plains. Enormous as the mountain-chains and table-lands are, and prodigious the forces that elevated them, they bear

bear a very small proportion to the mass of the level continents and to the vast power which raised them even to their inferior altitude. Both the high and the low lands have been elevated at successive periods: some of the very highest mountain-chains are but of recent geological date; and some chains that are now far inland once stood up as islands above the ocean, while marine strata filled their cavities and formed round their bases. The influence of mountain-chains on the extent and form of the continents is beyond a doubt.'

No reader should approach this part of physical geography without having a good globe constantly under his eye. It is essential, not merely in respect of names and local descriptions, for which common maps might suffice, but much more as serving to those large views of land and sea, in their various proportion, distribution, and configuration, which can in no other way be obtained. The eye and mind must be alike abstracted from all the territorial divisions of man, and sedulously applied to these great lines of nature. We may repeat, too, what we have said of the need of a Physical Atlas in aid of the study. Neither globe nor map can delineate the height of mountains, level of plains, length of rivers, or other physical relations which appertain to it. Nor can numbers supply the place of those linear comparisons addressed to the sight, which are at once more readily admitted and understood, and more easily replaced if lost to the memory. The German writers, and notably Forster, Pallas, Humboldt, Von Buch, Steffens, and Ritter, have been more assiduous than any others in this branch of physical geography; marking with a mixture of boldness and minuteness all these great outlines and objects on the surface of the globe, and bringing moreover to the research something of that German faculty which delights in exploring new and occult relations in nature—matters sometimes fantastic in conception, but often sound and valuable accessions to human knowledge.

The first thing which strikes the eye in surveying the globe is the large excess of ocean over land—water occupying, in fact, nearly three-fourths of the total surface—defining by its outline the permanent elliptical figure of the earth, and furnishing a fixed mean level from which to measure the height of the lands rising irregularly from this vast liquid expanse. Next, we may note the great preponderance of land in the northern hemisphere, of water in the southern—showing, from whatever cause, a very different action, in these two regions, of the forces which have given its present aspect to the surface. Of the thirty-eight millions of square miles, forming, in round numbers, the total area of land, nearly twenty-eight millions lie to the north of the equator. If again we divide the globe longitudinally by the  
meridian



meridian of Teneriffe, the land on the eastern side of this line will be seen greatly to exceed the western. Another manner of division, into two hemispheres, according to the maximum extent of land and water in each, affords the curious result of designating England as the centre of the former, or terrene half—an antipodal point near New Zealand as the centre of the aqueous hemisphere. The exact position in England is not far from the Land's End; so that, if an observer were there raised to such height as to discern at once one half of the globe, he would see the greatest possible extent of land—if similarly elevated in New Zealand, the greatest possible surface of water. Those who have aptitude in conceiving these globular conditions in free space, apart from actual delineation—a faculty essential to the astronomer in his dealing with the heavens—might here discard for a moment all artificial aids, and give full play to their power, by assuming the positions we have denoted in the void around the earth, and picturing thence to the mind's eye these two great aspects of the globe beneath. But such faculty belongs to very few in comparison with the number of those who derive all their notions from the plane surface of maps—look for New Zealand in horizontal distance instead of perpendicularly below them—and find it impossible to conceive a wide ocean of waters forming the globular surface opposite to that on which they actually stand.

Other singular facts may be noted as to the relation and proportions of land and water on the surface of the globe. Comparing the northern with the southern temperate zone, we find the proportion of land nearly as thirteen to one; while in the line of the equator five-sixths of the whole circumference is water. Some curiously minute observations of Mr. Gardner show that only one-twenty-seventh of the existing land has land directly opposed to it in the opposite hemisphere—a circumstance depending on the disproportion of the two hemispheres already stated, but still more strikingly expressive of this physical fact. Of the total surface of dry land, the proportion of continent to islands is estimated as twenty-three to one.

All these comparisons respect the horizontal extension of land and water. But there is another relation, very interesting in the physical history of the globe, between the vertical elevation of the continents and islands forming the solid surface of the globe, and the depth of the oceans and seas surrounding them. Upon various considerations Laplace had presumed the mean height of the solid surface to be about 3000 feet. But this estimate, obviously vitiated by his having taken the height of mountain-chains from their culminating ridges or points, has been reduced by the  
more

more exact calculations of Humboldt to 307 metres, or about 1000 feet. The manner of obtaining and using the facts which form the basis of such calculation attests equally the power and the exactness of modern science. All known parts of the globe have been examined for documents as to relative elevation; and the results are so compared and classed as to furnish a series of mean heights approximating closely, it may be believed, to the truth. Some of these results we state in the subjoined note, to illustrate the curious methods of the inquiry.\* It is an instance, amongst so many others in science, where the multiplication of averages, even with data of uncertain kind, gradually eliminates all notable errors, and furnishes conclusions approaching in value and correctness to those derived from actual observation. No one has signalized himself more than Sir J. Herschel in this remarkable path of research.

The mean depth of the ocean is an element of more difficult attainment than that of continental elevation. Were soundings multiplied a thousandfold, and were every sounding-line dropped into the mighty mass of waters to touch the bottom, still would the evidence be scanty and partial as to the level of this vast submarine land;—probably not less broken and various than that raised above the sea, of which it is on every side the continuous prolongation. The greatest depth ever reached by sounding was in the Atlantic, 900 miles W. of St. Helena, where Sir James Ross found no bottom with a line  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length. This depth corresponds closely with the height of certain of the loftiest mountains on the globe; but the result, inconclusive even at the point where it was obtained, is altogether so as to anything beyond. The presumption that there must be in this world of waters abysses far more profound, is confirmed by evidence of another kind, derived from the theory of the tides, and other astronomical considerations, which have led Laplace to estimate the mean depth of the great oceans at not less than four miles, or 21,000 feet. Recurring, then, to Humboldt's calculation of 1000 feet as the mean height of the dry land, and seeing that its superficial extent is but one-third that of the sea, we perceive that it might be totally submerged by sudden changes or slow disintegration, leaving a vast depth of ocean incumbent over the whole surface of the globe

\* The mean height of Europe Humboldt estimates at 636 feet; half its surface being occupied by the vast plains of Russia and Poland, which have a mean height of only 360 feet. The compact massive plateau of Spain produces an effect equal to 36 feet on the European mean level; while the *chain* of the Alps contributes less than 4 feet. The mean height of France is about 816 feet; to which the Pyrenees contribute 108 feet; the French Alps, Jura, &c., about 120. Asia is estimated at about 1130 feet, to which the desert plain of Gobi, twice as large as Germany, and 4000 feet high, contributes about 120 feet.—*Memoir to Berlin Academy*, 1842.

—a conclusion of great moment to geological theory, as respects past ages and conditions of the world, and not without interest in relation to future changes which may even now be in progress within this vast receptacle of the spoils of the existing land.

Keeping the eye still on the globe, a careful inspection will show various peculiarities in the configuration of its surface, too strongly marked to be the result of mere accident. The opposite coasts of the Atlantic, for instance, as respectively formed by the continents of the eastern and western hemisphere, so correspond throughout in their advancing and receding outline as to give something of the aspect of a valley to this great ocean, and to indicate one class or period of physical causes concerned in its formation. The same exact use of the eye will show the singular tendency in all the great continents to throw out projections of pyramidal or pointed form towards the south, these being often the terminations of mountain-chains dipping abruptly under the waters. The two American continents, Africa, New Holland, and every point of the southern and eastern coasts of Asia, offer numerous and striking examples of this fact, which is rendered the more remarkable by the very rare occurrence of any such angular projections of land traversing the meridional direction, east or west. Here, again, there is an exposition of forces, acting on a vast scale, and through unknown periods of time; yet with a definite direction of energy which must have a determinate cause, however obscure to our present knowledge.

Another striking diversity in the form and outline of the continental masses depends on the degree in which they are broken and penetrated by the sea, or on the proportion of the coast-line to the general area. The extreme cases of this diversity are Europe and Africa. The former, bordered and deeply penetrated by branches from the Atlantic, has a coast of 17,000 miles; while Africa, thrice as large in superficial extent, has a thousand miles less of sea for its boundary. Some writers have dwelt on this fact as the probable cause of the high comparative degree of civilization in Europe. We are not very fond of these broadcast theories in cases where so many and such infinitely complex elements—race, climate, fertility of soil, and the accidents of war and social revolutions—enter into the question: yet we can at once admit the facility and extent of maritime communication as ranking high amongst them; and that the interior of great continents, except under such conditions as exist in North America, must always be in arrear of those changes and advancements which are afforded by maritime communication and adventure.

We find in the lectures of Hoffmann a minute exposition of other features and relations in the configuration of the exterior of the earth.

earth. An example of this is what may be called the theory of islands; a subject to which that eminent geologist Von Buch has given especial attention, classifying them according to peculiarities which appear to be more or less connected with the causes of their formation. Such, for instance, is the division he establishes between the elongated (*langgestreckten*) and the round or elliptical islands, or what may be otherwise termed continental and pelagic islands—a distinction founded on their relation respectively to the continental masses and to the open sea. The former, or long islands, commonly lie in series or line with each other; and either in prolongation of, or parallel to, some line of continental coast; indicating thereby a relation of common origin to each other, or to the contiguous continent; a relation further attested in many cases by similarity of geological position and character. Among many examples of such conformation Von Buch notes two as very striking, viz. the long suite of islands which, beginning to the south with New Zealand, sweeps round the east and north sides of New Holland, including New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, the Solomon Islands, New Ireland, Louisiada, New Guinea, &c., to which series he gives the name of the West Australian chain—and the still more strongly-defined insular line, beginning with the labyrinth of the Philippine Isles, extending northwards through Formosa, the Leucheu Isles, Japan, and the singular rectilinear chain of the Kurile Islands, terminating to the north in the long projecting peninsula of Kamtschatka. There are a dozen different ways of looking at a map for information's sake; but those who can throw a broad and bold eye over the surface of the globe, without regard to artificial or minor divisions, will not fail to observe the absolute continuity of this long line of islands extending over more than 40° of latitude—its strict parallelism to the east coast of Asia throughout—its obvious connexion with the more salient points of this great continent—and its termination northwards in the closest contiguity, and in identical direction, with the mountain-range of the Kamtschatkan peninsula. Such a series of islands represents, in fact, a vast chain of submarine mountains, tilted upwards in certain places and points above the level of the ocean, and forming, therefore, one of those great lines on the globe which expound the direction, continuity, and vastness of the physical forces thus operating from the centre upwards on the surface of the earth.

Of the islands which have been called *pelagic* there are two classes; very distinct in origin and in their elevation above the waters; but alike in their tendency to assume a circular form, and in the absence of any direct connexion with continental lands. There are the volcanic and the coral islands—the former raised

from the ocean by volcanic agency, found in the polar as well as the temperate and tropical regions of the globe, and often attaining the height of two or three miles, even where limited to the simple volcanic cone—the latter, the extraordinary creation of animal life, working through ages on the summits and edges of submerged lands, which, to reconcile such formations with the habits of the coral infusoria, we must suppose to be still slowly subsiding into the greater depths of the sea. In a recent article (*Quart. Rev.*, No. clxii.) we have spoken in detail of this curious subject of coral islands and reefs, and their relation to the great phenomena of elevation and subsidence in the ocean, whether proceeding from volcanic or other causes. We refer to it here only in connexion with Von Buch's views; and to illustrate, by this example of the classification of islands, the manner in which physical geographers, and especially those of Germany, have dealt with this subject of the configuration of the earth's surface. We might bring other examples of this method of observation; all fruitful, more or less, in illustration of the causes which have produced, and are ever modifying, these natural phenomena; but we must hasten forwards to other topics, filling up the canvass of the great picture we have before us.

A large part of Mrs. Somerville's first volume is descriptive of the mountains, plains, table-lands, &c., forming the outline of the different countries of the globe, accompanied with slight notices of the geology and natural history of each. We cannot follow her through these numerous details, which are, with few exceptions, derived from the best authorities, and stated with as much clearness as is possible, where so many names, numbers, and points of relative position are crowded into the picture. If disposed to find any fault, we should say that she has accumulated numerical facts somewhat beyond the scale and scope of an elementary treatise. Regarding the height of mountains, for example, the particulars stated are so numerous, that the memory, even of those who possess the peculiar faculty of retaining and applying numbers, may well be embarrassed by their multiplicity, especially as associated with names not easily discoverable in maps. It must always be kept in mind that this faculty is not a frequent one, and is partial as to its objects. To the memory of the majority of readers, numerical statements of this kind are as fleeting as the lights of the aurora borealis, hardly seen and apprehended before they shift and escape. In a future edition some of these particulars may perhaps be advantageously curtailed: replacing them by an extension of those more general views of the exterior of the globe, which we have named as somewhat deficient in the early part of the work.

Passages of fine description and reflection, however, animate all this part of Mrs. Somerville's book. We have pleasure in quoting one which prefaces the account of the great table-lands of Asia, as a fair specimen of the spirit and character of her style:—

'The Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora form but a small break in the mighty girdle of the old continent, which again appears in immense table-lands passing through the centre of Asia, of such magnitude that they occupy nearly two-fifths of the continent. Here everything is on a much grander scale than in Europe; the table-lands rise above the mean height of the European mountains; and the mountains themselves that gird and traverse them surpass those of every other country in altitude. The most barren deserts are here to be met with, as well as the most luxuriant productions of animal and vegetable life. The earliest records of the human race are found in this cradle of civilisation; and monuments still remain which show the skill and power of those nations which have passed away, but whose moral influence is still visible in their descendants. Customs, manners, and even prejudices, carry us back to times beyond the record of history, or even of tradition; while the magnitude with which the natural world is here developed evinces the tremendous forces that must have been in action at epochs immeasurably anterior to the existence of man.'

The gigantic table-lands here alluded to, and subsequently described in detail, form a feature of the earth's surface, little understood by those whose knowledge is limited to common geography; and belonging, indeed, more especially to the larger science of which we are now treating. In Europe the best example of such formation is the central or Castilian plateau of Spain—a level of somewhat more than two thousand feet above the sea. But how insignificant this compared with the great Gobi plain, one of the tracts of table-land of Central Asia, having a continuous surface of 300,000 square miles, more than four times that of France, and an elevation nearly equal to that of the highest of the British mountains! or with those table-lands of the Andes, Quito and Desaguadero, almost co-equal in area with Ireland, and at the enormous height respectively of two miles and two miles and a half, affording a foundation to cities, villages, and the industrious works of men. These vast regions of elevated plain, supported or girt round by the loftiest mountain chains of the globe, denote physical forces and periods of time of which it is difficult to understand the extent or manner of operation, save in the simple expression of the incalculable magnitude of both. Their situation has for the most part secluded them from the common observation of travellers,

vellers, and it is but of late that their importance has been fully recognised as a feature in the physical structure of the earth.

More familiar to our knowledge—yet not so much so as they should be, seeing their magnitude and importance to man—are those mighty plains, which on lower level above the sea, but forming a far wider surface of the globe, become a main object in its physical geography. Vastness of horizontal extent has its sublimity as well as elevation, and he must be a dull and indifferent traveller who could be set down even on the great sandy Deserts of Sahara, the saline steppes of Asia, or the sterile and shingly plains of Patagonia, without feeling something of the awful grandeur of their single, solitary, and interminable level. The Pampas, forming a bare horizontal surface of nearly one thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Andes—the *Silvas* of the Amazons, a dense tropical forest, covering a level area more than half as large as Europe—the *Llanos* of the Orinoco, a plain of grass, twice as large as France, and flat as the surface of the sea—the vast *Prairies* of North America, stretching westwards from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains—and the wide luxuriant plains of Hindostan—are other of the more striking examples of this great feature in the configuration of the earth's surface; to which, as well as to the table-lands of the globe, we have alluded thus particularly, seeing how much less they have been known and studied than the more romantic scenery of the mountain groups and chains, which elsewhere meet the eye as parts of its diversified outline. Many have gazed with momentary wonder on the plains of Lombardy, as seen from the summit of the *Duomo* at Milan; but the heart and pencil of the traveller, and the labours of the geologist, are given to the valleys and ravines of the Mountain Alps which form a barrier to this great landscape.

In *Mrs. Somerville's* delineation of the several regions of the earth, there are a few trifling errors, which will readily come within the correction of another edition. The Strait of Gibraltar (page 14), described as a chasm of unfathomable depth, has been sounded through its whole extent, the depth varying from 160 to 500 fathoms in the narrowest part, reaching to 960 fathoms between Gibraltar and Ceuta. The pass of *Thermopylæ* is described (p. 50) as a transverse fracture in mountains: it is a narrow slip of marshy land between the foot of Mount *Cæta* and the sea. At p. 127, speaking of the sandy desert which for 1250 miles borders the Andes on the side of the Pacific, it is stated to contain a mine of rock-salt, 'a character of deserts generally.' This statement requires qualification. Many deserts and steppes contain saliferous clay, and are covered with saline efflorescence, testifying

testifying alike their origin and the late period they hold in the physical history of the world; but the true massive rock-salt has not, we believe, been discovered here; and the great mines from which this mineral has been worked, in Cheshire, Galicia, Austria, and Catalonia, belong to other and older formations. Again, in describing the carboniferous strata of the United States, there is a want of exactness in the topography of these vast coal-fields. That of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, more than equal to England in area, is not clearly distinguished in its extent, in its relation to the Alleghany chain, or in its separation from the greatest western coal-field bordering on the Mississippi. We cannot better designate the importance of the former than by mentioning that the bed of coal called the Pittsburgh Seam, ten feet in thickness, is spread over an elliptical area, 225 miles in its greatest diameter, and 100 miles in breadth; a mass of this mineral capable of supplying the world, long after the coal-mines of Britain have become extinct by time.

We cannot wonder that Mrs. Somerville should dwell in detail on the physical features of Iceland—a country more marvellous than any other in its incongruities both of nature and human life—where volcanos and fountains of boiling water, unparalleled in the world, are ever in activity amidst the regions of the polar climate—and where literature and social order have flourished, and yet exist, under physical privations which might seem fitted to reduce man to his most savage state. Here, however, again we find the details in some points inexact, and requiring a revision of the authorities from which they are derived. A circumstance we notice not in a critical spirit, but wishing to obtain as complete exemption from errors as possible in the future editions of a work of so great merit and value.\*

Appertaining to the physical history of the solid crust of the globe—though not exclusively, since the ocean is the scene also of the same wonderful events—are the phenomena of volcanos and earthquakes; indicating subterranean forces of nature and

\* A few of these we may notice, with reference to their correction. The description of the trap-rocks (p. 196) is obscure: their beds are far from being almost horizontal, and the statement that they cover twenty thousand square miles is much too definite for an island, of which the central part is nearly unknown. The Great Geyser springs are described as six miles N.W. of Mount Hecla: they are thirty-five miles distant from it. The sun is said to be always above the horizon in the middle of summer in Iceland—a statement true only as regards the most northern point of the island. A fissure is described of Mount Hecla, cleaving the mountain from the summit to the base: we believe we may affirm that no such fissure exists.

In noticing the wonderful phenomena of the Geysers, Mrs. Somerville does not advert to the observations of Descloisieux and Bunsen, who, visiting Iceland in 1846, found the temperature of the water of the Great Geyser, at a depth of 72 feet in the great pipe from which it rises, to be nearly 30° above the boiling-point.



amount sufficient, in every region and through a succession of ages, to rend asunder the solid covering of the earth, and to produce *waves of movement* in what we are wont to consider its most fixed and immutable parts. Numerous as these phenomena have been, both in the records of past time and under our own eyes, yet must they ever awaken wonder by their magnitude and terror by their effects. Recurring to the extraordinary island of which we have just spoken, what more amazing than the volcanic eruption of the Skaptar Jokull in 1783—the year, also, of the great Calabrian earthquake? A submarine volcano had been burning fiercely for many weeks in the ocean, thirty miles from the S.W. Cape of Iceland. Its fires suddenly ceased—the island was shaken by earthquakes for a time, when the volcanic power abruptly broke forth again, at the distance of 150 miles, among the perpetual snows of the Skaptar mountains, on a scale of terrific grandeur. For many months the sun was wholly unseen in Iceland—clouds of ashes were carried many hundreds of miles to sea, falling even in the Orkney Islands—the liquid lava, spread out in some places to a breadth of twenty or thirty miles, filling up the beds of rivers, and of enormous thickness, poured itself into the sea nearly fifty miles from the places of its eruption, destroying the fishery on this coast, and adding thereby another misery to the condition of the poor Icelanders, one-sixth of whom are related to have perished in effect of the eruption. Scarcely have we the record of any event equal or like to this in the history of volcanos.

The history of earthquakes is replete with phenomena not less vast and terrific. We need but refer to those which in 1797 destroyed Cumana, Quito, and Riobamba—events minutely and vividly described by Humboldt—and to the great Lisbon earthquake of 1755, the effects of which are still to be seen in and around that city; and which from some submarine centre in the Atlantic (not, as Mrs Somerville states, immediately under Lisbon), spread one enormous convulsion over an area of 700,000 square miles—agitating by a single impulse the lakes of Scotland and Sweden, and the islands of the West Indian sea. Not, however, by a simultaneous shock, for the element of time comes in with the distance of undulation; and together with this another complexity of action, in the transmission of earthquake movements through the sea, arising from the different rate of progression at different depth. In the fact that the wave of the Lisbon earthquake reached Plymouth at the rate of 2·1 miles per minute, and Barbadoes at 7·3 miles per minute, we have illustration of the law that the velocity of a wave is proportional to the square root of its depth, and becomes a substitute for the  
sounding

sounding line in fixing the mean proportional depth of different parts of this great ocean basin. Such and so striking are the connexions of the physical sciences, and the illustrations they afford to each other!

The theory of earthquakes and volcanos, while presuming a close relation of origin of these phenomena, is still incomplete and obscure. Subterranean heat we know to exist under every part of the crust of the globe; and the various evidences lately collected from mines, wells, and springs, and carefully examined by Fox, Cordier, Kuppfer, Arago, De la Rive, &c., show that the increment begins within 100 feet of the surface, and is continued afterwards in a certain ratio of progression, to the greatest depths which man has ever reached. This depth has rarely exceeded two-fifths of a mile from the surface; and only in one instance attained a third of a mile below the level of the sea. The refined methods of modern geology, based on the inclination and superposition of strata, have demonstrated in some cases a succession of solid rocks seven miles in thickness; but without indicating the temperature of the lower portion, or the point where the materials of the globe may be presumed to become liquid from heat. As a physical fact this will, perhaps, never be ascertained. Mr. Hopkins, indeed, has sought its solution from a higher source; affirming, upon refined calculation, that the phenomena of the precession of the equinoxes cannot be what they are, unless with a certain thickness of crust, which he rates at 800 to 1000 miles, enveloping any liquid material which may occupy the centre of the earth. It is difficult to reconcile this deduction with the phenomena of volcanos and earthquakes, seeing that these involve forces and actions, which are only clearly explicable to our present knowledge under the supposition of mobility and actual change in the matter which lies at no great distance below the superficial crust. Deep rents in the earth may, indeed, give scope and issue to some of these impulses; but there are others, and especially those which dynamically produce the various and singular movements of the earthquake, which can hardly be comprehended under this view. Here, in truth, lies the great question of the earthquake theory; how to explain motions or vibrations of solid strata, not merely perpendicular and horizontal, but undulating or even rotatory in kind? We can reach the solution of this difficulty, we believe, but in one possible way—viz. by admitting the mutual elastic action of particles, as in the propagation of light and sound; and by extending this analogy to the interference of different lines of vibration, in explanation of the rotary and irregular motions which have so greatly perplexed the inquiry. It may be difficult for one untoured

tored in these matters to conceive such conditions as occurring in the solid rocks of the earth; but the simpler kinds of motion, needfully admitted to exist in this case, give proof of the possibility of those more complex; and the whole course of modern research has tended to reveal mutual actions and conditions of change among the particles of solid bodies, altogether unsuspected or deemed impossible before.

We have not space to dwell further on this interesting topic; yet we must not quit it without briefly adverting to a series of papers by Mr. Milne, on the Earthquakes of Great Britain, published in Jameson's *Philosophical Journal*, from 1841 to 1843. These memoirs are much less known than they deserve to be from their minute and curious research. They record 116 earthquake shocks in England; 31 of which were along the south coast, 30 in Wales, 14 on the borders of Yorkshire and Derbyshire: and 139 shocks in Scotland, of which not fewer than 85, and these the most violent, occurred in the vicinity of Comrie, in Stratherne; indicating, without the proximity of any volcanic action, some singular relation of this locality to subterranean actions going on underneath. These Memoirs establish more explicitly than heretofore many general conclusions regarding earthquakes—the fact of two shocks generally occurring in quick succession—the noise always attending them—the frequent fogs preceding the shocks—the unnatural sultriness of the air at the time, even during winter—the sudden fall of the barometer, &c. Some of these conditions suggest the concernment of electro-magnetic actions within the earth in the production of earthquakes; as their antecedence, and the peculiar influences present in the atmosphere, cannot easily be explained by a regard to dynamical forces only. But the whole question remains open for future solution; if, indeed, the elements for such solution should ever come within reach of human research.

From the physical geography of the continents and islands, and the notice of those great telluric forces by which they have been elevated, displaced, or disturbed, we come to the physical description of the oceans, seas, rivers, and lakes—the watery domain of the world. Of the general relations of the sea to the land in extent and depth we have already shortly spoken. It is difficult for the imagination to compass adequately this great dominion of ocean on the globe—its vastness of connected surface, its depth, its tides and currents, its eternal movement of waves, its massive covering of ice within the polar circles, the profuse abundance of life within its waters, the enormous quantity of salt it holds in solution, exceeding in bulk and weight the solid land

land of all Europe. Looking on the ocean in a still larger view, we see it as the great centre of all changes and periodical action, whether immediate or remote, on the surface of the earth. It is the recipient of all waters, speedily restoring them by evaporation to the land—it is the receptacle through ages of all the materials derived from the decay of continents, from which it elaborates other strata, possibly to be again elevated into mountains and plains—a new surface of a new habitable earth. The quaint language of old Purchas, though little akin to that of modern science, yet well expresses the admiration due to this magnificent part of creation:—

‘The sea maintaineth a wall of defence and watery garrison to guard the state—it entertains the sun with vapours, the moon with obsequiousness, the stars also with a natural looking-glass, the sky with clouds, the air with temperateness, the soil with suppleness, the rivers with tides, the hills with moisture, the valleys with fertility. But I am plunged in an ocean when I go about the Ocean’s praise. I shall sooner drown myself in its deeps than measure the true depth of the sea’s commendations.’

The sea, in reference to physical geography, must be surveyed on the globe with the same comprehensive view as the land, excluding subordinate divisions, and regarding it in the whole of its connected extent. Examining afterwards the more natural divisions of this vast surface, the Pacific defines itself at once to the eye as the great ocean of the world, covering more than 50 millions of square miles (even if Australia and the Indian Archipelago be assumed as its western boundary) and actually exceeding in area all that exists of solid land. Its depth cannot be even approximately determined, otherwise than by the astronomical theory of the tides; but may be inferred, from the mean result so obtained, to be far greater in parts than the sounding line will ever reach. Of these tidal movements of the waters, the joint and mutually modified effect of lunar and solar attraction, the equatorial areas of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans are the seat and centre; whence these vast alternating oscillations, modified in amount by the relative position, distance, and declination of the sun and moon, are diffused to every distant latitude and region of the sea—the derivative tides so intermingling with one another, and undergoing such variations from depth of water, outline of coast, and other physical causes, that the mean oceanic tide of four feet is in some places swelled up to the height of 40, 50, or even 60 feet. These anomalies, with a view to the completion of the theory of the tides, have lately been studied with singular care by several eminent philosophers. The observations of Bouvard on the tides at Brest, prosecuted for 16 years, and

and furnishing foundation to some of the beautiful formulæ of Laplace, have been largely extended for different localities in England and elsewhere; and the results collated, and converted to the higher purposes of science, by Airy, Whewell, Lubbock, &c. The Bakerian Lecture for 1848 by Dr. Whewell, on the Tides of the Pacific Ocean, is the most recent of the contributions to this department of science; which, conjoined naturally with the theory of ocean currents, has derived important aid from the researches of Weber on undulatory motion; and is gradually subjecting all anomalies to more general and comprehensive laws. A striking example occurs to us of this happy connexion of theory with observation, in the prediction that there must exist a spot in the German Ocean—the central point of an area of rotation, produced by the meeting and mutual action of two opposite tides—where no rise or fall of tide whatever could occur;—a prediction actually verified by Captain Hewett in 1839, without any prior knowledge that such a point had been supposed to exist. This is one among the many triumphs of like kind achieved by modern science.

Had we room for it, we might dwell on other results of much interest arising out of recent researches on the tides; such as the influence of the weight of the atmosphere on their mean level at any place—the existence of a diurnal tide, consisting in the difference between the morning and evening tides of the same day—the adoption of the half-tide mark as an invariable mean height, to which all calculations may be adjusted, &c. A higher speculation on the subject is that derived from the similar decrease now in progress of the mean distance of the moon from the earth, the effect of which is to produce a progressive increase in the mean height of the tides; exceedingly small in amount, but destined to continue through ages yet to come. We have called this a speculation, but it is in truth one of those *certainities* of science, the mere statement of which may well awaken the mind to the grandeur of the conclusion, and of the methods by which it is attained. Yet how few of those who talk familiarly of gravitation do really apprehend all the wonders of this great phenomenon—an influence propagated through millions of miles of space (to use one of the smaller reckonings of astronomy), without any apparent intervention of time, or interposition of matter; and thereby compelling the admission of elements of power and force of which the human senses and conceptions can never have cognizance, but in the effects they produce around us!

Mrs. Somerville's chapter on the ocean—its tides, currents, and waves—its colour, pressure, temperature, and saltness—is well

well worthy of careful perusal throughout; embodying in a short space the various knowledge obtained on these several topics; all interesting to science; all linked together, and to other physical phenomena, by relations which give unity and consistence to the whole. '*Tout se tient dans la chaîne immense des vérités,*' is the happy expression of Laplace, than whom no one better understood the extent and importance of these relations.

In speaking of the temperature of the ocean, due notice is taken of the remarkable results attained by Sir James Ross in his Antarctic voyage, confirming the more limited observations of Kotzebue, that throughout the whole of the deep ocean there is a certain level, at and beneath which the water has an invariable temperature of  $39\cdot5^{\circ}$  Fahr.—the depth of this level varying according to the latitude; so that while at the equator it is found at 7200 feet, at lat.  $56^{\circ}$  it has risen to the surface, the water there having at every depth the temperature just named. The ascending line, so formed from the equator to this latitude, becomes a descending one as we proceed northwards or southwards; the stratum of invariable temperature subsiding below the colder water which has now its place at the surface; and at lat.  $70^{\circ}$  occurring at a depth of 4500 feet. These results, though chiefly derived from the southern hemisphere, are found to apply equally to the northern. The stratum of invariable temperature is thus represented by an extraordinary curve, equal and similar on each side the equator, traversing the vast domains of the ocean, and affording a mutual division of them into an equatorial and two polar regions. Other conclusions may be derived from these facts. They necessitate a change in the common belief of the existence of cold submarine currents flowing from the poles towards the equator. They have been further regarded as throwing some doubt on the existence of a central heat of the globe, by demonstrating that no influence on the mean temperature of the ocean is derived from this source. We cannot, however, admit the justice of the inference. The land forming the foundation of the seas—doubtless diversified by its own mountains, valleys, and plains—must be presumed to have a solid thickness, at least equal to that raised above the water; and to be equally impermeable to heat. We have no reason, then, to expect a higher temperature in these abysses of the ocean merely because they are somewhat nearer the centre of the earth: while in the phenomena of submarine volcanos and earthquakes we have actual proof that the solid substratum of the seas has been invaded and rent by the same subterranean forces, including heat as principal amongst them, which disturb and dislocate the land. It is even a question, seeing the proximity of almost all active volcanos

volcanos to the sea, whether the casual access of its waters to the heated materials beneath may not be conceived as one of the causes of these wonderful phenomena.

From the oceans and inland seas of the globe we come to its rivers—the channels which carry on and complete the great scheme of circulation for the waters of the earth, ministering to beauty and fertility as they flow, and giving commerce and communication to lands hardly accessible but for this benefit of nature. It was on rivers that the gigantic power of steam, now governing the ocean, first began its sway: and those who have witnessed the moving spectacle on the Thames, the Hudson river, or Mississippi, or even on the Rhine and Danube, will recognise the conquest that has been here achieved by man for the purposes of his pleasure or convenience. In extent, speed, and certainty the steam navigation of the vast rivers of North America has no parallel in the world.

Our knowledge of rivers as a part of physical geography has increased in the same ratio with other parts of practical science, and by the same happy concurrence of more minute observation of facts with larger and more general conclusions. It may surprise those not familiar with such subjects to learn how many details enter into the complete physical description of a river—its basin, comprising the entire tract drained by the chief stream and all its branches—its direct length from the source to the sea—its length with windings—the height of its sources, and of different points in its course above the level of the sea—the rapidity of its current as a mean quantity and in different places—its depth under similar conditions—the quantity of water it contains and conveys, as estimated from these particulars—the variation in this quantity at different seasons—the extent of river-navigation—the proportion of earthy matters the stream brings down, and the extent and place of their deposit—the manner of termination in the sea, and the influence of tides ascending the channel. We recite these details in proof of the refined exactness with which all such knowledge is now pursued, and because they are the materials employed in the tables and linear representations of the excellent *Physical Atlas* before us.

Some few examples of these results we may briefly state, both as curious in themselves and illustrative of these methods of comparative research. Such are the facts as to the magnitude of river-basins. The Danube drains the waters from 55,500 square miles of surface, the Rhine from 16,000, the Rhone from 7000; while the St. Lawrence drains a basin of nearly 300,000 square miles, the Mississippi of almost a million, and the Amazons of a million and a half. Again, as to the comparative length of  
rivers,

rivers, both in direct line from their source to the sea and inclusive of their windings. The Rhine has a direct length of 360 miles, by its windings of 600—the Volga of 620 miles, by its windings of more than 2000—the Ganges of 824 miles, by its windings 1680—the Mississippi of 1412 miles, by its windings 3560. Further, as to the quantities of water discharged into the sea, though the data be much less certain, yet we have approximate proportions, showing that out of 100 parts of the flowing waters of Europe, the Atlantic receives thirteen parts, the Mediterranean fourteen, the Caspian sixteen, the Baltic thirteen, the German Ocean eleven, the Black Sea twenty-seven parts, or more than one-fourth of the river-water of all Europe. The Volga alone carries into the Caspian Sea one-seventh of the same quantity. Again, as to levels, and rate of current—the average fall of the Danube is eighteen inches per mile, below Buda only three inches—the fall of the Ganges after entering the plains four inches a-mile, the current in the dry season three miles an hour, in the wet season nearly double—the main fall of the Mississippi six inches and a half a-mile—the fall of the Seine from Paris to Havre thirteen inches, &c.

We must not weary our readers by too long array of numbers, wishing merely to show the manner in which they are used in hydrological tables. We will add to them only by a few facts regarding our native river, the Thames; a stream utterly insignificant in its physical characters, but wonderful in all besides; diffusing more of power and activity over the whole earth than all other European rivers conjoined. The basin of the Thames is one of 5000 square miles, its length with windings only 240 miles, or double its direct length; it receives about twenty streams in its course; the fall in its navigable distance from Lechlade to London is 258 feet, or twenty-one inches per mile; its mean velocity is two miles an hour; the quantity of water flowing into the tideway at Teddington 1337 cubic feet per second. We derive these facts from Rennie's report in 1834, a curious and valuable document. M. de Fontaine's official report, entitled *Travaux du Rhin*, contains very similar details regarding that greater river; as does Arago's Memoir upon the Seine; in which we find the singular estimate that only one-third of the rain falling within the basin of the river and its tributaries reaches the sea, the remainder being taken off by evaporation and human consumption.

The study of rivers has yet another point of high interest to the naturalist, as well as of charm to the poetical and contemplative observer. They are the faithful and continuous chronologers of the earth—the historians of ages unapproached by human



human records, and anterior, it may be believed, to the existence of man. By their endless and uniform flow they register in visible characters, in their channels and valleys, the successive changes which those ages have produced; the time of present change becoming the interpreter of the duration of the periods preceding. Even the smallest streams around us yield more or less of this history to the observant eye. The brook is the miniature of the river in all its natural characters and aspects; whether rushing over a steep and rocky bed, or loitering in tortuous and gentle course through meadows and plains. Still it is to the great rivers of the world—in the process of wearing down solid rocks by their passage, or depositing deltas where they join the sea—that we chiefly owe those wonderful deductions as to time which appal the mind by their magnitude. The 710,000 tons of water which each minute pour over the precipice of Niagara are estimated to carry away a foot of the cliff every year. Taking this average, and adopting the clear geological proof that the fall once existed at Queenstown, four miles below, we must suppose a period of 20,000 years occupied in this recession of the cataract to its actual site; while in the delta of the Mississippi, nearly 14,000 square miles in extent, an estimate founded on its present rate of increase, and on calculation of the amount of earthy matter annually brought down the stream, has justified Mr. Lyell in alleging that 67,000 years must have elapsed since the formation of this great deposit began. The deltas of the Nile, Indus, and Ganges afford similar though less determinate conclusions. Coming to a more familiar stream and more recent age, some of our readers may remember the lines of Claudian, where he describes the rapid descent of his hero Stilicho to the mouth of the Rhine, '*ad bifidos tractus, et juncta paludibus ora,*' a description exact even to the present time, and proving, by this uniformity of fourteen centuries, the vast periods of time during which such changes are in progress to effect the results we now see before us.

We have just spoken of the Nile, and cannot forbear quoting part of Mrs. Somerville's animated description of this extraordinary river, and its contrast with the other great stream of Central Africa; the termination of which was so long a *verata questio* to geographers, as the source of the White Nile still remains to the present day:—

'The basin of the Nile, occupying an area of 500,000 square miles, has an uncommon form. It is wide in Ethiopia and Nubia, but for the greater part of a winding course of 2750 miles it is merely a verdant line of the softest beauty, suddenly and strongly contrasted with the dreary waste of the Red Desert. . . . The two greatest African rivers,

rivers, the Nile and the Niger, are dissimilar in almost every circumstance. The Nile, discharging itself for ages into a sea, the centre of commerce and civilisation, has been renowned by the earliest historians, sacred and profane, for the exuberant fertility of its banks, and for the learning and wisdom of their inhabitants, who have left magnificent and imperishable monuments of their power and genius. It was for ages the seat of science, and by the Red Sea it had intercourse with the most highly cultivated nations of the East from time immemorial. The Niger, on the contrary, though its rival in magnitude, and running through a country glowing with all the brilliancy of tropical vegetation, has ever been inhabited by barbarous or semi-barbarous nations; and its course till lately was little known, as its source still is. In early ages, before the pillars of Hercules had been passed, the Atlantic coast of Africa was an unknown region, and thus the flowing of the Niger into that lonely ocean kept the natives in their original rude state. Such are the effects of local circumstances on the intellectual advancement of man.'

A reference to the ancient Egyptian calendar, and to certain astronomical facts taken in evidence of time, shows that the period of the annual rising of the Nile was the same five thousand years ago as at the present day—another proof of that uniformity of physical conditions during a long series of ages, of which modern science furnishes so many examples. The descriptions of the Nile by ancient geographers and naturalists all attest the same uniformity in the other phenomena of this great river, of which Seneca has well said, '*Unam Ægyptus in hoc spem suam habet. Aut sterilis annus aut fertilis est, prout ille magnus influxit aut parciore. Debet illi Ægyptus non tantum fertilitatem terrarum, sed terras ipsas.*' The whole description of the Nile in the fourth book of the *Naturales Quæstiones* deserves perusal for its vigour and accuracy, though defaced here and there by the affectations peculiar to this author

To the natural history of the waters of the globe succeeds that of the atmosphere which surrounds it. We hardly think that Mrs. Somerville has done sufficient justice to this part of her subject, or preserved that proportion of parts which is to be desired in a scientific work. It is true that the atmosphere does not present to our observation the same obvious divisions as the land and sea. Its regions are not measurable by the eye, and its parts are in perpetual change. But it is the seat and source of some of the most remarkable phenomena in the natural world; and both by its own agency, and that of the great elements of light, heat, and electricity which operate through it, produces effects essential to the maintenance and well-being of every part of creation. Upon its chemical constitution alone all organic life

life upon the earth absolutely depends—its mechanical properties, indicated by winds and barometric pressure, and its variations of temperature, derived from solar heat and other causes, are scarcely less important to the preservation of this created existence—its complex character, as an atmosphere of air and aqueous vapour, distinct yet closely related by mutual actions, makes it the agent in that constant circulation of water between ocean and land which is so essential to the economy of nature—while its action on the solar light traversing it produces those many phenomena of colour, polarization, and refraction which give lustre and beauty to the surface of the earth.

To form an adequate notion of this great atmospheric domain we must follow the plan before suggested : separate the attention from any mere locality, and give it boldly and freely to the conception of an aerial stratum or shell some fifty miles in thickness, wrapping round the whole globe and revolving with it ; denser as it is nearer the earth, so that three-fourths of its weight lies within the four lower miles ; graduating into extreme tenuity upwards, and limited, if we may so express it, in this direction by the inter-planetary void beyond. Within the great sphere thus encircling us, invisible but for the gathering of its aqueous part into clouds and vapours, occur those incessant actions and internal changes to which we have briefly adverted : and, together with these, others more obscurely known to us, such as the electrical and magnetic conditions of the atmosphere, the mutual action of certain chemical agents which we have reason to suppose present in it, though in quantities infinitely small ; and the changes incident to various organic elements,—the *semina rerum*,—which we have equal cause to believe to exist in this great receptacle of all exhalations from the earth. The latter topic is one on which science may hereafter attain important results ; embracing, perhaps, some of the phenomena of epidemic diseases, as well as solving many points in natural history which appear as paradoxes to our present knowledge.

Though these complex conditions of the atmosphere render meteorology the least certain of all the sciences, yet has its progress of late been rapid and various enough to justify a more ample detail than Mrs. Somerville affords us. Respecting the temperature of the air, for instance—its sources, its manner of distribution over land and sea, the causes of its inequality and fluctuation, its effects in producing winds, its relation to the electrical and hygrometrical states of the atmosphere—all these topics, though touched upon, are too slightly treated for their importance in a general scheme of physical geography. The researches of Humboldt, Brewster, Kuppfer, Mayer, &c., as to the

the formulæ of mean temperature at the earth's surface—the isothermal lines—and their relation to lines of equal temperature in the earth itself—require more specific notice in discussing this subject. The same may be said of the ingenious and beautiful deductions of Sir D. Brewster, confirmed by Kupffer, as to the distribution of heat in reference to poles of maximum cold, corresponding closely with the magnetic poles of the earth. Another point of much interest is the comparison of the actual temperature of different parts of the globe with that of the same regions in former ages. Without dwelling on the refined views of Sir J. Herschel as to a slight secular diminution of temperature from the present decreasing eccentricity of the earth's orbit—or the proofs from fossil remains of animals and plants, that the heat of anterior surfaces of the globe was greater than that of our own—we find much that is curious and instructive in human records on the subject relating to ages within man's dwelling and dominion on the earth. The evidence which justifies the conclusion that no change has occurred but from local or superficial causes, is worth studying, were it only for its variety and singularity. We might begin with Laplace's conclusion that the mean heat cannot be altered by  $1^{\circ}$  of Réaumur since the time of Hipparchus; inasmuch as the dimensions of the globe would be thereby changed in a small amount, its angular velocity be increased or diminished, and a sensible difference be made in the length of the day—which difference does not exist. We might then proceed to the argument urged by Biot and Champollion, from the identity of the time of inundation in the Nile 5000 years ago; the periodical rains producing which depend upon and indicate the degree and distribution of heat over a vast equatorial region. Next we might turn to the method of Professor Schaw, in his work on the comparative temperature of ancient and modern times, founded on the northern and southern limits of production of different animals and plants in any given country, as they come recorded to us by ancient writers, compared with the observations of our own day. The result of general identity is obtained by this method also; and the same remark may be extended to the miscellaneous proofs derived from other passages in ancient authors, numerous collated, respecting the climate of particular regions and localities. There is no amount of diversity, shown by this evidence, which does not admit of explanation from local and accidental causes, many of them belonging to the agency of man himself on the surface of the earth.

We cite these details as to one particular topic to show how copious is every part of the inquiry; and in illustration of those happy methods by which one branch of science is made to lend

its help to others, seemingly unconnected and remote. The latter remark may well be extended to the subject of the density of the atmosphere, one greatly enlarged by late research and abounding in curious phenomena. We can notice only a few of those more recently indicated. Such are, the singular fact determined by Sir J. Ross of the permanently low barometric pressure in high southern latitudes, being a degree lower than the mean pressure between the tropics—the observations by the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, confirmed in distant parts of the globe, that once at least each month, the barometer rises to a point above  $30^{\circ}$ :—leading us, if established, to infer the existence of great atmospheric waves of different density, independently of minor fluctuations—the reciprocal influence of the swell of the tides and atmospheric pressure, first suggested by Laplace in relation to the question of a lunar atmospheric tide—the horary oscillations of the barometer, depending, it is presumed, on solar heat, and now determined with great exactness for the several periods of the day—and the barometric indications of storms and winds, or even of land and open sea, which have been so exactly studied in tropical climates as to afford the most essential aids to navigation. It is in these regions, indeed, that all meteorological phenomena, especially those of diurnal periods, are studied most advantageously and with fewest causes of disturbance. So regular are the conditions of atmospheric pressure under the equator, that the time of day may generally be indicated within a quarter of an hour by the barometer alone.

Mrs. Somerville describes with her wonted clearness the origin and character of the trade winds—the most constant as well as most important of these aerial currents; but she does not notice the remarkable memoir of Dove on the general subject of winds, or the work of Colonel Reid on hurricanes, enhanced in value by the practical suggestions for navigation he has deduced from the new theory of those storms. We should further have desired some notice of those winds which appear to derive peculiar qualities from other physical causes, combining with and modifying the return of the current of air, such as the Sirocco, the Simoom, the hot wind of Australia, and others which sweep variously over different regions of the globe. We doubt not that electricity is largely concerned in these phenomena; but in some cases, and particularly in certain winds of the Desert, we see reason to admit the view of Humboldt, that those currents are charged with particles of impalpable dust, partly metallic in nature, the mutual friction, reflection, and radiation of heat from which produce the properties that have such powerful and noxious influence on the human frame.

We have alluded to electricity as affecting the condition of the atmosphere; and, had we room, might well expatiate on the mighty influence of this element over every part of the surface of the earth, as well as probably on a yet mightier scale in the planetary relations of our globe to other worlds which surround us in space. We know that the land, ocean, and air are all pervaded by this wonderful power; which under one or other of its forms has part in every action and phenomenon of the material world—from the thunderstorm of the tropics, or those ‘magnetic storms’ (to use a phrase of Humboldt) which disturb the compass at the same moment at Greenwich, Toronto, St. Helena, and Sydney, to the minute molecular actions of chemistry, or the yet more occult processes of living organization. The great discoveries of Faraday as to the magnetic condition of matter—extended still more recently by evidences of the diamagnetic property of air and the gases—have given new form and enlargement to this extraordinary part of science; promising future results which may at once solve the difficulties and contradictions of our present knowledge, and give us guidance to higher and more perfect attainments beyond.

We have no space left, however, to dwell upon these topics; and for the same reason we must put aside another great subject which occupies much of Mrs. Somerville’s second volume, viz. the physical history of vegetable and animal life, in its manner of distribution over the earth. While indeed fully recognizing this as a branch of physical geography, we consider it so far independent of the topics hitherto discussed, and so important in its separate relations, as to justify us on this score alone in refraining from its present discussion. Before quitting the subject, however, we must be allowed a few words to express our opinion of the excellence of this part of Mrs. Somerville’s work. Without seeming to be oppressed by the multitudinous details crowding upon her, she has shown her peculiar talent for concentration and order, in so disposing them as to give at once grace and facility to the instruction she conveys; and we should find it difficult to name any treatise in which, within so short a compass, such various and extensive knowledge is placed before the reader. Her volumes are appropriately closed by a chapter on the ‘Distribution, Condition, and future Prospects of the Human Race,’—a theme full of wonder and interest, pride and humiliation—painful in many points of view, perplexing and mysterious in all, and never more so than at the time in which we are now living, when, with new and mightier powers which man has formed for himself from the physical elements surrounding him, we find all old institutions

tutions and usages wrecked on the shore of an uncertain futurity. Mrs. Somerville's observations on this last great topic of her work are marked by the strong sense, clear discrimination, and warm and sincere piety which characterise her mind; and we earnestly recommend them,—as we again do all her writings,—to the careful study of our readers.

ART. II.—1. *Narrative of Events in Borneo and Celebes, down to the Occupation of Labuan, from the Journals of James Brooke, Esq., Rajah of Sarawak and Governor of Labuan; together with a Narrative of the Operations of H. M. S. Iris.* By Captain Rodney Mundy, R.N. Two volumes, 8vo. London, 1848.

2. *Sarawak, its Inhabitants and Productions: being Notes during a Residence in that Country with H. H. the Rajah Brooke.* By Hugh Low, Colonial Secretary at Labuan. 8vo. London, 1848.

THE Poet of Madoc has expressed in language more elevated than we could summon, but not more faithful than our humblest prose, the feelings with which we a few months ago witnessed the departure from Spithead of H. M. S. Meander:—

*Now go your way, ye gallant company;  
God and good angels guard ye as ye go!  
Blow fairly, winds of heaven; ye ocean waves,  
Swell not in anger to that fated fleet!  
For not of conquest greedy, nor of gold,  
Seek they the distant world. Blow fairly, winds;  
Waft, waves of ocean, well your blessed load!*

Most of our readers will be aware that this vessel conveys back from a brief sojourn in England, to the scene of those exploits which have been noticed in a recent number of this Journal, the Rajah of Sarawak and Governor of Labuan, and that she is commanded by his gallant associate Captain Keppell, whose work we then reviewed. A worthy successor of Captain Keppell has taken up the wondrous tale of Bornean adventure. We would fain hope that our appreciation of the unexhausted interest of the subject will be shared by our readers—not excepting those who have honoured with their attention our previous endeavours to bring it under public notice. What it has lost in novelty it has gained in importance. Those who have watched through Captain Keppell's pages the establishment of the strange dominion of the solitary English adventurer, will recognise with satisfaction in  
Captain

Captain Mundy's continuation of the narrative of occurrences down to a later period, the evidence of its healthful progress, and the confirmation of those impressions of the character of Mr. Brooke (now Sir James Brooke, K.C.B.), and the value of his achievements, which we and all derived from the work of Captain Mundy's predecessor in naval command and authorship.

The personal narrative of Captain Mundy occupies only a latter portion of his two volumes; the whole of the first and four chapters of the second consist of the *English Rajah's Journal*. We believe that it has required strong persuasion to induce him to give to the public those memoranda of his actions and his thoughts which were intended for no eye but his own. It often happens that authors have little reason to thank the friends by whose mild compulsion they have been induced to forego their original intentions; and we have but to look through the columns of any critical journal to see how often such persuasion has been alleged as an apology for acts of desperate publication which no such plea could justify. The absence of art and deliberation is in itself no recommendation, and the record of insignificant adventure or superficial observation can derive no claim on our respect even from the valuable qualities of truth and simplicity which belong—or ought to belong—to a diary. Where, however, the field of observation is new and remote, where the diarist has to record not only strange sights but strong actions, we then recognise an obligation to those who bring to light the unadorned log of his career, and are glad that the distinction between the writer and the maker of history is for the moment obliterated.

The earlier part of the *Journal* in question is occupied by a voyage in the Royalist schooner to Celebes, justly designated by Sir Stamford Raffles as 'that whimsically-shaped island.' Since the date of Sir Stamford's address to the Batavian Society, 1813, we believe that little has been added to our knowledge of the extensive seaboard presented by its fantastic indentations, and still less to that of its interior. The account given in the address of the curious and somewhat Polish elective monarchy, with a Venetian council, prevalent among the numerous independent states into which the island is divided, is confirmed by Sir J. Brooke:—

'The state of Boni,' he writes (vol. i. p. 39), 'now the most powerful in Celebes, is of recent origin, and presents the curious spectacle of an aristocratic elective monarchy. The king is chosen by the *ara pitu*, or *raja pitu*, or seven men or *rajahs*; the *ara pitu*, besides being the elective body, hold the great offices of state, and thus, during the lifetime of a king of their own choice, continue the responsible rulers of the

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the country; the tomarilalau is prime minister and treasurer, and, though not a member of the elective body, is the sole medium of communication with the king. Upon the death of one of the ara pitu, his successor is appointed by the remaining six; so that, in fact, the aristocratic body not only elects a king, but is likewise self-elective.'

It appears that the king so elected has only a deciding voice where the council is not unanimous:—

'We perceive,' says Brooke, 'the rudiments of improvement—a glimmering of better things—in this constitution of Boni; but we must not for an instant suppose that it works any benefit to the community generally; an irresponsible and self-elective aristocracy rules with as despotic and corrupt a sway as any monarch; and, from my information, I am led to conclude that life and wealth are as insecure as in any other Malayan state, and the people as greatly oppressed.'

It might have been difficult to make the authorities of countries more frequented by strangers comprehend and credit the motives and objects of the appearance of an English gentleman in their harbours. War, commerce, or piracy could probably alone suggest themselves to the Malay mind, and none of these were professed or practised by the visitor. His real object, the gratification of a legitimate and enlightened curiosity, was hence at first somewhat impeded by the very natural jealousy of government officials; but this obstacle once removed by a judicious system of speaking the truth, Mr. Brooke's reception seems generally, as he crept along the coast, to have done credit to the goodnature and hospitality of the natives. We cannot but suspect that, if his views had permitted him to choose Celebes as the scene of his longer residence, his singular power of fascination would have been exercised at Boni or Bajow with the success which has elsewhere attended it. When he left the country a civil war was impending; a few hours sufficed to afford him a clear insight into the bearings of the wrangle and a decided opinion as to the best mode of settling the difficulties of Bugis politics. A faith in the English character and a taste for English protection seem to have somehow been generated in these regions, so seldom visited by the British flag. The arapitu, for which the qualification is hereditary, can hardly be open to one of foreign extraction. Possibly the same positive bar to the pretensions of a foreigner may not exist in the case of the tomarilalan; and if not, the *candidature* of Mr. Brooke would have been as reasonable—and, to say the least, as hopeful—as that of Lord Brougham for the department of the Var. Fate, however, and the good fortune of Borneo decreed it otherwise.

The following description of one of Mr. Brooke's princely entertainers shows that Royal Malay nature is as susceptible of the

the passion for the chase as that of Bourbon sovereigns or English squires:—

‘The late ara-matouh visited us after breakfast: an elderly good-looking savage, whose propensity for wild life and the pleasures of the chase is so strong that he cannot bring himself to bear the restraint of an occasional residence at Tesora for the discharge of his kingly functions. He resides entirely in this wild country, holding little communication with the other chiefs, and, with his followers, devotes himself solely to the chase and opium-smoking. His habits are eccentric, and he despises all the luxuries and conveniences of life: his fare is homely, and derived from his favourite pursuit: home he has none, a temporary shed or an adjacent hut serving him as occasion requires. The manners of this old man, like those of fox-hunting squires of our own country, have a degree of frankness and bluntness, mixed with an expression of sovereign contempt for all other men and all other pursuits save those attached to the sports of the field. On the inherent obtuseness of his own nature he seems to have engrafted some portion of the sagacity of the dog and the generosity of the horse; and as his affection is centered in these animals, they are the objects of admiration and imitation. A mistress, young and beautiful, follows the fortunes of this old sporting chief, and perhaps the link which binds him to her is her participation in his pursuits; she hunts with him, lives with him, and even smokes opium with him. It grieved me to see so pretty a creature lost to better things, for the expression of her face bespoke so much sweetness and good temper that I am sure she was intended for a happier, a better, fate.’—*Mundy*, vol. i. p. 127.

The practice of these Eastern Nimrods appears to resemble that of German princes and nobles so far as it consists in enclosing large districts of forest to prevent the escape of the game. Instead, however, of driving the deer within range of a pavilion erected for the purpose, the Bugis chief adopts the method, more congenial to our notions, of pursuing them on horseback with a spear and noose. It is on these occasions that a practice prevails which has exposed the Bugis race of Celebes to the imputation of cannibalism. The heart and some other portions of the slaughtered animal are eaten raw with chilies and their own blood. It has been imagined that this, the *lor dara*, or feast of blood, is occasionally practised on the field of battle with human victims—a supposition which Mr. Brooke rejects as quite unfounded. He partook of the *lor dara* without difficulty or disgust. It must, however, be admitted that the practice savours of a barbarous origin, particularly as the climate affords no such natural reason for its observance as in those countries of Northern Asia in which Mr. Erman observes that severe cold tends to favour the adoption of raw animal food. There is no doubt that among the Battas of Sumatra the practice still exists of eating their near  
relations

relations when dead, and of devouring criminals alive and piecemeal. The *lor dara* may probably be but a mitigated form of worse practices which prevailed among the aborigines of the country previous to that unknown period when the civilization of the Indian continent was partially communicated to the island.

The etiquette of the court of Boni is inconvenient; for it exacts a servile imitation of every action of the sovereign, or *pataman-kowè*. If he fall from his horse, all about him must do so likewise; and if he bathe, all within sight must rush into the water without undressing. This potentate was attended by a body-guard, uniformly attired, of between three and four thousand men.

A six months' cruise, rendered anxious by the reefs and shoals of an unknown coast, exhausted the provisions, and with them the patience, of the Royalist's crew, if not that of their commander. She arrived at Singapore in May, 1840, and she conveyed Mr. Brooke for a second time to Sarawak. He found his friend the Rajah Muda Hassim closely pressed by rebel subjects and hostile tribes, and disposed to court the assistance and accept the counsels of his adventurous guest. It is unnecessary here to recur to the events which confirmed the influence so happily acquired over the mind and affections of the weak and amiable Muda Hassim and his brother Budruddeen. Captain Keppell has chronicled the campaign, which was brought to a successful issue by a charge of Mr. Brooke's army of 12 Englishmen and one Illanun auxiliary. The power acquired by this service afforded Mr. Brooke free access to the contiguous districts, and their wild but hospitable inhabitants. The friendly intercourse which ensued, and the observations collected of the resources of the country and its capabilities for improvement under a better system of administration, confirmed him in his project of becoming a settler, though he still hesitated as to accepting the sovereignty, which Muda Hassim had now become anxious to transfer to his abler hands. In February, 1841, he obtained the documents which gave him the privileges of a commercial resident, and again betook himself to Singapore, there to make preparations for his intended commercial operations, and digest his plans for a solid and sweeping reform of the system of exaction, fraud, and oppression pursued by the Malay aristocracy with respect to the Dyak aborigines. The necessary cargo was soon collected—a second vessel purchased—and in April he landed for a third time at Sarawak, to meet with a reception which would have damped the enterprise of an ordinary trader, or the enthusiasm of an Exeter Hall philanthropist. The house which had been promised against his reappearance was not begun; the antimony ore, which was to form the profitable return for the goods he imported, was not forthcoming; the Rajah was confined

confined by shammed sickness to his harem ; and Mr. Brooke, with three English companions, found himself engaged in an apparently hopeless struggle with the obstinate indolence of the Rajah and the intrigues of his Malay advisers, who could not but foresee in our countryman's success the downfall of the abuses on which they lived. Gradually, though slowly, the prestige of his personal influence over Muda Hassim prevailed ; his house was built ; some antimony, inadequate as a return, but sufficient for a shipment to Singapore, was obtained ; a piratical expedition up the river was arrested by his remonstrances ; and time was well employed in gaining information as to the unknown interior. Meanwhile a well-timed visit of a Company's steamer and the return of his own vessels had their effect. We must give in the words of Mr. Brooke's Journal the conclusion of this struggle between the principle of good, and that of evil represented in the person of one Makota :—

‘ Now, then, was my time for pushing matters to extremity against my subtle enemy, the arch-intriguer Makota. I had previously made several strong remonstrances, and urged for an answer to a letter I had addressed to Muda Hassim, in which I had recapitulated in detail the whole particulars of our agreement, concluding by a positive demand either to allow me to retrace my steps by repayment of the sums which he had induced me to expend, or to confer upon me the grant of the government of the country according to his repeated promises ; and I ended by stating that, if he would not do either the one or the other, *I must find means to right myself*. Thus did I, for the first time since my arrival in the land, present anything in the shape of menace before the Rajah, my former remonstrances only going so far as to threaten to take away my own person and vessels from the river. My ultimatum had gone forth, and I prepared for active measures ; but the conduct of Makota himself soon brought affairs to a crisis : he was determined at all hazards to drive me from the country, and to involve Muda Hassim in such pecuniary difficulties as effectually to prevent his payment of my debt. He dared not openly attack me, so he endeavoured to tamper with my servants, and by threats and repeated acts of oppression actually prevented all persons who usually visited me either on board or on shore from coming near me. Finally, some villain had been induced to attempt to poison my interpreter by putting arsenic in his rice. The agents of Makota were pointed out as the guilty parties. I laid my depositions before the Rajah, and demanded an investigation. My demand, as usual, was met by vague promises of future inquiry, and Makota seemed to triumph in the success of his villany ; but the moment for action had now arrived. Repairing on board the yacht, I mustered my people, explained my intentions, and, having loaded the vessel's guns with grape and canister, and brought her broadside to bear, I proceeded on shore with a detachment fully armed, and, taking up a position at the entrance of the Rajah's palace, demanded and obtained an immediate audience.’—*Mundy*, vol. i. p. 260.

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This demonstration had its immediate effect. The Chinese remained neutral, the Siniawan Dyaks pronounced in Mr. Brooke's favour, the Makota party shrank into a band of twenty paid followers, and on the 24th of September, 1841, Muda Hassim signed and delivered the document by which Mr. Brooke was declared Rajah and Governor of Sarawak. The Journal continues :—

‘Dec. 31. From the date of my accession to the government I have remained quietly at Sarawak. What I have already been enabled to do in the work of improving the condition of the Dyaks is consolatory. I have obtained the release of the wives and children of the Siniawans, more than a hundred in number ; I have arrested a party in the interior while plundering sago from an inoffensive tribe ; I have succeeded in opening a regular court of justice, at which I preside.’

After speaking of the dangers and difficulties of his new profession, he proceeds :—

‘I feel within me the firm unchangeable conviction of doing right, which nothing can shake. The oppressed, the wretched, the enslaved have found in me their only protector. They now hope and trust ; and they shall not be disappointed while I have life to uphold them. God has so far used me as an humble instrument of his hidden providence ; and, whatever be my fate, I know the example will not be thrown away. He can open a path for me through all difficulties, raise me up friends who will share with me in the task—I trust it may be so ; but if God wills otherwise—if the time be not yet arrived—if it be the Almighty's will that the flickering taper shall be extinguished ere it be replaced by a steady beacon, I submit, in the firm and humble assurance that His ways are better than my ways, and that the term of my life is better in His hands than my own.’

We have quoted these passages, although they advert to occurrences more fully detailed in Captain Keppell's work, because, extracted as they are from a journal intended for no eye but that of the writer, we recognise in them the spirit which has won for him the deliberate approbation and sympathy of the civilized world, and the hero-worship of the grateful savage. The Scripture tells us that peradventure for a good man one might be found to die : we have heard, on good authority, that many a Dyak may be found ready to make that sacrifice for Brooke. To learn with what ability, personal daring, and untiring perseverance, the principles with which he embarked on his arduous task were reduced to practice, the Journals themselves must be consulted. We pass to an epoch to which former narratives have not extended :—when in April the news reached Sarawak of that explosion of treachery at the capital of Borneo which involved Muda Hassim, his brother, and eleven other principal friends of Mr. Brooke and of British interests in one sudden and common destruction, and threatened

threatened the existence of the fabric of civilization and humanity he had toiled so long to raise—

‘Oh, how great,’ he writes, ‘is my grief and rage! My friends, my most unhappy friends, all perished for their faithful adherence to us. Every man of ability, even of thought, in Borneo is dead. But the British Government will surely act; and if not, then let me remember I am still at war with this traitor and murderer. One more determined struggle, one convulsive effort, and, if it fail, Borneo and all I have so long, so earnestly laboured for, must be abandoned, and ——’ vol. ii. p. 93.

Here closes the Journal. The determination it evinces was not the bravado of unreasoning indignation. A few pages earlier will be found a calm and detailed recapitulation of the means of defence of the parties against whom this declaration of war to the knife was issued. Most assuredly, if Mr. Brooke had been left to his own resources, the issue would have been tried. The circumstances, however, were such as to justify and demand the interposition of the naval power of England, and that interposition was prompt and effective.

It is no reflection on the general character of Her Majesty’s naval service to say that Mr. Brooke has been fortunate in those whom the chances of that service have designated as his associates and coadjutors. If it contain in its ranks men content with the strict but the unenthusiastic performance of their duty, ready enough to seek promotion or prize-money in the cannon’s mouth, but incapable of appreciating high objects and noble characters, such were not the men, from the Admiral (Sir Thomas Cochrane) downwards, with whom the Rajah of Sarawak has been associated. Of Captain Keppell we have not now to speak: he was at this period in England, but had left his gallant spirit behind him in those who succeeded him on the Indian station. When Captain Mundy of the *Iris* was ordered in 1845 to leave the dull cruising-ground on the coast of China for the Straits’ station, *i. e.* the more immediate vicinity of Borneo, the summons found him not unprepared. Amid a file of newspapers which had reached him some two years earlier on the African coast, a paragraph, headed ‘Borneo and Mr. Brooke,’ had attracted his attention, and he had watched the subsequent operations of Captain Keppell with an interest stimulated by a closer vicinity to the scene of actions in which he longed to participate:—

‘It was therefore with peculiar pleasure,’ he writes, vol. ii. p. 99, ‘that I found, on our arrival at Hong Kong, the *Iris* had been nominated for this duty. Every one on board was delighted at the idea of changing the eternal struggle against the adverse monsoons for the more exciting chance of a struggle with the Borneo pirates. The *Iris* left Hong Kong

Kong early in October, 1845, and anchored in Singapore roads on the 9th of November. Here I found a letter from Captain Keppell, announcing the arrival of the *Dido* in England. To this I particularly allude, as my friend, divining the possibility of my succeeding him on this station, especially called my attention to the position of Mr. Brooke at Sarawak, and urged me to visit the coast of Borneo at the earliest opportunity, and to give him that assistance which his then precarious situation might demand. Early in January I received my first communication direct from Mr. Brooke, which announced that, though the country was enjoying peace, the people happy, and the town rapidly increasing in population, the piratical tribes of Sarelus and Sakarran were again in movement, and would probably in the spring make another attempt to destroy the rising commerce of Sarawak: he therefore suggested the propriety of my visiting the coast towards the end of March, by which time the intentions of the pirates would be more fully known.

The interval was employed by Captain Mundy in a visit to Sumatra, where he learned from a native Mahometan rajah that the neighbouring Batta tribes unquestionably continue the practice of eating their fathers and mothers when old, and the chief minister added that he had frequently seen them eat human beings alive—facts which we commend to the attention of those philosophers, if any such still exist, who maintain the superior purity of morals of man in his savage state, or the natural excellence of human nature in general when uncorrupted by civilization. On the 14th of March, while standing in to Singapore to take in provisions for his intended visit to Sarawak, Mundy had to undergo a severe, though temporary, disappointment in the shape of an order from Sir T. Cochrane to accompany the flag-ship to India. From Madras, being despatched with treasure to Calcutta, he there received the alarming news of the massacre at Bruni. Rightly conjecturing the impression which this intelligence would make on the Admiral, he lost no time in endeavouring to rejoin the *Agincourt*. His officers were suddenly recalled from the attractions of a ball at Barrackpore, and in a few hours the *Iris* was working out of the Hooghley against a gale so fresh that a Company's steamer was unable to go before them to show the soundings. At Pinang he fell in with the Admiral, and on the 24th of June the squadron—consisting of the *Agincourt* 74, flag-ship, the *Iris*, the *Spiteful* steamer, the *Hazard*, and the *Phlegethon* Company's steamer, which had previously been despatched to Brooke's assistance—anchored off the Sarawak river. On the following day Mundy's wishes, so long cherished, were gratified by an invitation from the Admiral to accompany him on a visit to the man whose singular career and perilous position had excited so warm an interest in the minds of all concerned. The spectacle which presented

sented itself, and the reflections which it suggested to Captain Mundy as he walked up the avenue of jasinin in flower which led to Mr. Brooke's residence, are thus described :—

'The town itself, by the lowest computation, now contained 12,000 inhabitants, including about 150 Chinese, while, before the supreme authority had been vested in Mr. Brooke, it was limited to a few mud huts with about 1500 persons, most of them being either the relatives or armed retainers of the native princes. What a change had been wrought in a few short years! The order had been issued by the English Rajah that the persons and property of every race should henceforth be equally protected, and that the wretched Dyak, hitherto the victim of the more enlightened Malay, should no longer be forced to yield for a nominal price the fruits of his daily toil. Further to insure the practical working of this important measure, Mr. Brooke had visited the interior, and passed many weeks among the wildest hordes, establishing confidence in every quarter, explaining the necessity of union among the various tribes themselves, without which it would be impossible for him to carry out the great object he had in view. Already had this earnest appeal been attended with success in several districts; ancient family feuds had been quelled, animosities suppressed, and the first germs of a rational freedom instilled into their minds.'—Vol. ii. p. 109.

The time allowed by the eager Admiral for enjoyment of social intercourse and natural beauties in the garden of their Alcinous, was short. On the very next morning the Phlegethon was steaming down the river with the welcome addition of Mr. Brooke to its gallant company; and though the official taciturnity of the Admiral remained unbroken, the reports brought by refugees from Bruni were pregnant with hints sufficient for those who understood the Admiral's character. They spoke of formidable defences and levies at that capital—of plans for the assassination of Mr. Brooke; and no one entertained a doubt as to the course which would be adopted to baffle these benevolent intentions and exact due retribution for the bloody past.

The details of the operations which followed will fill a creditable chapter in that continuation of Mr. James's Naval History which we trust either has been or will be undertaken by some competent writer. Our function confines us to a briefer notice. The Phlegethon had received on board at Sarawak one Jaffer, a confidential servant of the murdered brother of Muda Hassim, Budruddeen, who had witnessed, and with difficulty escaped from, the massacre. The facts of the tragedy were carefully collected during the voyage to Bruni from the examination of this man. It appeared that the scheme of destruction had been deeply laid and vigorously executed. The victims were completely taken by surprise, surrounded in their dwellings by night, and overpowered by numbers. Budruddeen, after con-

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fiding to Jaffer a ring and an affecting message to Mr. Brooke, destroyed himself, his sister, and female attendant, by exploding a cask of gunpowder in the women's apartment. Muda Hassim performed a similar act of desperation, after a gallant but hopeless struggle, in a boat to which he had retired with his surviving brothers and sons, but, not being killed by the explosion, finished himself with a pistol. Altogether thirteen persons of the Royal family perished. These horrors, which, with greater caution on the part of the instigators, might have been alleged as acts of internal Malay administration, in which no foreign power could rightfully concern itself, were followed up by proceedings which left no fair ground for cavil at English interference. The Sultan openly proclaimed that he had killed Muda Hassim and the others because they were friends of the English. When the Hazard arrived, a vessel was sent down the river with Muda Hassim's flag flying to allure Commander Egerton on shore, with a view to his assassination. A man was also engaged to take an order to Makota for the murder of Mr. Brooke and the overthrow of his government. The Sultan of Borneo had, throughout these transactions, been a mere tool in the hands of the piratical faction. Nature, which had gifted him with a superfluity of thumbs, had denied him an average allowance of brains, and what he possessed had been deteriorated by opium and debauchery. From such a man, if left to the promptings of his own imbecility and cowardice, penitential and abject submission to the first actual display of British force might have been expected. The circumstance, however, of his notorious imbecility made it unsafe to speculate on his cowardice, for it placed him a passive agent in the hands of men who had not hesitated to provoke, and were now prepared to defy, the power of England. The leader of this party, and probably the prime mover in the massacre, was one Hajji Saman, who appears to have shown both judgment and resolution in his arrangements for defence, though, in supposing that the difficulties of the narrow channel might be turned to such account as to baffle all attempts of a British naval force to approach the capital, he was woefully deceived. It is clear, indeed, from Captain Mundy's narrative, that if our attack of his advanced position had been conducted solely by the instrumentality of oar and sail, unassisted by steam-power, its success could only have been purchased by a considerable loss of life during the slow advance of boats under the fire of powerful artillery. All the calculations of the defence, however, were baffled by the rapid and direct advance of the two steamers attached to the squadron. After the entrance of the river had been effected, and before hostilities commenced, the Agincourt was boarded from a prahu by two individuals assuming by their dress

dress and attendance the rank and character of pangerans or nobles. They were bearers of a letter containing some questionable compliments and mendacious references to past transactions. They were further instructed to deliver a verbal message to the Admiral, that the Sultan would be delighted to see him at the capital, but could not allow him to come up with more than two small boats. It is hardly conceivable that their employers could have expected success from so transparent a repetition of the attempt to entrap Commander Egerton. Mr. Brooke's quick eye and local knowledge detected the pretended pangerans for impostors of low condition. The very act of sending such men on such a mission was, according to their own etiquette, a flagrant insult. They were\* very properly detained, and their vessel disarmed and secured.

For the naval and military operations which, after a struggle of a few hours, ended in the occupation of the capital, deserted by its court and population, we must refer our readers to the narrative of Captain Mundy. His account of the subsequent exertions in pursuit of the royal fugitive will more especially repay the perusal. The chase of the Arimaspan by the Griffin, as described in Milton's immortal verse, was emulated by the seamen and marines under Captain Mundy's immediate command in their advance to the Sultan's reported place of refuge, Damuan. The pursuit was close, stores and trophies were captured, the stronghold was burned; but in respect of speed, the Arimaspan in this case maintained the advantage of some hours' start, and escaped. The moral effect, however, on his Majesty's nerves, was such as to lead to ultimate results perhaps more beneficial than could have been attained by his death in action or by our possession of his person, for it eventually produced his formal ratification of the cession to England of the island of Labuan. Appearances in such cases become essentials. When this act was completed the sovereign was restored to his throne and capital, and surrounded by his courtiers. No actual British force was present but the boats of the Wolf and Iris. It is hardly necessary to inquire how far a very reluctant signature was accelerated by the circumstance that the palace was upon the river, and commanded by the guns of the boats—circumstances which may certainly have assisted his Majesty's recollection of his recent defeat and flight.\*

This important act took place in December 1846, by which time the Admiral had received his full instructions from the

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\* The scene at the moment of the signature is the subject of a very clever sketch by Mr. Frank Marryat, in a volume concerning Bornean and other Eastern adventures, which shows that this young officer inherits much of the talent of his late lamented father, the eminent novelist.

British Government to effect its accomplishment. Meanwhile our force had not been idle, on the coast and in the rivers to the north of Bruni, in the pursuit of the great object of clearing from pirates the main highway between Singapore and China. Two notorious Illanan nests, Tampassuk and Pandassan, were destroyed by the crews of the *Iris*, *Dædalus*, and *Ringdove*. Messrs. Quin and Ray of the *Royalist* had shown much skill as well as daring in the destruction of two pirate prahus in Malladu Bay, where Sheriff Osman, a distinguished freebooter, had been signally chastised by Captain Talbot of the *Vestal* in 1845. The great enemy of England, Hajji Saman himself, was run to ground in a position which he had strongly occupied in the Mambakut river. This chief contrived to escape, but, falling afterwards into the hands of the Sultan of Bruni, was placed at our disposal. The judicious humanity of Admiral Cochrane permitted him to live unmolested. On this last occasion Captain Mundy and Rajah Brooke, whose propensity for risking his person would have made him an excellent pirate if he had been born an Illanun, had a narrow escape, the coxswain of the crowded boat in which they sat being hit by a musket-ball. In this action also several men were struck by the poisoned arrows of the native sumpitan or blowpipe. At 20 yards the barbed fish-bone of this weapon would penetrate unprotected flesh some inches, and might be fatal; beyond that distance the force is small; the extreme range is 90 yards. In all the cases which here occurred prompt suction prevented any bad effects from the poison. In estimating the moral effect of these operations, we must take into account that they not only frightened and scattered the piratical tribes, but rallied and encouraged a strong native party opposed to them. The expedition met with effective and voluntary co-operation from large bodies of natives attracted to the scene of action by the name of Mr. Brooke. At Mambakut this auxiliary force amounted to 90 prahus containing 500 men and 30 swivel-guns. Among these impromptu and unexpected assistants Brooke ventured with perfect confidence, and found them zealous and obedient. For reward they seem to have been contented with the saint-like patience, as Captain Mundy terms it, with which 'the White Rajah,' after the victory, was gained, listened to their tales of their own exploits. In more civilised circles resignation to the infliction of a long story may often find its compensation on this side the grave, to which, as Mr. Sydney Smith supposed, that infliction had a tendency to hurry the sufferer. It has seldom been practised with a higher or more beneficial object than by the White Rajah in conciliating the affections of his savage auxiliaries.

To the above general but incomplete summary of the principal operations in which Captain Mundy was personally

sonally concerned, we must append some notice of an encounter after his departure between the *Nemesis* steamer and a fleet of eleven prahus. Of the latter, one was captured and four destroyed. Six contrived to make sail for their home in the Sulu islands, but of these, as was afterwards ascertained, three foundered on the passage. As an action this was highly creditable to Captains C. Grey and Wallace and their followers, for the pirates fought dexterously and bravely, not one man being taken alive. The affair was also useful in its consequences, as illustrative of the value of the influence we had established over the councils of the Sultan at Bruni. Under the administration of the anti-English party the pirate crews which escaped to the jungle from their shattered vessels would have found an assured refuge in that capital: in this case they were hunted down, captured, and executed, to the number of forty. Their Chinese and Malay prisoners on the other hand were not only released and relieved, but were offered the privilege of executing their captors with their own hands—a favour of which, to their credit, they declined to avail themselves. The pirates well deserved their fate; less, indeed, for labouring in the vocation to which they were born and educated, than for the atrocious cruelty with which they had practised it. They had been a year at sea, made the circuit of Borneo, and at one moment contemplated an attack upon Sarawak, from which the reported vicinity of some English men of war had deterred them. In one instance they had burnt a Chinese prisoner alive. They had nearly finished their long and successful cruise, and were shaping their course homeward with much spoil and upwards of 100 prisoners, when fortune played them the trick of bringing them within sight of the little iron steamer so well known in China by the name, on this occasion specially appropriate, of the *Nemesis*.\*

We have no inclination to exaggerate the beneficial consequences of these various exhibitions of civilized power. On the contrary, we would rather warn our readers against rash conclusions as to the early extinction of piracy, by reminding them that the seas to which our floating police has hitherto extended its beat are only the occasional cruising-ground of the Illanun. We have already done much to abrogate the impunity with which he has till lately prosecuted his ravages on the west coast of Borneo. Much probably remains to be done for the extirpation of the nuisance even in this quarter; rivers are to be ascended,

\* Captain Hall's Narrative of the earlier services of the *Nemesis* (2 vols. 8vo.) is full of interest, and will, we are sure, be valued hereafter as affording most curious materials for the history of steam-navigation.

## *Military Education.*

the discipline of the mass, and to hand over a body of well-drilled recruits, year by year, to the Landwehr. Hence, after working till very recently according to the common practice of other military bodies, the government was driven to establish at Potsdam an *Under-officer School*, into which three or four hundred respectable young men are admitted, for the sole purpose of preparing them to become corporals, sergeants, and sergeant-majors in the army. The pupils in this military school are for the most part the sons of tradesmen, farmers, or retired non-commissioned officers. Previously to admission, they must produce certificates of good conduct from the Landraths of the circles to which they belong, and exhibit specimens of their handwriting in the account which they give by letter of the extent to which their previous education has been carried. If the commander of the King's Guards be satisfied with these, an order is issued to receive them at once. The pupils have now to pass through two classes, of which the higher is divided into two sections; and as the studies pursued in each class, or section of a class, give employment during twelve months, the course, when completed, extends to three years. The subjects taught include in the first year, reading, writing, and arithmetic, together with the theory and practice of a soldier's duties in the field as well as in quarters. In these branches of study intelligent sergeants-major and sergeants are their teachers. During the second and third years, the pupils come under the care of officers, who, besides perfecting their education in such details, carry them on to geography, history, military drawing, and the construction and use of projectiles and fire-arms. There is, over and above, a small class, called the Select Class, who receive instruction in tactics, the history of the art of war, fortification, &c.; and the young men who most distinguish themselves in it, are rewarded with commissions. Finally, the whole body thus trained, enlist for not less than nine, more frequently for twelve years. They join their regiments as privates, being assured, however, that if they conduct themselves properly they will be promoted as soon as vacancies occur; and as such vacancies generally fall within six or nine months, they plant their foot upon the ladder very early, and mount steadily. Young men from the *Under-officer School* turn out to be, with few exceptions, the best non-commissioned officers in the Prussian army; they seldom quit it till years and failing strength disqualify them for further service, when they are always well pensioned, or otherwise provided for in the civil employment of the state.

Meanwhile, two avenues, and no more, lie open to such as desire to become commissioned officers in the Prussian army, whether

structing these escapes is very simple : strong mangrove-trees are driven at opposite angles obliquely into the mud, and their upper ends securely lashed to the growing mangroves, forming a V-shaped bed, at an angle of 120 degrees. These trees, being stripped of their bark, are kept very smooth, and, when wet, spontaneously exude a kind of mucilage, which renders them very slippery. The outer entrance of this angular bed is carried into deep water, and at so gradual an inclination that the original impetus given by the oars forces the vessels at once high and dry ; and by the ropes then attached they are instantly drawn by their allies into the interior, at a rate probably equal to that at which they were impelled by oars.

We can hardly be surprised should we be unable, on further information, to disprove the assertion of the American navigator Wilkes, that the British traders and authorities have hitherto been rather inclined to conciliate this formidable power by winking at its proceedings, than to undertake the task of its forcible suppression. Captain Wilkes gives a long list of other similar establishments on these islands, which present so many natural facilities for the fatal purposes to which they are thus applied. The forests of their interior, unlike those of Borneo, bear a formidable reputation as the abode of beasts of prey and the largest class of reptiles. D'Urville, who touched at a Dutch settlement, mentions that the forest-tracts from one station to another were only traversed in large parties for the sake of mutual protection from the tiger and the boa.

'The limit of their cruises' (says Sir E. Belcher, p. 267) 'is not confined to the Sooloo, or Mindoro Archipelago ; they have been traced entirely round the islands of New Guinea on the east, throughout the Straits, and continuous to Java on its southern side, along the coast of Sumatra, and as far up the Bay of Bengal as Rangoon, throughout the Malay peninsula and islands adjacent, and along the entire range of the Philippines. Their attacks are not confined to small vessels, for we have instances, as late as 1843, of their molesting the Dutch cruisers off Java. Along the entire coast of the Philippines they attack villages, and carry off boys and girls for slaves ; and in some instances do not hesitate in kidnapping a padre, for whom they demand heavy ransom, as upon a late affair they obtained upwards of 1000 dollars. In the Bay of Manilla, within the Corregidor, where there is a gun-boat establishment, they fought a very severe action with this force, commanded by a Lieutenant Eliot, an Englishman in the service of Spain. The result was the crippling of the Spanish force so severely that only the commander himself, though wounded, remained to serve his gun, and he was not displeased to see the enemy draw off ; had they attempted to close with him, he had no further means of resistance.'

Of the ultimate triumph of that great agent of civilization, steam, over these tribes we have no doubt ; but, from the above

curious descriptions and accounts, we do not believe that we have spare naval force on the Indian station, sufficient even for an attempt upon strongholds so inaccessible, and manned by garrisons so resolute and desperate.

The last duty on which Captain Mundy was employed was a pleasing one—that of taking solemn possession of the ceded island of Labuan in the name of Her Majesty. An important feature in this ceremony, of which a spirited description is given, was the presence of the prime minister and representative of the Sultan, Mumim. An act of the British Government involving an extension in any direction of our colonial empire is justly liable to jealous investigation. We are convinced that no such act will better stand scrutiny than the occupation of this little island: certainly none bears less the stamp of precipitancy or lust of useless dominion. If we could suppose the Isle of Wight to be uninhabited—Southampton the capital of a semi-barbarous throne exercising a precarious dominion over the area of two or three counties—and the rest of Great Britain occupied by pirates on the coast and savages in the interior, we could imagine no occurrence more favourable to the best interests of humanity than the establishment in Cowes roads of the delegates of some great, distant naval power, with no interest but the promotion of peaceful commerce and the development of civilization. The advantage would greatly be enhanced if the island afforded a secure station midway between two main seats of a commerce already established and flourishing. In all these respects there are striking analogies between the Isle of Wight, under the circumstances supposed, and Labuan. Fronting the mouth of the Bruni river, at some 15 miles distance, it commands the access to the Malay Southampton, and that of numerous other rivers, some of which have hitherto given refuge to ‘water-thieves,’ but which also afford safe and ready means of approach to fertile countries, inhabited by people who have long groaned under the evils of piracy, and are anxious to cultivate intercourse with us as friends and liberators. Midway between Singapore and Hong Kong, it forms a centre from which protection against violence and relief to shipwreck will radiate in all directions. Last, but not least, to advantages of position as a naval station, which may hereafter entitle it to rank with Aden, it adds the mineral wealth of a Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The coal which crops up to its surface is of a quality which will neither choke the fire-bars nor damage the plates of our marine steam-furnaces; while in power of generating steam it bears comparison with the best production of our own mines, at least after the latter has undergone the friction of an Indian voyage. The following sentences are from a report furnished by Capt. Wallace,

Wallace, in command of the redoubted *Nemesis*, dated Sarawak, June 10, 1847 :—

‘The *Nemesis* anchored within 120 yards of the shore in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms low water spring tides, at the N.E. end of Labuan, and received 40 tons of coal, bringing it from the mouth of the pit and shipping it with our own crew without difficulty. The coal appears to belong to the kind called Cannell. In using we found it kindle easily; in burning it runs into cakes, emitting much heat and flame, and leaving a small quantity of light white ash, and no clinkers are found in the bars. The fires after being well made did not require raking or poking, and were only cleared out once every four hours, usually done every two hours with English, and more often with Indian coal. The quantity burnt is 14 or 15 tons in twenty-nine hours, or at the same rate as English coal received on board at Singapore. Steam is easily kept up. I have no hesitation in stating that the coal received at Labuan is equal to any English coal I have seen on board steamers in India, and decidedly better than any coal worked in India for steam purposes.’

This is practical evidence as to quality. When we call to mind that the mineral, however near the surface, as yet has only been obtained by rude methods and native labour, and remember further the difference between the feeble and indolent Malay, or even the more submissive and industrious Chinese, and the trained labourers of Lancashire, Scotland, or Northumbria, we might well be prepared for disappointment, in the first instance at least, as to the economical part of the question. In spite, however, of all these difficulties and disadvantages, a contract has been taken by an English party, Mr. Miles, to excavate and stack 900 tons for 925*l.*, which includes the expense of sheds and other incidentals. The contract price at Singapore for 900 tons, exclusive of cost of depôt, would be 1567*l.*, showing a difference in favour of Labuan of 642*l.*—or about 14*s.* a-ton. If such are the results of our mining in its infancy, we cannot consider as unreasonable Captain Mundy’s expectations of a considerable eventual reduction of price. The actual discovery of this seam of coal, full 10 feet in thickness, appears to be due to Captain Heath of the *Wolf* man of war, and its direction was traced for a mile and a half with much assiduity by that officer and Lieutenant Forbes.

That ministers have been fortunate and wise in their selection of a Governor for this promising settlement, in Sir James Brooke, few will be found to doubt. We have reason to hope that, in framing the necessary regulations for his conduct, Earl Grey has turned to good account these records of the Colonial Office which detail the successes and the failures of former experiments *in pari materiâ*. If the great purposes of the acquisition be answered to any



any extent consistent with our own expectations, even should Labuan not become at once a second Singapore, an estimated annual charge of some 6000*l.* will not be much to set against the increase and security which will accrue to commerce. There seems, however, no reason to doubt that the island itself will develop internal sources of revenue which, after a time, will more than meet the charges of its civil establishment and of a garrison of some 200 men to be borrowed for the present from India. Meanwhile there is *tabula rasa* for Sir James, and his experienced coadjutor Mr. Bonham, to proceed upon. The good sense of Sir T. Cochrane prevented from the first any rash intrusion of adventurous settlers calculated to embarrass the local Government by the claims of premature establishments and disputable possessions. In our poor judgment all departments of the public service have done their duty; and no precaution which prudence and experience could suggest has been neglected to secure the advantages which nature and man have, in this fortunate instance, placed at our legitimate disposal.

We cannot venture on extracts from Mr. Low's work. We must, however, thank him for an acceptable supplement to that of Captain Mundy—but more especially for having given the fullest and best description we have yet met with of the natural productions, vegetable and mineral, of Borneo, and of the population of that island. Knowledge on the latter subject has hitherto been nearly confined to the Dutch, for, whether from policy or indifference, they have not favoured the world with the results of their observations. Much information will be found in Mr. Low's pages as to the distinguishing features of character and customs of the various tribes of the Dyak race. His descriptions must leave on the mind of every reader a predilection for the Hill Dyak of the interior, as contrasted with the Coast or Sea Dyak, whose morals have suffered from contact with Malay tyranny and corruption and the example of the Illanun.

To that Providence 'which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may,' we consign the future. From all sinister speculations we refrain; but even should Sir James Brooke's fabric sink with the builder, we believe that, even in that case, such fame as such men consider a reward will attach to his memory, that in many a Dyak village the rude songs and oral traditions of a grateful people will preserve the name of the Manco Capac who came from a distant land to rescue their fathers from oppression and ignorance.

We cannot conclude without remarking that, soon after the foregoing pages were written, we had in the London newspapers a brief notice

notice of an evidently important and highly successful operation of the Spaniards against the Illanun pirates. We infer from the account a strong probability that the very nest described in our extract from Sir E. Belcher's Narrative has been stormed and destroyed. It is understood that the Spaniards landed a thousand men for the operation. We congratulate that nation on this sudden and creditable exhibition of vitality in the extremities of her system.

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ART. III.—1. *A short Account of the London Magdalene Hospital.* London, 1846.

2. *De la Prostitution dans la Ville de Paris.* Par A. J. B. Parent-Duchâtelet. Deuxième Edition. Paris, 1857.

**I**T is time to burst through the veil of that artificial bashfulness which has injured the growth, while it has affected the features, of genuine purity. Society has suffered enough from that spurious modesty which lets fearful forms of vice swell to a rank luxuriance rather than hint at their existence—which coyly turns away its head from the 'wounds and putrefying sores' that are eating into our system, because it would have to blush at the exposure. We are all aware with what haste a treatise avowedly dealing with the peculiar sins of women would be burnt or buried, though its sole object were the promotion of virtue; while few drawing-room tables fail to exhibit novels and romances in which lubricity of sentiment and laxity of principle are easily discerned through the thin gauze of refined language. And yet ours is what Defoe would have called a 'broad-hearted' age: we are not sunk into our easy chairs in a drowsy apathy; there is blood and colour in the cheek of modern Charity; we are sifting the causes of many immoralities, stopping up the sewers from which poisonous exhalations spring, interesting ourselves with hard-working earnestness in the improvement and welfare of the humbler classes of our countrymen. Look at our ragged schools and model lodging-houses, our sailors' homes, our asylums for servants out of place, our houses of refuge for discharged convicts; these are among the thoughtful inventions of recent Philanthropy; whilst prison discipline is attracting a degree of care undreamt of by the most tender-hearted of our forefathers. And is it too much to say that the active sympathy shown in these, and such-like efforts, by the higher orders towards those beneath them, may be numbered among the causes of that  
great

great internal quietness which is a marvel and a mystery to a convulsed and disjointed world?

And yet the evil we speak of is in the background still ; in timid silence we permit it to sweep on ; spellbound we let it pass ; and it needs an emboldened mercy to break the spell. Woman falls, like Wolsey, never to rise again. 'It is a difficult question to deal with—an exceedingly awkward subject—we must let it alone, we suppose—it is very dreadful, to be sure—but there will be always abandoned women, and they are a class it really soils one's imagination to meddle with:'—with such apologetic phrases the wandering soul is suffered to drift away. How different the treatment that a young thief receives ! It is one of the very advantages of his kind of offence that his capture is desired. The best thing that can befall him is to be caught ; for care follows him into his cell. He is thought worth reclaiming ; no pains are spared—humane governors watch over him—zealous chaplains labour to improve his state ; the Schoolmaster is at hand—he is supplied with books. The term of this costly and ungrudged discipline at an end, he is able to begin life afresh. At first, of course, he will have to struggle against suspicion and distrust ; but if he has been brought to a better mind, though for a time he may have to put up with inferior places and inferior pay, he will soon work his way back into a character ; the way of return is not closed against him. But it is closed for ever to the erring girl. She cannot claim the merciful correction of the law ; there are none to catch her and drag her by legal force from her haunts ; there is no penitential prison for her ; her sin not being subject to legal punishment, she is denied the means of reformation which, for other offenders, are now mixed with punishment. Allowing the wisdom of the law in not classing hers among the punishable crimes, does private pity step in where the law fails to meet the case ?—Let us take one of the opposite sex who yields to this identical sin. Even in the midst of his career he keeps his place at home ; there he has a pure atmosphere around him ; he breathes sweet air ; he does not fall into one unbroken course of dissoluteness—he is not without the pale of amendment ; even his deeds of darkness are oftentimes unknown ; or perhaps there are rumours that he is somewhat wild—and by-lips that no one dares to call impure the hope is expressed that he will soon have 'sown his wild oats.' And oftentimes this hope is fulfilled ; he breaks off—he can break off—from folly ; his blood cools ; he steadies down, wonders at his former self, and lives in usefulness and repute. We at once admit that, as the woman under any circumstances

cumstances is the greater sufferer by the loss of purity, so on her is thrown the greater responsibility in resisting temptation. But the question is not, whether she is to suffer, and suffer most severely, but whether she is to suffer *without hope*, without a chance of repentance, without the means of escape; whether she is *to lose all and for ever*? Ought we to forget our Saviour's treatment of fallen women? By condemning the harshness of the Jewish Church towards this class of sinners, by his own personal tenderness towards more than one who had fallen from virtue's path, He seems in tones the most distinct to commend these erring members to the pity of the Christian Church: but who will venture to say that the Christian Church has in this followed the example of her Head? Several statisticians of authority agree in saying that three or four years of such a life end the scene; while the most liberal computation stretches the career, on an average, to the length of seven years. By this time, at the latest, their strength is run out, their constitution gone. Late hours, exposure to wet and cold, intoxication to drown thought, ill-usage, disease, inevitable misery of mind and body, are enough in this space to break down the frail tenement of flesh and blood. But after seven years of such a course—after this brief and bitter apprenticeship to the hardest of taskmasters—what follows? Is this a question that the Church can waive aside—as out of her department?

We have not the pain to say that no efforts have been made to lessen the evil. Something has been done; a certain number of feeble institutions creep on from year to year, offering scanty accommodation, languishing under the shade of narrow means or a burden of debt, unable for want of room or funds to carry out any efficient system of discipline or classification, and conducted on most imperfect principles. Put the capabilities of all these institutions together, and the number of those for whom they are designed, and then we shall see what puny, starved, and dwarfish measures we have taken to meet the huge mischief. And of these institutions, disproportioned as they are to the need, the greater part would have long since pined away, if they had had to trust to public generosity and external support. The labour of the inmates has saved them from falling to the ground:—they have been in a great measure self-supporting institutions. For example, in 'The London Female Penitentiary,' (one of the largest,) the subscriptions and donations of last year amounted to 724*l.*, while the work done by the women produced 1184*l.* But take a list of the whole of our Metropolitan Penitentiaries, with the number of inmates according to the last returns:—

The

	Inmates.
The Magdalene Hospital . . . . .	110
London Female Penitentiary . . . . .	100
London Society for the Protection of Young Females . . . . .	70
Home for Penitent Females, Pentonville . . . . .	50
Westminster Penitent Female Asylum . . . . .	27
Lock Hospital Asylum, Harrow Road . . . . .	20
British Female Refuge . . . . .	31
Guardian Society, Bethnal Green . . . . .	33

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Such is the total amount of provision in London. We have not, indeed, given the utmost accommodation which these houses might afford, but we have set down what is practically found available—for in various cases rooms are unwillingly closed from the sheer impossibility of maintaining the complement. As to the number of the class abroad in London it is difficult to reach an accurate statement; but the computations of the more *moderate* inquirers range from 8000 to 12,000;—and all that has been done by the concentrated efforts of humanity and religion to stem or drain off this restless tide of vice is to afford shelter to some 440. In the provinces we find the same disproportion. The Liverpool Penitentiary had last year 56 inmates, the Liverpool Benevolent Society 21, while the number of abandoned women, according to the police returns, was no less than 2290. The Birmingham Magdalene had 22 inmates; the police returns for 1847 make the houses of ill-fame 210; if we reckon three in every house, we place 22 opposite 630. The Bristol Penitentiary had 17 inmates; those on the streets, according to Mr. Talbot, were 1267. The Leeds Guardian Society had 11 inmates; Mr. Logan states the others at 700. The Newcastle Asylum had 26 inmates; the others were, according to Mr. Talbot, 451. The Manchester and Salford Asylum admitted 82; but the report fails to give the number who left the house. The Police Report of 1846 gives those out of doors as 738; and we must remember that the police only register the notorious.

It being allowed that the provision for reformation is utterly insignificant as compared with the amount of vice, it may, however, be asked whether the supply is not equal to the demand. Many are apt to think that the conscience of such sinners soon becomes seared; that in them we deal with hopeless subjects, and that out of the wretched 12,000 in London the number of those who would desire to forsake their evil ways is but small. We answer that there is, we are convinced, a great mass of material which may be worked upon with success, provided the right time be seized. We are speaking essentially of a *passion*: when the first

first burst of that is over, all principle, all conscience, all the movements of the better mind are not gone. True charity will weigh the temptations which drive many to dishonour. Often, as Duchâtelet largely illustrates, the fatal step may be traced to utter destitution and over-work; he and all his followers enumerate also ill-usage or evil example at home—the promiscuous mode of living in the families of the poor, which loosens the principle of modesty from the earliest youth—want of religious training—sometimes a promise of marriage made and heard, alas, in a weaker hour—sometimes a mere gust of passion suddenly throwing down strength which had withstood many assaults. The humane physician, who so closely sifted the question in Paris, gives us abundant evidence that the desire to escape from the guilty course is widely spread. We cannot forbear quoting one passage from his extraordinary work, in which, be it observed, he is speaking not of novices in vice, but of the worst class in one of the most profligate of cities.

‘Elles connaissent toute leur abjection, et en ont, à ce qu’il paraît, une idée bien profonde; elles sont à elles-mêmes un sujet d’horreur; le mépris qu’elles ont pour elles dépasse souvent celui que leur portent toutes les personnes vertueuses; elles regrettent d’être déçues, elles font des projets, et même des efforts, pour sortir de leur état; mais tous ces efforts sont infructueux, et ce qui les désespère, c’est de savoir qu’elles passent, dans l’esprit de tout le monde, pour la fange et la boue de la société. . . . Me trouvant un jour dans une salle de l’hôpital sans être aperçu, j’entendis une fille s’écrier, en admirant la beauté du ciel, “Que Dieu est bon de nous envoyer un si beau temps! Il nous traite mieux que nous ne méritons:” et toute la salle de répéter à la fois, “C’est bien vrai!” . . . On dirait que ce sentiment de leur abjection et du mépris qu’on leur porte excite davantage leur orgueil et leur amour-propre—défauts qu’elles portent à un degré excessif: celui qui les blesse de ce côté encourt à jamais leur disgrâce et ne peut rien obtenir d’elles. Mais si on leur parle avec douceur, si on leur témoigne de l’intérêt, si on leur fait entendre qu’elles peuvent rentrer dans la société et recouvrer l’estime publique, ce seul espoir les ranime et les fait palpiter de joie.’—*Duchâtelet*, tome i. p. 107.

But we are able at once to overthrow the notion that in London the supply is equal to the demand, by the plain statement *that more apply for admission than the existing penitentiaries can receive.* This is a simple and a sufficient fact. We may well suppose that it costs a woman, covered with her own shame, no slight effort to present herself at the door of a penitentiary. Is there not something awful in the thought of turning away even one such applicant—of stifling the feeling of repentance when an actual step has been taken towards an altered life—of closing the door of mercy when in some warm moment of godly

SORROW

sorrow the lost sheep hurries to the fold and should be received 'rejoicing?' It is upon this melancholy truth, which frowns upon the spurious bashfulness of the day, we would concentrate the attention of our readers. The Magdalen Hospital, the best as well as the first and largest penitentiary, confesses that frequently as many as forty or fifty present themselves at the monthly board, but, as 'it often happens there are but few vacancies, only the most promising are received.' 'During the year ending March 31, 1847,' says the Report of the London Female Penitentiary, '169 presented themselves as applicants for reception—to 73 admission was granted; i. e. more than half were refused. The Westminster Asylum declares that 'many of those who are looked upon as the outcasts of our species are anxious to leave their guilty course and are entreating to be received into the asylum; but for want of funds the committee are unable to extend to them a helping hand: although there is ample room in the house to accommodate a considerable increase of inmates, they have been under the painful necessity of refusing admission to no less than forty-two during the last year.' The London Society for the Protection of Young Females (1847) tells us that, 'since the augmentation of the number of inmates, very many young females have applied for admission into the asylum. Unhappily, the committee have been compelled—painfully compelled—to refuse most of these.' During the past year they had 150 applicants, but were able to receive only thirty. While this sheet is printing we receive a circular from the Committee of the Asylum attached to the Lock Hospital, saying:—

'Above one hundred and fifty degraded daughters of the poor, for the most part of a very tender age, pass through the adjoining hospital in the course of the year. The greater proportion of these having been faithfully instructed during their residence in the wards, express the most earnest desire to be saved from their life of shame. But whither can they go? Exasperated relatives spurn them from their doors. Virtuous families refuse to employ or shelter them. Even the Asylum established for this very object, in its present incomplete state (incapable of containing more than twenty inmates), is compelled in the great majority of instances to reject them. What then remains for them, unless the helping hand of charity is stretched forth for their deliverance, but to revert to their former habits of infamy, in all human probability speedily to perish?—Aug. 1848.'

The reports of the other metropolitan and of the provincial penitentiaries only repeat the same hard tale. And may we not reasonably infer that we are far from seeing the whole number who desire admission, when we run over the lists of these rejections? Each denial probably repels more than one from the way of repentance. The news spreads; many who were waiting to hear

### *Female Penitentiaries.*

hear the fate of their companions, apply the refusal to themselves, and never venture on a petition. But, moreover, the committees are driven into a principle of selection, which, however skilfully or conscientiously carried out, must be continually leading them to reject the more sincere and to accept the more plausible applicants. It is true that at certain times of year, *i. e.* from November to February, many struggle into the penitentiaries from no higher motives than to house themselves and be fed through the winter, when their guilty trade droops and the weather adds to its miseries. But still even these, we conceive, should not be driven back; the door should be open, whatever prompts the knock. Might we not regard these very intervals of destitution as means providentially designed for their reformation—as a chastisement which should scourge them from their haunts? Supposing them to be received, even though they come with no other object than to get bed and board in hard times, might not kind treatment, the break in their mode of life, the disentanglement from their companions, the pastoral ministrations, the opportunities of reflection, the use of religious books, strike sparks from the smouldering conscience, and in *some* cases at least create a desire to stay and repent, though no repentance was in their thoughts when they crossed the threshold? It is our strong conviction that, as long as a single applicant is refused, one great duty of a Christian people is left undone.

At the same time let us not be understood to suppose that the whole duty is done when all who seek for shelter are received—when the supply of penitentiaries is equal to the demand. It may seem, indeed, somewhat wild to speak of going out to fetch wanderers home, when so many of those who have already risen up like the prodigal, and are at the very door of the home of penitents, have none to lead them in; but we cannot entirely put out of sight the duty of *searching* for the lost sheep in the wilderness. There is a false but not unnatural shame which deters many from presenting themselves at the door of a penitentiary, who might be led thither and persuaded. It is not enough to *wait* for the returning wanderers, to have all things in readiness for their reception, to open the door when they have found the heart to knock. There is certainly a sort of missionary machinery required, by which especially the beginners in this vicious life might be pleaded with. The Report of the Magdalen states that even 'the existence of the institution is little known to a great number of persons for whose welfare it was established.' This we can readily believe. It may be often difficult for a poor girl, when she longs to repent, to know how to set about the task of obtaining admission, or where to go. The more she feels her own degradation the longer may she defer the step. Might not some mode of distributing papers



papers be contrived, in which there should be all necessary particulars regarding penitentiaries, accompanied by some brief but strong persuasive to forsake such a life? It is strange that in this tract-distributing age we have never yet fallen in with a single earnest entreaty addressed to the sinner of this particular class. Drunkards, thieves, blasphemers, all have their appropriate tracts; *she* is left out.

But to return to those who seek and are refused (the case which is at any rate to be considered first)—it may be said, if there are so many leading a life they loathe, why do they not return at once to their parents' roof? There are more difficulties here than even the Lock circular suggests. We will pass over the parents whose unkindness turned the scale of a vibrating resolution. We will also pass over those who, without having this guilt at their door, have been stern and unrelenting towards their children after they have fallen. We will take the average of the class of life from which the supply is mostly drawn. What, we ask, is a poor parent to do with a daughter who returns with a bankrupt character? Is not the cost of her maintenance a stumbling-block to her reception, especially when we find, from the evidence of M. Duchâtelet in Paris, and of the best authorities in London, that poverty has a large, if not the largest, share in the original mischief—that under-paid needlewomen, and so forth, furnish perhaps the majority of recruits? But if the parents are able to maintain their child, is there not some natural doubt of the depth or permanency of an untried contrition? Are they not bringing discredit on their home, involving themselves in a certain degree of disrepute—or at any rate running great risks with the character of the family, unless their erring daughter should at once conduct herself as the very truest, most retired penitent, a matter on which they cannot prophesy? Above all, may they not dread the contamination of other children, supposing it to turn out that there had been only a fit of remorse, a transitory pang of conscience? Are they not appearing to encourage the others to go wrong, if the door is at once open and the wanderer instantly received? Where return is easy, there may be temptation to fly. But further, as regards the daughter herself, we believe it infinitely for her good, under all circumstances, that she should be able to shelter herself at first in a penitentiary. The better her parents, the more will she shrink from confronting them; she will be found instinctively to say, 'Take me anywhere but home first; let me not pass at once from the fume of my guilty life into that pure circle; let me be able to show some proofs of repentance, and in some sort retrieve myself, before I meet "the old familiar faces."' Again, she wants an advocate to pave the way for her return. A year or two's good behaviour at a penitentiary is a guarantee; she comes

comes back as a penitent whom the neighbours know to have been for some time under proper care. And again, as she wants 'character,' so a character given her by her parents will not go for much; a good report from the authorities of a penitentiary is a different thing. But to take the most important point of all, we do not conceive that home is the best place at the very outset. Even the kindest home in humble life yields little privacy. What she wants is penitential discipline. How is her spiritual reformation to be carried on with any system amid all the domestic cares, the noise of children, the occupations, the common conversation and routine? She is not in an ordinary state; there is no provision here for her especial work, no means of guidance, no yoke for the subjugation of the disordered soul. A religious house, a spiritual hospital, is what she really wants. Give her retirement, quiet, opportunity of devotion, help to reflection, spiritual ministrations especially directed to her condition—in short, a mode of life provided and adapted to her circumstances. On these grounds, and particularly on the last, we rest our appeal for the support and increase of penitentiaries.

There are others, however, who look rather to legislative enactments. That much, very much, might be done by stronger laws against houses of ill-fame and those who lay traps for unwary girls, it seems difficult to doubt. We have watched with interest the efforts that of late years have been made in Parliament; a certain degree of false bashfulness has not been wanting even there, while a little over-stringency in some of the measures introduced has helped the bashful to suppress the subject for a time. But still we see that amid some rebuffs and some delays it is working onward; the efforts of the Bishops of Exeter and Oxford have not been thrown away. We can scarcely regret delays which are likely to produce the fruit of mature reflection. Hasty legislation would be very perilous in such a cause; if the first bill proved a failure, the subject would too probably be shelved for ever. But, after all, though the law might, we believe, be made to do much, it could not do everything. As the principle of sin cannot be smothered by the law, however the law may seize hold of the more glaring baits which sin holds out, so there will be always a host of ingenious evasions of the letter of the law. Penitentiaries, we may be too sure, will never cease to be required.

There are others who meet the question in a different way;—if, they argue, we provide too freely the means of retrieving character and position, are we not taking down one of the fences of virtue? But it is the very nature of passion not to make calculations, not to provide against the future. The argument presupposes a degree of reflection which in nine cases out

of ten does not exist. If, too, it is of any worth, it must be evenly applied to all kinds of sinners; the whole doctrine of repentance must be set aside as hurtful to the cause of virtue and religion. Away with our model prisons, which in this view can be only considered as standing advertisements for the encouragement of thieves.

But we take a narrow view of penitentiaries if we consider only the women themselves. Every woman rejected from their doors returns to her trade of contamination. Our population receives again a poison that it might have escaped; those who stand aloof from such a subject as this may suffer in their own families from the tide of iniquity they would do nothing to check. In the upper ranks it is impossible to say how much of domestic misery, broken hopes, ruined fortunes, lost character, and injured health, waste of mental and loss of moral powers, may be traced to the influence of those who might have been rescued. If we consider the less fortunate classes of society, how long is the inventory of crimes, of drunkenness, thefts, forgeries, embezzlements, which may all be traced back to the indulgence of one youthful passion! If, indeed, prison discipline is to have a monopoly of care, and those only whom the law reaches are to engross the energies of the humane, we venture to prophesy that our Pentonvilles, be they ever so multiplied, will never cease to be furnished with cargoes of living vice. We may cease to hope for empty cells and maiden assizes so long as, when the thief's punishment has expired, his paramour is waiting at the gate.

Let us examine the actual effects of these institutions. That many, unable to bear restraint, stay only for a time and return to their evil life, is true. We must be prepared for disappointments in all attempts to reform *habit*. But we venture to say that in no other cause will be found a greater harvest of substantial success. We read in the 'Short Account of the Magdalen Hospital,' that 'great pains were taken by the Treasurer, in the course of the year 1843, to trace out the situation of all those young women who left the house during the preceding four years; and the result of the inquiry shows that *more than two-thirds of the number were permanently reclaimed* :—

In service or with their friends	.	..	151
Married	.	.	43
Dead	.	.	5
Lunatic	.	.	1
Situation unknown	.	.	46
Behaving ill	.	.	43

The Report of the London Female Penitentiary for 1847 gives this statement:—

In the house at the beginning of the year.	95
Admitted . . . . .	73
	<hr/> 168
Sent to service or friends . . . . .	49
Married . . . . .	1
Left at their own request . . . . .	5
Dismissed for ill conduct . . . . .	9
Sent to hospital . . . . .	1
Sent for pregnancy . . . . .	1
Sent to their parishes . . . . .	2
Remaining in the institution . . . . .	100
	<hr/> 168

The Westminster Penitentiary, 1848, shows since the formation of that asylum in 1837:—

Cases admitted . . . . .	217
Restored to their friends or service . . . . .	105

The British Penitent Female Refuge, 1847, states:—

In the asylum at the commencement of the year	38
Admitted . . . . .	28
	<hr/> 66
Restored to friends or in service . . . . .	27

The Lock Asylum reports, from 1787 to 1846:—

Admitted . . . . .	1092
Restored to their friends or placed in service . . . . .	522

The Liverpool Benevolent Society reports in 1847:—

Received from commencement. . . . .	392
Restored to friends, or in service . . . . .	186
Married . . . . .	22

The Liverpool Penitentiary:—

Received from the commencement . . . . .	1425
Restored to friends . . . . .	470

The Devon and Exeter:—

Received since the commencement . . . . .	362
Restored to friends, or in service . . . . .	226

The Gloucester Magdalen:—

Admitted since its institution . . . . .	305
Restored to friends, or in service . . . . .	216

The Bath Penitentiary during the last three years:—

Admitted . . . . .	99
Restored to friends, or in service . . . . .	37

These statistics are quite enough, by way of sample. Make all allowance for a certain roseate hue, which is apt to warm the pages of all Charitable Reports, there is still left us a very hopeful balance: and we are far from thinking that the existing penitentiaries have reached the height of attainable efficiency. On the contrary, we cannot admit that they have reached even the half-way house. In the machinery that works all this good we discern but the irregular movements of a rude primitive contrivance. It may seem invidious to expose the flaws and blemishes of the only instruments which are in present use for the correction of so great an evil; but our very admiration of what has been done prompts us to consider how much more might be achieved: it would indeed be a stand-still world if we were all to keep at the heels of first inventions or first experiments.

That we are bilious inventors of imaginary faults, or gazing at petty defects through the magnifying glasses of a captious spirit, will hardly be alleged by those who know that in institutions, which ought to be religious houses in the strictest sense, schools of penitence, hospitals for souls diseased, there is such a deficiency of all the grand appliances of religion that for the most part they have neither chapels nor resident chaplains. These principal means of conducting the unfortunate through a course of penitence are possessed by no more than some five or six out of all the number of institutions.

It is very well, in case of necessity, to turn a board-room or dining-room into a temporary house of prayer, to shove off the plates and table-cloths, and once a-week to wheel a locomotive reading-desk and pulpit from the corner, where they have become encrusted with week-day dust. At best, however, these things tend to irreverence:—and where the grand aim is to create afresh a feeling of reverence, to revive the sense of the presence of God, and when we have to deal with creatures of excitable mind, capable of being strongly acted upon by outward things, there seems a double call for avoiding such makeshifts. A strong and definite religious character cannot be impressed upon an institution in which the chapel is not made, we do not say an integral, but the prominent object. Without such a feature as this, we leave out the visible assertion of that most encouraging truth, that God is present among sinners who repent. It is a great thing to show a perpetual sanctuary in the midst of them, a wellspring of consolation, a tower of protection where the suppliant can be received, an altar whose horns may always be seized in the humble hope of forgiveness.

The want of chapels, then, is a great and grievous want. But those which some possess are either little or wrongly used. They are mostly no better than 'popular chapels.' The chief area is  
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for people who are on a Sunday-chase after eloquence, and who by no means design to number themselves peculiarly among penitents. The whole system is the 'popular' system. Popular preachers are engaged, not for the sake of the forlorn penitents, but of the idle and wealthy vagrants. The poor women are packed together, as ungainly lumber, in galleries carefully screened from the gaze of the more honoured congregation below, as if they were only present on sufferance; and instead of hearing their own peculiar hopes, fears, perils, encouragements; dwelt upon for their own benefit, they are forced to feel that even in their own House of Prayer they are looked upon as the refuse of the world. The doors of a Magdalen chapel should be closed against all but the Magdalen; a general congregation invites of course a corresponding style of preaching. The peculiar and crying need of the inmates is sacrificed—or lowered to a secondary place. The Magdalen Hospital has no less than a couple of preachers; the morning gentleman receives 150*l.* per annum; the afternoon one, who, we conclude, is not expected to preach so well, has but 110*l.* These are merely preachers; the resident chaplain, who is of course the fit person to instruct the penitents on Sunday, from his care over them and his knowledge of them in the week, is confined to week-day ministrations. Now we cannot but desire the immediate suppression of the preachers' office; the 260*l.* per annum, thus saved, might be used in obtaining the services of a superior matron. We should like to see a lady—we mean anything but a fine lady—in charge of such an establishment: nicety of feeling, delicacy, and considerateness—such important elements in dealing with female penitents—are to be found in a higher degree among the higher classes; and a matron of this sort, let us suppose the widow of a clergyman, accustomed to the poor, and acquainted with their habits of thought, would be invaluable to the efficiency of a Penitentiary.—And not only are the chapels misused, by being flooded with hungry sermon-hunters, gazing up to the idol preacher with idolatrous eyes:—we cannot find that in a single instance they give the inmates the benefit of daily service. How much happier in this, as in other respects, are the criminals in Pentonville! But even this is not the worst. Not more than one or two penitentiaries have a chaplain's lodge, or a chaplain living within the walls—that is, the rest are all without the proper ruling power as religious houses. Far more effective here—far more necessary—is the pastor's office than the preacher's. With a religious instructor who becomes acquainted with each individual character, catches them in all moods, makes allowances for fluctuations of feeling, watches his opportunities, gives rebuke or encouragement in fit measures and at fit times, lifts up or humbles accord-

ing to the patient's need—with such a one, daily seen, ever at hand, the penitents will feel at home; to him they will be more disposed to confess doubts and struggles, to make free communications for the relief of their souls.

No fit course of penitential discipline can be carried on without resident chaplains. And yet happy, in comparison with the great mass of penitentiaries, are those which can even secure the services of an honorary non-resident chaplain, who, after other labours, is ready to devote the fagged remnant of a day to the magdalenes. In this case they have at least the influence of one consistent mind, one mode of management, one system of doctrine. Insufficient as such occasional ministrations must be, even the occasional services of a minister of the Church are no trivial boon. The mass of penitentiaries seem to be utterly without any religious system, any fixed religious views or discipline, and to trust to the desultory, indefinite, and varying instruction of any who may volunteer to teach. They are mostly in the hands of Dissent, or of that portion of the Church which gives dissenting practices and doctrines at least half its heart. The Church, in fact, has no hold upon penitentiaries; they have escaped her hands; or rather, what she has neglected to do, has been taken in hand by those good Samaritans who had pity upon wounded and dying souls. Be all thanks given to *them*; but the necessary result—a varying, unfixed, irregular mode of instructing the penitents—cannot but be lamented. A penitentiary, in such a case, becomes a sort of spiritual hospital, which practitioners from a dozen schools walk through in succession, each feeling the patient's pulse, all differing in the treatment they recommend. Even if we could imagine the most perfect harmony in the views and doctrines of 'Ministers of all denominations,' the very variety of faces and manners is enough to bewilder and confuse. We cannot conceive greater obstacles to the work of true repentance than such a shifting multitude of confessors, and such an exposed confessional. To be ever unbandaging the sore soul to every passer-by, to be opening out afresh the former life and present frame of mind, to be a sort of living subject for a host of spiritual dissectors, is for the novice in repentance a most perilous process. She will be either tempted to become a mere talker, to catch up a certain phraseology, easily learnt, which she sees is thought a token of promise—and thus perhaps deceive herself as well as others—or else to shrink from those real communications of her feelings, which might, under other circumstances, have done her good, and, from the impulse of natural reserve, to carry on her work entirely by herself, only saying as much as would secure her some intervals of peace. When the Baptist, the Wesleyan, the Independent, the Quaker, and the agent  
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of the City Mission, are all moving round the wards—we do not question, we well know, that ardent zeal and piety are in presence—but we do not conceive it uncharitable to say that there is too much talk, too much noise, too much confusion of tongues, to help forward, or to deepen, in the way which these worthy men themselves would aim at, the great inward work of a self-condemned spirit. Nor do we think that we touch the edge of uncharitableness in supposing that a certain proselytising spirit will be found to tinge the instruction of these motley religionists. The Wesleyan will be tempted to give a Wesleyan hue to his admonitions; the Independent to turn the head of the penitent towards Independent principles; the Baptist to act as a finger-post to the Baptist Chapel should she leave the penitentiary in an altered mind. Without blaming such natural ebullitions of party zeal, yet this under-current of a proselytising spirit is perhaps the last which should be suffered to mix itself with the stern simple doctrine of Gospel repentance.

But though we object to such a variety of teachers and such a variety of views, we are not sure whether the point on which all dissenting or semi-dissenting minds seem to agree is not more perilous still; we allude to the doctrine of ‘instantaneous conversion’—a doctrine at all times dangerous, but peculiarly so when put before the minds of these poor women. In the female mind it is at all times more likely to find favour. Where the nervous system is more tender, a doctrine that has so much to do with animal as well as mental feeling can more easily be brought to bear. If it be pressed upon young frail creatures, when they are just waking up to a fearful consciousness of their sins, its application may work the greatest mischief—with some by leading them to presume on their safety because of certain questionable sensations—with others by driving to absolute despair, because, perhaps from the possession of less excitable nerves, they cannot lash themselves into that convulsed and agitated state, those spiritual hysterics, which they are taught to look upon as the crisis and the proof of conversion. One shall shudder at herself as a castaway—another as rashly fancy herself a saint. We want the sober view of repentance which the Church has the grace to hold, to prevent false assurance on the one hand, or unwarrantable despair on the other. In short, we want the Church to take a bolder part in the cause of those whom, from her more sober view of piety, she would more wisely train. We bestow no stinted measure of admiration on those well-meaning bodies who shame the Church by their greater zeal; but our admiration of their zeal must not blind us to the defects of their principles; and if these defects could be removed by the establishment of Church Penitentiaries,



we think that present results, encouraging as they are, would fall far short of future fruit.

To descend to lesser, but not unimportant, defects that mar success, we cannot but notice the want of anything approaching 'the separate system.' We are not dreaming of such a development of that system as has been exemplified at Pentonville; for in the first place, in Penitentiaries we have to deal with what may be called voluntary prisoners; we could scarcely expect such a degree of voluntary isolation, and it would be difficult to enforce it: in the next place, it might be questioned whether the female mind would be able to bear so much of solitude after so restless a course of life spent in crowds and revels. But still we conceive a certain share of solitude is requisite for the furtherance of the great work. Some portion of the day should be spent alone; the hours might be so divided as to afford enough of society and fellowship to sustain the spirits, and also a sufficient amount of solitude to induce habits of reflection, self-examination, and prayer. 'Commune with your own heart, and in your chamber, and *be still*,' seems an exhortation peculiarly addressed to those who have been living in a constant whirl—hurrying from any intercourse either with God or with themselves. We cannot discover that any Penitentiary yields suitable opportunities of privacy. The women have no cells or chambers of their own; seven or eight occupy one sleeping-room, and there appear to be no places of retirement into which they might withdraw for a portion of the day. This cannot be the way to encourage the habit of devotion in those who have left off praying. We know and deplore the difficulty that attacks boyish minds in having to pray before other boys—the evil that has ensued from depriving lads at school of privacy—from making them sleep in herds. The worse elements are apt to keep down the better; those who wish to pray often quail before the ridicule which has such power over weak, unstable minds. If this is the case where habit is on the boy's side, how much greater the difficulty where devotion has to be re-learned, to be begun afresh!

An efficient system of classification is not less essential for female penitents. They should not work together in great numbers, and both original rank in life as well as present moral condition should be considered. The truth is, that 'work' has been so necessary to the very existence of these asylums, that they have partaken too much of the character of industrial institutions. We would not underrate the value of restoring industrial habits; the spirit of indolence is, we are aware, strongly fixed, and cannot easily be driven forth; but in a Penitentiary Hospital everything should give way to religious advancement. Even  
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although they can do more work in numbers, if the result be that they are to make less growth in godliness, count the cost on either side, and make up your mind whether it will not be the true wisdom to let them be split into lesser companies, and trust to more of external support for recompensing some loss of pounds, shillings, and pence.

As regards the improvement of the provincial Penitentiaries, we think the first step should be to lessen their number. If, instead of an ill-supported, half-starved, stunted Magdalen in every town, in which there can be no chapel, nor resident chaplain, nor due classification, nor opportunities of privacy, one large, well-arranged, vigorous penitentiary were placed in the centre of a given district, ten times the amount of good would be effected. There is a great waste of funds in supporting half a dozen separate institutions, each with its separate staff. Each penitentiary, though it holds only thirty inmates, requires its chaplain and its matron; if six of them were absorbed in one, holding 180, one matron, one chaplain, would be as efficient as the six. With what comparative ease, too, might such an institution be made to yield its separate cells or chambers! If it were fixed at some central point of the district, offices might at no great cost be opened in the several towns for a couple of hours in the evening for the admission of penitents; railroads would lessen the expense of conveyance. Thus, for Bristol, Exeter, Taunton, Gloucester, and Bath,\* we might have one central penitentiary; another would suffice for Leeds, York, Ripon, Huddersfield, Bradford, Hull, &c. In no other way can we see the prospect of obtaining efficient institutions. Duchâtelet strongly recommends the establishment of penitentiaries in the country, and not in towns. Health and the means of relaxation are much to be considered in the case of those who have been ruining their health and have been little used to confinement. Good large grounds, where healthful exercise might be taken with some pleasure, to say nothing of opportunities of gardening, might often help to keep some restless spirit within the bounds who would ill brook the questionable recreation afforded within the dingy, cheerless walls of a town enclosure.

In thus venturing to suggest measures of improvement, we must not omit to say that we object *in toto* to Ladies' Committees. We cannot think a board of ladies well suited to deal with this class of objects. Often the very tenderness of their natures would stand in the way of the proper treatment; for true pity often requires a mixture of severity. Since, moreover, we are standing forth as the practical opponents of false modesty and false shame, by giving prominence to such a subject as this, we may express a doubt whether it is advisable for pure-minded women

women to put themselves in the way of such a knowledge of evil as must be learnt in dealing with the fallen members of their sex. Not that we would deter women of the higher orders from interesting themselves in such a cause. The very sameness of sex should lead them above all others to pity the fallen and the frail. But there might be other and better modes of showing practical compassion and practical mercy; above all, they may give bountifully of their worldly means to penitential hospitals; in this way the pure, without being soiled by any contact with impurity, may help to rescue the unhappy; those who are placed above the temptations which beat to the ground so many of a lower rank, may thus help to lift up those that are fallen and to replace them upon virtue's path. It is in their power, too, not only to befriend the houses of refuge where the penitent has to go through her work of repentance, but show pity towards her, when she has left a good trust-worthy Asylum, with good testimonials, by taking her into service. Here, of course, especial watchfulness would be required; but though there may be some awkwardness in the way of the reception of such persons, and even some risk, yet true charity is a marvellous conqueror of difficulties.

While we speak of alms, we need not hesitate to suggest the duty of continual almsgiving in this cause to those of our own sex who in their earlier days, for ever so short a season, gave way to youthful sins. Many such have lived deeply to regret the stains which discoloured their opening years, are now among the best and foremost in all works of good, and are living as altered men with their wives and children happy about them. Not so those with whom they sinned. Some have perished in their sins;\* others, with almost broken hearts, are forced to continue their pilgrimage of guilt and woe; for these we claim, not words alone nor thoughts, but deeds of pity. Restitution is a part of penitence: it is at least possible to give year by year penitential contributions to those asylums which are devoted to the reformation of fallen women.

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\* Every reader of the newspapers knows well what a multitude of suicides thin every year the ranks of these unhappiest of all human creatures. Month after month, and week after week, the terrible truth of Hood's verse (and we may now add, of George Cruikshank's tragic pencil) is realized:—

'The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river:  
Mad from life's history—  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurled—  
Anywhere—anywhere  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly:  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute Man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you cau,—

*Hood's Poems*, vol. i. p. 68.

ART. IV.—1. *The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher, with Notes and a Biographical Memoir*, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 11 vols. 8vo. London, 1848.

2. *The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher, with an Introduction* by George Darley. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1840.

MR. DYCE'S long-promised edition of Beaumont and Fletcher is elaborate without being over-loaded. It has done for the text of the united dramatists, perhaps nearly all which at this time it was possible to do. Yet now that these twin stars, 'the Dioscuri of our zodiac,' are shining forth more free from cloud than ever since their first rising, how few seem to regard their radiance! The star of Shakspeare draws all eyes; but why do not more gazers care to see 'how much of Shakspeare shines in the great men his contemporaries'?

Before Mr. Dyce undertook the work, only three *critical* editions had been attempted: one in 1750, begun by Theobald and continued by Seward and Simpson, who committed the worst fault editors can fall into, that of utterly unwarranted alteration; a second in 1778, which rejected the greater part of those arbitrary substitutions, but deserved little other praise; the third in 1812, by Weber, who had the help of Monk Mason's notes, and, what was still more important, a copy interleaved and annotated by Sir Walter Scott.

Poor Henry Weber's career in this country forms an episode, and a very illustrative one, in the history of our own great man of letters just mentioned, who patronized the unfortunate German scholar in his more ambitious undertakings, and for ten years employed him as his amanuensis, when he was not engaged in literary works of his own, till he became a hopeless lunatic—after which time he was supported to the end of his days, at his protector's expense, in the York Asylum. Many of our readers will remember the scene in Scott's library, when he, then employed on his Life of Swift, saw madness in his assistant's eyes as he sat opposite to him, and displayed such presence of mind in postponing the unhappy maniac's challenge instead of declining it. The narrator observes that Scott had formed an exaggerated notion of Weber's capacity. The habit of magnifying the abilities of those in whom, from promptings of the heart, they take an interest, is a common characteristic of men of genius, and is often paid for expensively enough. This German also edited Massinger and Ford. That editions of such writers by a foreigner exhibit many deficiencies is a matter of course: but his have been harshly dealt with. The work of 1812 certainly was very superior to that of 1778. It is true, however, that we have  
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to guess when the remark is really Weber's own : not a few passages seem to us beyond the reach of those who have condemned the book ; and they all may be due to Weber's gentle guide.

Mr. Dyce's edition, however, is at least as superior to Weber's as his was to that of 1778. The old notes have been skilfully selected, abridged, amended : many new and good notes added. But the greatest labour has been that of a real conscientious collation of the early imprints, and in two cases of MS. copies ; and by far the greatest service rendered to the reader is, in repairing the effects of the carelessness and presumption of those who, though they had access to a sufficiency of old texts, overlooked very many readings whereby both the sense and the metre might have been restored, and, not seldom, substituted their own conjectures for the authors' genuine language, merely because its meaning escaped them. It is surprising what a number of flies, motes, straws, and other alien and intrusive particles Mr. Dyce has strained out of the wine to the improvement of its flavour.

He has also brought his favourites, as individual men, a little more out of the shade. In this respect we looked for less than he has effected. While our old dramatists were exhibiting human life upon the stage, their own lives were passing on unnoted ; while they were playing up into the air a series of brilliant jets and sparkling fountains, which the sunshine of public favour painted with rainbow colours,—transient hues in some instances which have faded and left to our eyes but a cold vapoury column,—the current of their personal existence was flowing on like a subterranean stream, unseen and unheard but as a faint murmur borne here and there upon the ear. The lives of literary men in general are less eventful than those of any other class of persons who make a noise in the world and obtain influence ; their avocations keep them out of the highways of life, occupying them intensely, yet holding them outwardly in stillness : their biography is the history of books rather than of men. There is another reason, however, why so little has been recorded of writers who now, as the fathers of our dramatic literature, excite a peculiar interest : not only was there ' little to tell ' of their career upon earth, but that little was not told because they were among the first producers in their line, and the supply must long precede a right appreciation of the product. We know something of the lives of Chaucer and of Spenser, because, as they held public offices, and were connected with princes and statesmen, their biography was linked on to the history of the nation in their day. The early dramatist, on the other hand, had no profession but that of playwright. He was dependent on play-house companies : his fortune liable to rise or fall according to the breath of play-house audiences.

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It is not dishonourable to serve the public, but this was too much like standing in livery behind her chair. The lowness of their immediate aim must have tended to debase the productions of these writers. When the stage performed a part in religious service, the drama discharged a pure and lofty function; on entering the service of the world it turned in some measure against its former mistress, religion. Yet while we lament the partial depravation of dramatic literature, when it was looked upon chiefly as stage material, in the general excellence of these products we have a striking proof to how great an extent men compose poetry for the satisfaction of the mind itself, whatever outward excitement may call the impulse into action. It would seem as if those men were greater than they knew or than they intended to be; when we read their finer utterances we find it difficult to imagine that such strains were voiced forth for the gratification of audiences, who, to judge from their recorded reception of the various dramas which we now peruse with such mingled feelings of pain and of admiration, did but tolerate the wheat for the sake of the chaff.

Beaumont and Fletcher were both of gentle birth and breeding—and their works to our fancy report of this: they display that smooth gliding gracefulness and lightness of touch, that appearance of an easy, airy, self-confidence which characterizes the manners of persons born in a sphere whence they have never to struggle upwards; where, like children, they ‘always find and never seek.’ Fletcher, indeed, was far from being a wealthy man—but the manners of men are moulded by those which surround them from youth—the cast to which they belong. Whatever be the cause, it will be admitted that these plays are distinguished from those of contemporaries by a careless luxurious spirit, and the air of the world of fashion. Ben Jonson writes like a scholar, who owes his dignity to sense and learning; Massinger treads with a heavier step in his grave morality; only Shakspeare’s unapproached genius drowns in excess of light all marks of the influence of circumstances.

It has been commonly supposed that Fletcher was born in 1576, Beaumont in 1586; but the research of Mr. Dyce reduces the difference from ten years to five. John Fletcher was born at Rye in Sussex, while his father officiated there as minister. It were well if we knew as much of the son as has been recorded of the father, ‘a comely and courtly prelate,’ the particulars of whose history tend to show that

In great Eliza’s golden time,  
When Faith and Hope were in their prime,  
a shepherd of Christ’s flock might cover his secularity with only  
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the thinnest veil. The chaplaincy to that Gloriana of adulatory bards and bishops conferred on him after he had attained to the Presidency of Bene't College, Cambridge, was, doubtless, for one of his mould, an effective initiation into courtliness; and by the time he was Dean of Peterborough, to judge from Hume's report of the manner in which he performed his part at Fotheringay, he must have become a considerable proficient in the arts of dignified subserviency. His irrational attempt to make the royal victim abandon the religion of her life in the last moments of it; his sermon, full of *darkness and gnashing of teeth*, addressed to an enfeebled captive now within the very shadow of the tomb; his exultant prayer after the axe had fallen, 'So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!'—such demeanour in Christians affords a triumph to such historians as Hume. Fletcher's part on this occasion seems to have been dictated by the unfeeling bigotry of the Earl of Kent, who alone breathed a deep *Amen* to his loyal exclamation. *He* was a Puritan zealot; but the zeal of the ecclesiastic seems to have been chiefly for the mitre:—and accordingly, 'Come now,' says Sir John Harington, 'to *Bishop Fletcher*, that made not so much scruple to take Bristol in his way from Peterborough to Worcester, though that were wide of the right way, upon the sinister or bow-hand many miles, as the card of a good conscience will plainly discover.' He represents him as having obtained this preferment by dealing out the episcopal lands to certain 'zealous courtiers, whose devotion did serve them more to *prey on* the Church than to *pray in* it.' Again, no sooner was he removed from Worcester to the Metropolitan sec, his translation to which he earnestly solicited, because, forsooth, he 'delighted in the city,' had 'very agreeable friends there,' and in that situation 'might be of use to serve the court,' than he gave the incipient Marprelates a rich subject for merriment, by entering into a second marriage with the widow of Sir Richard Baker, who had been dead less than a year—a dame whose character might have afforded a fair pretext for the indignation of the maiden Queen—no friend to the marriage of the clergy under any circumstances; and at her command Whitgift suspended him from the exercise of his episcopal function. It is agreed that the Queen much admired Fletcher's preaching, and also his outward man: she even condescended, we are told, to suggest to himself that he would look still better if his beard were allowed to grow somewhat longer. No wonder that great was his dismay under the loss of royal favour; the report that it, or rather the revulsion of feeling on hearing (a year after) of her appeasement, caused his death, shows in what a light he appeared to contemporaries. The bishop's demise, however, was sudden; and

and hearts seldom break suddenly. 'But certain it is,' says the caustic narrator before cited, 'that (the Queen being pacified, and hee in great jollity with his faire lady and her carpets and cushions in his bed-chamber) he died suddenly, saying to his man that stood by, whom he loved very well, Oh, boy ; I die.' The 'faire lady' speedily consoled herself with a third match.

The brothers Phineas and Giles Fletcher, authors of 'The Purple Island,' and of 'Christ's Victory and Triumph,' were of the same family. John Fletcher, our present subject, pursued his studies at the University with diligence and success—probably at his father's college. At what period he gave himself up to dramatic authorship has not been ascertained.

Francis Beaumont was a younger son of an ancient and distinguished family, then and still seated in Leicestershire. His grandfather was Master of the Rolls—his father a Judge of the Queen's Bench—his elder brother John, created a Baronet in 1626, is remembered as the author of 'Bosworth Field'—a poem sneered at by some recent critics, but praised by Scott, Wordsworth, Campbell, and Hallam. The family had a most amiable and accomplished representative in the late Sir George Beaumont. Our Francis, it is now shown, was born in 1584: he was of Broadgate Hall, Oxford; but appears, from whatever cause, to have left the University without taking any degree: he entered the Inner Temple in 1600, but soon withdrew himself wholly from the law to the study and practice of poetry and the drama.

Beaumont's distinct course would not of itself establish his claim to an equal reputation with Fletcher; but neither does it positively weaken the probability that he deserved it. Mr. Dyce, we think, undervalues his *Elegies*. *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, a paraphrase, as Weber calls it, of Ovid's tale, in 900 lines, was first published in 1602; and it is not often that there are more tints of the adult plumage in the youthful feathers. It has richness, animation, variety, a soft and flowing metre fitted to voluptuous thought; and it betrays that want of the sense of propriety and appropriateness, that proneness to hover about the precincts of pleasure, and paint the amorous passion to the life, which was afterwards so conspicuous in the dramatic writings from which his name can never be separated. This piece, we may add, is plainly an offspring of Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*, as much as of the story in Ovid:—and in that respect also it may well be considered a harbinger of those greater performances;—

'Unconscious prelude of heroic themes,  
Heart-breaking tears and melancholy dreams  
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,  
With which his genius shook the buskined stage.'

He



He furnished commendatory poems for Jonson's *Fox*, in 1607, for his *Silent Woman* in 1609, and for *Catiline* in 1611. Both Mr. Dyce and Mr. Darley mingle with praise of the first of these as to poetry a censure of its want of judgment in exalting Jonson's comic style above that which 'any English stage had known before.' If, however, Beaumont had possessed the judgment of Solomon, unless he had possessed the gift of prophecy too, he might be excused for such a mistake in favour of his 'dear friend,' as he styles the author of the *Fox*. Contemporaries do not see relations of merit as they appear to posterity, because they are not at equal distance from each aspirant, and have not had their views adjusted by collective criticism from the first. Even a Pepys would not now declare *The Midsummer Night's Dream* 'the most insipid ridiculous play that ever he saw in his life,' or confess that 'he knew not where the wit of *Hudibras* lay,'—unless he dwelt in some islet of Puritanism, far divided from the continent of Catholic opinion on poetry—an islet of Puritanism we say, because religionists, mistaking a narrow insensibility for Christian strictness, which it resembles just as tares do the wheat which they stifle, have uttered more atrocious criticism than any other set of men have ventured upon. Puritans of one school have cast stones at Shakspeare, denying all his high pretensions—(witness the remarks of even so generally sensible a man as William Cecil): exclusives of another school have sought to cast a black withering shade over Milton's poetry, dragging some speculative opinions out of a corner of his soul to infect the sunshine of the whole mighty domain.

It is not certainly known how the friendship betwixt Beaumont and Fletcher commenced; but it may be presumed that love for the drama was the bond, and that they were introduced to each other by Jonson, with whom Beaumont must have been intimate by 1607. Aubrey says that a 'wonderful consimilitude of fancy caused that dearth of friendship;' adding that 'they lived together on the Bank-side in Southwark, near the Globe playhouse, and had the same clothes and the same cloak.' This community of apparel, in dramatists

' So twisted and combined,  
As bodies two to have but one fair mind,'

was doubtless an allegoric fable: for as fishes frame their own shells by exudation, so will ideas form to themselves an outward crust. Mr. Dyce believes that their dramatic alliance was made and continued at their own free choice, not at the pleasure of a stage proprietor, though doubtless suggested by the custom of the day, when the incessant demand for theatrical novelty

led

led to such a division of labour that four or five poets were sometimes engaged upon one play.

The exact state of Fletcher's worldly fortune has not been made out, but from none of his expressions can it be proved that he was independent of his pen. His declaration that he did not print his Pastoral for the sake of bread, rather sounds like a disclaimer of what might have been inferred from his apparent circumstances. In his high-minded verses on an *Honest Man's Fortune*, he mentions poverty with a keenness and an energetic denial of its power to extinguish heavenly influence, that seems to be inspired by experience of both the one and the other :—

‘ Oh, man, thou image of thy Maker's good,  
What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy blood  
His spirit is, that built thee? What dull sense  
Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence,  
Who made the morning, and who placed the light  
Guide to thy labours; who call'd up the night,  
And bid her fall upon thee, like sweet showers,  
In hollow murmurs to lock up thy powers;  
Who gave thee knowledge, who so trusted thee,  
To let thee grow so near Himself, the tree?—  
Must He then be distrusted? Shall His frame  
Discourse with Him, why thus and thus I am?  
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all,  
Nay, even thy servants, when devotions call.  
Oh, canst thou be so stupid, then, so dim,  
To seek a saving influence and lose Him?  
Can stars protect thee? or can poverty,  
Which is the light to Heaven, put out His eye?  
He is my star; in Him all truth I find,  
All influence, all fate; and when my mind  
Is furnished with His fulness, my poor story  
Shall outlive all their age and all their glory.  
The hand of danger cannot fall amiss,  
When I know what, and in whose power it is;  
Nor want, the curse of man, shall make me groan;  
A holy hermit is a mind alone.’

‘ My mind to me a kingdom is,’ sang Lovelace to Althæa from prison: Herbert's *Constant Man*, and Wordsworth's *Happy Warriors*, are expansions of the same noble theme.

Beaumont, on the decease of his eldest brother, received a share of his property, and must also have had some accession of fortune by his marriage. He died on the 6th of March, 1615-16, aged 31, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel. Fletcher, who does not appear to have married, survived his colleague nine years, solacing himself, as well as he might, with the friendship of Jonson, and of Massinger, who

who was his coadjutor in several plays. He caught the plague when he was on the eve of a visit to a knight in Norfolk, and was only waiting for a new set of clothes, as Aubrey learned long afterwards from the tailor himself. By the time this suit was finished our famed dramatist was 'in his grave-clothes drest.' He was buried, in August, 1625, at St. Saviour's, Southwark.

Of the personal qualities of Beaumont and Fletcher, but scanty notices have been preserved. Tradition ascribes greater solidity and gravity to the former, and this is corroborated by the portraits. Both have handsome features and a patrician air, but in that of Fletcher the eyes have a sprightlier expression, the figure is more upright, and has a look of alertness; while Beaumont's more massive brow seems pressed under the weight of thought. Great conversational powers have been ascribed to both; 'some,' says Shirley, 'deliver them upon any pleasant occasion so fluent to talk a comedy;' while Aubrey relates, on the authority of Earle, that Beaumont's 'main business was to correct the over-flowings of Mr. Fletcher's wit.'

'Excellent Beaumont, in the foremost rank  
Of the rar'st wits,'

is Heywood's compliment to him in the *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*. Jonson, who exalts him so highly in those lines,

'How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse,'

elsewhere remarks, that 'Francis Beaumont too much loved himself and his own verses:' but were men to hear all that their best friends say of them at times, the social world would fall into a state of general insurrection and intestine warfare; our own sincerest self-condemnations are intolerable from the lips of another. Both appear angels of light in the crowd of commendatory poems addressed to them; but the best testimony to Beaumont's worth is the affection of his own brothers; while as to Fletcher we may rely on the persistent friendship of so many rival dramatists. To turn from their sphere to that of Dryden, Pope, and Swift, swarming with keen lampoons and bitter personalities, is as it were to pass from the *luogo aperto, luminoso ed alto*, where Dante found the souls of mighty poets, who had departed this life unbaptized, with their sweet voices, grave eyes, and air of dignified serenity, into the circle below where the sensual were driven up and down by violent blasts amid the lurid atmosphere.

The partnership of the pair is something unique in the history of literature: that two writers should contribute different parts to one composition is easily imagined; but in this case it appears as if each had an undivided moiety in the whole. Schlegel says that all the pieces in the collection are composed in the same spirit and the same manner; and Coleridge was 'un-  
able

able to distinguish the presence of Fletcher during the lifetime of Beaumont, or the absence of Beaumont during the survival of Fletcher.' It was an early theory at least that the plot and light dialogue were furnished by the latter—the grave poetic portions by the former. The tradition which assigns brilliancy, liveliness, and fertility to the one, and sound judgment to the other, seems supported by some of the commendatory poems. Cartwright, for instance, says that it was Fletcher's 'happy fault to do too much,'—

'Who therefore wisely did submit each birth  
To knowing Beaumont, ere it did come forth;  
Working again, until he said 't was fit,  
And made him the sobriety of his wit.'

But the objection to this apportionment is that 'sobriety of wit' is as deficient in the plays to which Beaumont contributed as in those which his colleague produced alone—perhaps more so. There is scarce any incident in these dramas so revolting, so disappointing, as that which presents to us the noble, tender, and manly Philaster wounding Bellario in his sleep. The same solecism occurs in *The Faithful Shepherdess* by Fletcher alone; but whether directly imputable to him or to Beaumont in the former play, at least it was permitted by Beaumont; and *Cupid's Revenge*, written under his eye, is one of the most injudicious dramas in the collection. There is no proof for Dryden's assertion that Jonson submitted to this poetic friend, ten years younger than himself, the plots of his plays, much less that they owed anything to his criticism. If the moon could help the sun to shine, Beaumont might have helped the author of *The Alchemist* in plot-weaving. On the other hand, if the exquisite verses on Melancholy, from which Milton evidently took the hint of the Penseroso, and the first song in Valentinian, were really from the pen of Beaumont, his lyric vein must have been of precisely the same character with that which Fletcher displayed in the *Invocation to Sleep*, *God Lyæus ever young*, and many passages of *The Faithful Shepherdess*. *King and No King*, *Philaster*, and *The Maid's Tragedy*, to which Beaumont is supposed to have contributed an important share, are the most famous, and certainly among the finest serious dramas: but they exhibit no characters which are not to be found in plays which Fletcher produced alone; they have the same faults—and hardly any excellences which are not to be seen in those.\* It must be owned that

\* The only serious dramas of high excellence to which Beaumont is allowed, by modern criticism, to have certainly contributed, are *Philaster*, *The Maid's Tragedy*, *King and No King*, and *The Honest Man's Fortune*: the only very good comedies are *The Scornful Lady*, *The Little French Lawyer*, and perhaps *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. Four Plays in One, *Cupid's Revenge*, *The Coxcomb*, *Wit at several Weapons*, and the lost play of *A Right Woman*, are of less importance to his fame.

Beaumont's peculiar part in the joint poetical estate appears rather like a Will-o'-the-wisp, which flits away, and vanishes when we approach to examine it. Seward, in an elaborate disquisition, sought to show that all the personified passions or humours, drawn after Jonson's model, are from Beaumont's hand: but at a touch this whole tower of reasoning tumbles to pieces like a castle of cards. It is now ascertained that Beaumont had nothing to do with *The Woman-Hater*, the most Jonsonian comedy of the whole set; and this is but one point of Mr. Dyce's demolishing investigation. It seems to us that in judgment, at least in the construction of comedy, Fletcher improved after his friend's death, because he freed himself from the trammels imposed on him by the desire to follow Jonson in his peculiar walk. That his very best tragedies and tragi-comedies were produced while Beaumont was with him may be ascribed to the fact that the period of their association comprehended a considerable portion of what is usually the meridian of a dramatic life. But why speculate on what are not and can never be more than conjectures? It is far pleasanter to think that these Gemini of the poetic sphere were divine brothers, than that one was a mere mortal, the other a Jove-sprung Polydeuces.

The writings of Beaumont and Fletcher have high merits, which lovers of poetry appreciate, united with gross faults which every man of common sense can perceive: and since they ceased to be acceptable on the stage, their readers have never, perhaps, been very numerous. At present, by the majority of educated persons, they are viewed in the mirror of past admiration indistinctly, though gloriously reflected. Yet every student of poetry ought to view them as they appear in their own works, if but to see what succeeding writers have owed to them; how much, as *poets*, they gave to Milton—how much, as *dramatists*, they furnished to the whole race of comedians which succeeded them; what they had in common with Shakspeare, and with what originality they reproduced all that they borrowed from him; for in no case can they be said to have been servile imitators of his greater muse. That in a table of dramatic precedence they ought to rank above Ben Jonson we do not maintain: yet we can hardly admit that they ought to be placed altogether below him. They are to the Prince of Poets as a young sister, buxom, gay, and debonair, to a noble brother; their great contemporary is a robust, well-made, but rather hard and dry cousin: *he* is of the stronger gender, but *they* are nearer akin. Admitting, as we freely do, that they were by no means as independent of the mighty master as Jonson was, we must still maintain that they have a style of thought and conception—a peculiar ease and lightness—which distinguishes them from Shakspeare by a *positive* qualification; that

that they do not differ from him merely by wanting his elements of greatness. When they attempt the highest line of the drama, they fail from want of depth and intensity, as Jonson fails from want of emotion, tenderness, and grace.

Mr. Darley disputes the opinion of Hallam, Coleridge, and Schlegel, that they succeeded worse in tragedy than in comedy. The same critic goes on to say that they do not equal Webster and Ford in 'the essence of the drama, impassioned action.' How, then, can he hold them capable of excelling in tragedy? It is not, however, in passion, in force and animation, that their scenes are wanting, but in dignity and propriety, in elevation and profundity—that height and depth which correspond to each other, and are ever found in union. Schlegel seems to have hit the truth when he says, 'They succeed much better in comedy, and in those serious and pathetic pictures which occupy a middle place between comedy and tragedy.' He well states the reason, too, of their failure in the highest line of all, when he says it was because their feeling is not sufficiently drawn from the depths of human nature, and because they bestowed little attention on the consideration of human destinies. Truly they had little of that which Æschylus possessed in the highest degree—a deep pervading sense of the relations of man with his Supreme Creator and Judge—of earthly events with the will and governance of heaven. They want the philosophic insight of Shakspeare—the earnest, lofty, reflective spirit of Schiller. They are more deeply passionate as poets than as dramatists; the warmth of poetic feeling gives to their productions all their strongest, richest colours: 'they should have written poems instead of tragedies.' But their worst fault is graphically expressed by Schlegel when he likens their compositions to the sheet in the vision of the Acts—*voll reiner und unreiner Thiere*. And would that the unholy natures, the evil intermixtures in these otherwise delightful dramas, altogether resembled those which the Apostle saw in his trance—that they were but as the camel, hare, and cony, the eagle, owl, and ossifrage, good and beautiful in their kind—capable of purification—laden only with the reproach of a transitory and revocable proscription! Gifford has shown, in the way of personal defence of those who shared this fault with Beaumont and Fletcher, that several causes operated in those days to produce it, and seems to decide that an author, who subsisted by writing, was absolutely subjected to the influence of those causes. This is charitable. Even now we delight in the vivid representation of wicked affections, of envy, hatred, malice, revenge. Will the time arrive when to the heightened moral sensibility of mankind these exhibitions too will be insufferable? Poetry can never be more or

less than the glorified shadow of our humanity: such as we are in the imaginations of the heart, such are the materials with which the poet has to deal.

The great work of William Schlegel, the Remains of Coleridge, the Specimens of Lamb—last, not least, the examination of the most celebrated of these plays in Mr. Hallam's Introduction to the Literary History of Europe must be in the hands of most of our readers:—Mr. Darley's Preface has good matter, and Mr. Dyce's various Essays have a great deal:—and it would be superfluous indeed to go over all the ground so lately traversed by such critics. Yet we shall be pardoned for endeavouring to bring out the character of the writers more clearly by a few observations on some of those ranked as their master works.

Mr. Hallam and Mr. Darley reckon *The Maid's Tragedy* one of their best, and Mr. Dyce considers it their greatest tragic effort. We do not go so far in an opposite direction as to agree with Hazlitt that it is one of their 'poorest pieces,' but we cannot help thinking that, in its more ambitious portions, it betrays their characteristic deficiencies almost more strongly than any other. 'This we say not on account of the 'undeniable faults in the story,' but because the personages who carry on the main business are unfitted to inspire either awe or pity. Mr. Hallam praises the character of Melantius, as that of the brave honest soldier, incapable of suspecting evil till it becomes impossible to be ignorant of it, yet unshrinking in its punishment; but a brave soldier, frightening a woman into confession with a drawn sword, and forcing her to murder a fellow culprit in cold blood, is not shown to advantage. If there be aught sublime in the heroine, Evadne, it is what Mr. Dyce has pointed out—her prodigious assurance; the audacity with which she confronts her brother, and brazes crime with falsehood; the resolution with which she executes a bloody deed to which she is prompted by cowardice; the boldness with which she appropriates to herself the vengeance of Melantius. But is not this at best a spurious sort of sublimity? Clytemnestra has a deed of blood to expiate with blood; a kingdom to keep in her hands; the death of a daughter to avenge. She is invested with a stern grandeur by the depth of her emotions; the masculine independence of mind with which she conceives, the skill with which she arranges, and the persistency with which she carries out the plan of her husband's destruction. She is cast in such a mould that the dagger becomes her hand, and she looks upon the whole rather as a conscious and determined instrument of divine wrath than as a murderess. But Evadne is so weak and womanish in her general character, that her ferocious act

act appears unwomanly without appearing masculine; and (what heightens the disgust) she commits it with half her soul in the work, the other half of her faithless heart being absorbed in love of Amintor, to court and conciliate whom she hastens, reeking with blood. If this is Beaumont and Fletcher's highest tragic effort, we think Schlegel abundantly justified in saying that tragedy was not their forte. To our feelings at least the beauty of the forsaken Aspatia's character and speeches is the chief merit of *The Maid's Tragedy*—and Aspatia we always look upon as the heroine maid rather than Evadne.

*King and No King* has fewer poetic splendours than *The Maid's Tragedy*, but is, in our opinion, a better play. The characters are not of a high cast, nor are the actions heroic, but there is a perfect symmetry and proportion throughout the piece. Arbaces is, indeed, 'a compound of vain-glory and violence;' but he is not this alone: he is generous, forgiving, and affectionate; his portrait is full of life, and stands out from the canvass as if it could be felt. The power of the drama consists in the effective manner in which the feelings of the different persons are brought into play, balanced one against another, so as to form a sort of network of conflicting emotions. Love and anger alternate in the breast of Arbaces; love and grief in that of Panthea; love and jealousy in Spaconia; love and remorse in Tigranes. The play is like a piece of music arranged in four parts, and performed all at once on different instruments. The comic character of Bessus in the underplot was much admired in its day, and deserves admiration still. Bobadil appears more like a portrait copied from life; Bessus is a caricature, or rather an abstract ideal of boastfulness and poltroonery. 'The harmony and degradation of colours,' from the upper to the under parts in this piece, are one of its merits. After listening to the sallies of Arbaces we can descend with ease to the brags of Bessus, and the deliberations concerning the amount of beating and kicking which his honour can endure without absolute destruction.

Mr. Hallam thinks *Philaster* not a first-rate play, though, as he adds, the sweetness of the poetry and the pleasing characters of *Philaster* and *Bellario* have rendered it the most generally known and favoured of all these productions. It is a beautiful dramatic poem interspersed with comedy. The character of *Pharamond* is highly comic, and the more so from its easy, unforced air. Other personages of *Pharamond's* complexion and moral cast make a bustle with their audacity; seem proud of their arrogance and pride; but from this gentleman things ever so distant from all that is proper and right flow off, as rays from the sun or steam from water, in the easiest and most natural



natural manner imaginable. He is the calm, unconscious negation of good sense and modesty, rather than a positive bully and blusterer. A clever actor might make Pharamond extremely amusing by mere quiet. The short scene in the chamber of the Princess brings him out well. 'I would not talk with you,' says Philaster disdainfully. Mistaking his desire to avoid a brawl in such a presence for timidity, Pharamond replies—

'But now the time is fitter : do but offer  
To make mention of right to any kingdom,  
Though it be scarce habitable'—

After a very plain answer from his princely rival, who threatens that, if he should provoke him further, men should say, 'Thou wert—and not lament it,' with what infinite ease and coolness, as if nothing of consequence had happened, he turns to Arethusa—

'Tis an odd fellow, madam ; we must stop  
His mouth with some office when we are married.'

She says, 'You were best make him your controller : ' to which he replies with complacency, 'I think he would discharge it well.' A Hamlet, a Macbeth, or even a Lear, could hardly have been brought thus into antagonism with a Pharamond ; although there is in the general conception of the scene a touch of Hamlet and Laertes. Philaster is so weakly passionate, so childishly credulous, that he is not *too much* raised above his adversary's level. The nearest approach to the sublime in the whole piece is in the character and conduct of Bellario, the disguised Euphrasia. The Kaled of Lord Byron is affecting, but far inferior to Bellario, from wanting that feature of affectionate fidelity and self-sacrificing truth toward the beloved of him whom she adores. Euphrasia seems to follow Philaster rather as a devotee, a divine being, than as a love-sick maid, a fascinating mortal. The speech, wherein Philaster describes his first meeting with Bellario, might serve as a fair sample of these authors' gentler poetic vein in blank verse ; and the scene in which the hero tries to extort from the supposed youth a confession of Arethusa's guilt is one of the most affecting in their dramas.

Perhaps the noblest of all these, the most elevated in its cast, is *Valentinian*, a drama founded on events which are now related in the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth chapters of Gibbon's history. The scene in which Lucina, 'the Lucretia of the story,' is found by her husband Maximus and his friend in the palace, and that between Maximus and Aëtius after her departure, seem to us, dramatically, the finest in this whole mass of stage poetry. The half-suppressed passion of Maximus recalls that of Othello, when first persuaded of Desdemona's treachery. We read of 'Topsy Joy that reels with tossing head.' Strong and sudden  
sorrow

sorrow often produces a similar state of delirium, in which the sufferer's anguish is evaporated in a wild gaiety, or at least jocoseness; and this state of mind is powerfully displayed in the language of the miserable husband. Weber censures, as a great want of judgment, the entire change of the character of Maximus: to this criticism Mr. Dyce assents, and Mr. Hallam thinks it an objection to the play that he turns out in the end 'a treacherous and ambitious villain.' But should it not be remembered that this conclusion of the career of Maximus is matter of history, as are all the great incidents and main hinges of the piece—indeed the most marked part of this particular history? We may remark, too, in favour of Fletcher's management, that no positive characteristics are given to Maximus with which his subsequent course of revenge, and of ambition awakened in his spirit with revenge, are incompatible. He rather excites our sympathy by his misfortunes, and his keen sensibility of them, than secures our esteem by any evidence of a firm hold upon virtue. His latter conduct is a development rather than a change of character; and how often has the page of history presented such apparent transformations, which are indeed but revelations!—

'Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy:  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face!'

But in the life of Maximus not only was the dawn bright and peaceful: the noon, too, had 'all triumphant splendour on its brow.' Clouds and storms came not till late evening.

'Coleridge,' says Mr. Dyce, 'most assuredly had a very imperfect recollection of this piece when he classed Lucina among our authors' *clumsy fictions*. Her character, on the contrary, is remarkable for truth and delicacy of painting.' Lucina is doubtless a fine specimen of the class of characters to which she belongs; but Coleridge had been showing, in his subtle introspective way, the deficiencies of this class, and of Beaumont and Fletcher's thoughts upon virtue. He observes, that they had only 'such a conception of it as a blind man might have of the power of seeing by handling an ox's eye:' that they 'always write as if virtue and goodness were a sort of talisman, or strange something that might be lost without the least fault on the part of the owner;'  
as if it were a *thing to have*, rather than an act or state of being.\*

We

\* While we write, the 'Final Memorials of Charles Lamb' are laid on our table: and we find the editor, Mr. Talfourd, adopting, and brilliantly but surely too broadly developing

We can well imagine that Coleridge spoke as he did on a full remembrance of the drama from the beginning; and that he took affront at the very pronounced and articulate virtue of Lucina in the dialogue with the Emperor's creatures—so different from that with Maximus, when she is eloquent in her silent tears, and in her brief despairing replies shows somewhat of Shakspearian tenderness and reserve. It was a fine poetic act in Fletcher to describe the charms of a natural situation by negatives and opposites, as in that expansion of Shakspeare's fairy song in *The Faithful Shepherdess*:—

' Beshrew my tardy steps ! Here shalt thou rest  
Upon this holy bank ; no deadly snake  
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make :  
Here is no poison for the toad to feed,' &c.

But serpents and toads, newts and hedgehogs, snails and weeds, cuckoos and falling stars, all these creatures of nature are good in their way, and have their own beauty. Not so the weeds, toads, and snakes of the moral world: *they* are all pure deformity and painfulness. Even to the pure, they never can be pure in themselves; and though the truly pure may come in contact with them yet receive no taint, they cannot look upon them without aversion.

Another side of our authors' character is brought prominently forward in the play of *Valentinian*—their politics. 'It is a real trial of charity,' says Coleridge, 'to read this scene (act i. s. 3) with tolerable temper towards Fletcher—so very slavish, so reptile, are the feelings and sentiments represented as duties. And yet, remember he was a Bishop's son, and the duty to God was the supposed basis.' This reptile royalism Fletcher may have partly inherited; and in this sense it might seem 'as if his father's crosier awed the stage,' as well as in the complimentary one intended by an old poetic eulogist. But in the son it may have been a speculative *reptilism*, as disinterested as Berkeley's doctrine of passive obedience, which so nearly spoils his fortunes. It is of a piece with Fletcher's general view of morals, in which excess and extravagance in the outward course of action is a substitute for depth and intensity of the principle or feeling. Many of these

developing Coleridge's criticism. 'Beaumont and Fletcher,' the poetical Sergeant says, 'changed the domain of tragedy into fairy-land—turned all its terrors and its sorrows "to favour and to prettiness"—shed the rainbow hues of sportive fancy with equal hand among tyrants and victims, the devoted and the faithless, suffering and joy; represented the beauty of goodness as a happy accident, vice as a wayward aberration, and invoked the remorse of a moment to change them as with a harlequin's wand: unrealized the terrible, and left "nothing serious in mortality;" but reduced the struggle of life to a glittering and heroic game, to be played splendidly out and quitted without a sigh.'—Vol. ii. p. 219.

plays

plays turn into ridicule that very same passive obedience which some of them seem intended to inculcate. But before the Rebellion it may have been safer to ridicule kings than after it; as before the Reformation the vices of Popes and of the Papal court were exposed by all parties, afterwards by Protestants alone.

It has always been admitted that Beaumont and Fletcher paint the passion of love with great force. They show equal power in expressing grief, rage, bodily pain, and every other simple emotion in its acme, though, as Schlegel says, 'they enter little into the secret history of the heart—passing over the first movements and gradual growth of a feeling to seize it at its highest point.' The poison scene in *Valentinian*, and, still more, the eloquent agony of the tortured Alphonso in *The Wife for a Month*, which is but a more forcible repetition of the former, are very celebrated: but there is a passage in *Thierry and Theodoret*, describing the horror of deep insomnolence, which, though quieter than those just named, seems to us fully as intense, and more affecting:

' Tell me,  
Can ever these eyes more, shut up in slumbers,  
Assure my soul there is sleep? Is there night  
And rest for human labours? Do not you  
And all the world, as I do, outstare Time,  
And live, like funeral lamps, never extinguished?  
Is there a grave? (and do not flatter me,  
Nor fear to tell me truth,) and in that grave  
Is there a hope I shall sleep?—Can I die?  
Are not my miseries immortal? Oh,  
The happiness of him that drinks his water  
After his weary day, and sleeps for ever!  
Why do you crucify me thus with faces,  
And gaping strangely upon one another?  
When shall I rest?'—*Act v. sc. 2.*

When they promise him sleep, he answers:

' Oh, never I, never! The eyes of Heaven  
See but their certain motions and then sleep;  
The rages of the Ocean have their slumbers  
And quiet silver calms; each violence  
Crows in the end a peace; but my fixt fires  
Shall never, never set!'

After these the most admired of the tragic dramas are *Bonduca*, *Rollo*, *The Double Marriage*, and *The False One*; all of which, certainly the first, second, and third, we ourselves should place above *Thierry and Theodoret* in merit. *Bonduca* contains much fine declamatory writing; see especially in act iii., s. 2, the speech of Suetonius,

' The gods of Rome fight for ye, loud Fame calls ye;'

and

and that of Pœnius (s. 5), in which occur those lines—

‘Death rides in triumph, Drusus; fell Destruction  
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him  
His many thousand ways to let out souls.’

The treachery and cruelty of the stern heroine's two daughters, which Weber calls revolting, greatly heighten the picture of times unmodified by Christianity, when our brave but half-barbarous ancestors came into fierce collision with the more civilized but hard and military and scarcely more heart-cultivated Roman race. These viragoes, who unite such ironside manners with youth and beauty, throw into high relief the native refinement, the honour, humanity, and tenderness of the gentle yet manly Caratach :—

‘In whom the savage virtue of the chace,  
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts, seem dead’—

or never to have been alive. The passages between him and his nephew, the brave and affectionate boy Hengo, who vainly tries to keep down his sufferings from starvation, and bear up for his uncle's sake, have indeed, as Weber says, a more pathetic effect than all the amorous scenes of parting lovers ever exhibited. We seem to see this boy and his uncle again, under other circumstances, in young Hoel and Madoc. The action is out of doors, and altogether the piece has the life and movement of a Rubens, with the savage grandeur of a Salvator Rosa.

We do not agree with Mr. Darley that the fine poetry of *Bonduca* is contained amid ‘much rant and flutter,’ like roses and hyacinths gleaming amid the weedy growth of a deserted garden. All the serious parts of the play are good of their kind, and well sustained; the only drawback to the general effect, in our opinion, is the vileness of the comic dialogues, the reciprocal bantering of Junius and Petillius, which has no savour, or none but what is disgusting; like the salad of yesterday fresh dressed with oil that is on the turn.

Of *Rollo* Coleridge says, ‘This is perhaps the most energetic of Fletcher's tragedies. He evidently aimed at a new Richard III. in *Rollo*; but, as in all his other imitations of Shakspeare, he was not philosopher enough to bottom the original. The scene of Baldwin's sentence, in the third act, is probably the grandest working of passion in all Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas; but the very magnificence of filial affection given to Edith in this noble scene renders the after scene—in which Edith is yielding to a few words and tears—not only unnatural but disgusting.’ This half yielding of Edith, however, which Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Hallam, and Mr. Dyce ascribe to an unlucky remembrance

membrance of Shakspeare's Lady Anne, is not without a dramatic purpose beyond what appears at first; it heightens the effect of her vengeance when she helps the assassin to do that which Rollo's well-acted repentance deprived her of the power to do herself. It was plainly pity, not love or the pleasure of gratified vanity, as in the Lady Anne's case, that the murderer's pleading inspired—for she knew his violent passion for her perfectly beforehand, when she had resolved upon his death: and from this womanish affection she is fully roused, when she cries, 'Strike, strike, and hear him not; his tongue will tempt a saint:' and declares her body honoured with the sword that, through her, sends his black soul 'to the place that awaits it.' These conflicts and complications of feeling are the great material of dramatic effect; and here, in this part of a playwright's province, Fletcher approached nearer to Shakspearian excellence than in bodying forth what a philosophic insight has discovered. It is true that in Rollo he has 'produced a mere personification of outrageous wickedness, with no fundamental characteristic impulses to make either the tyrant's words or actions philosophically intelligible.' We must not look in Fletcher for the anatomy of the heart, or a correct exhibition of motives and purposes; but be content with the truth and force of his display of emotion, and the crystal shrine of poetry through which the glow of passion comes softly presented to us.

*The False One*, in all probability, external and internal, is no play of Beaumont and Fletcher, but of Fletcher and Massinger. Weber infers this from the regularity of the plot and from the versification in several scenes; but the characters also show the hand of Massinger—they are so distinct and sharply defined, like the forms in pictures of Nicholas Poussin—while the colouring has a warm, rich, Titianic glow, and reports more of Fletcher than of Massinger, who is comparatively dry and low-spirited. Mr Dyce pronounces the portrait of Cæsar equal, if not superior, to any of the representations of him by other dramatists: and we confess that Julius Cæsar seems to us the least interesting in the whole group of personages in that excellent play of Shakspeare to which he gives name. The most marked character here, however, is that of Septimius, who brings to mind more than any other we know the arch-traitor Judas, of whom he seems to be a fore-shadowing type. His fluctuations of feeling, from the height of vain-glorious audacity, foaming like the crest of the tenth billow, to the depth of despair in the sense of his fellow-creatures' deep scorn and aversion; his utter disregard of heaven above, while he craves the sympathy of men below and around him, is a better instance perhaps than Evadne in *The Maid's Tragedy* of

of that second-rate sublime which alone Fletcher was capable of attaining. This character is quite different from that of *Æno-barbus* in *Antony and Cleopatra*, to which it has been compared. The latter is a frail friend rather than a traitor villain, and seeks 'a ditch wherein to die,' out of the solitariness and sadness of his spirit amid outward prosperity after he has deserted his generous master, instead of caring to *buy* love and companionship. It has been debated whether Septimius or Cæsar is the False One. We do not agree with Mason that the title could not refer to the former because the word 'false' is not used to express such atrocious villainy as his. It was the *falseness* of his ingratitude and desertion that made his deed so black: had an Egyptian slain Pompey, he would have been no object of abhorrence. Still we think that *The False One* is Cæsar, and that Fletcher *ought* to have meant him, whether he *did* or no, Cæsar's being the prime falsity in the piece; and we think he merits the name, not so much for his temporary preference of gold to love in act iii. sc. 4, to which Weber refers it, but from his dissimulation with regard to the murder of Pompey, so like that of our Queen Elizabeth about the beheading of her queenly rival, though every way less odious. In '*La Mort de Pompée*' Corneille has drawn out this characteristic and made the most of it; he has also borrowed from '*The False One*' the character of Ptolemy and those of the good and evil counsellors; but in other points has diverged, as far as his genius would allow, from tracks already beaten. He has put a great deal of starch into Cleopatra, who retains under his tuition only a dignified ladylike degree of love without any jealousy, and takes in a large amount of elegant ambition tempered with sisterly *tendresse*. Cæsar could not be coined afresh, so strongly cast as he had been by historians and dramatists; but Corneille has Frenchified his outward man, and made him a very *preux chevalier* in his addresses to Cleopatra. The whole play breathes of the *salon*—of embroidered ruffles and elaborate wigs. The reader may have had an opportunity of comparing the styles of Vandyke and of Rubens in their native land; may perhaps have seen the awful Crucifixion by the former at the Museum of Antwerp, and, soon afterwards or before, the same subject by the latter in the cathedral of Mechlin. To those who can recall these paintings, we say that the genteel Magdalen of Vandyke, with her studied labyrinth of hair and serene sorrow—and the lovely peasant girl of Rubens, dignified only by the passion of grief and supplication—the one so still—the other all act and motion, rushing forward to arrest the horseman's lance—display just the same sort of difference as that between Fletcher's youthful Cleopatra and the Cleopatra of Corneille.

Corneille. The 'harvest' season of the Egyptian queen is displayed by Shakspeare: 'praised be the art,' the magic art of poetry, with which Fletcher and Massinger have brought her back to the time of spring, as though she had been restored to early youth in some Medean kettle. Hazlitt has called 'The False One' an indirect imitation of 'Antony and Cleopatra;' there is scarce any important play of this collection in which the authors have imitated Shakspeare less and rivalled him so nearly.

*The Doffle Marriage*, which we may safely take as from Fletcher alone, has been twice revived. The character of the heroine, Juliana, has been greatly admired, and on the other hand censured as one of those attempts to overfly humanity which end in sinking below it. Mr. Dyce thinks that 'she altogether compromises the dignity of her character as a wife by a submission more akin to abjectness and humility than to exalted virtue.' But what is really the nature of this submission? what are the circumstances of her case? Martia offers to save the life of Juliana's husband, Violet, when he is endangered by sea in an enemy's vessel, on condition that he takes her to wife on his return home: he accepts the offer and agrees to the terms. Juliana, who has endured the rack in her husband's absence for his sake, on hearing the lady's representation of her claims and the sufferings she has undergone on Violet's account, worse, as she describes them, than the rack as applied to the body—and further, having received assurance that she herself may retire from her place without dishonour by a regular legal divorce, consents that her husband shall perform what he has solemnly promised. Might not a deep enthusiasm prompt such conduct as this, and principle sanction, or at least permit of it, in Italy? Must Juliana be condemned for not determining that to be unallowable which the laws of her country allowed? Fletcher has indeed thrown around this heroine, as Mr. Dyce admits, 'a sort of saint-like glory;' her conduct is marked by humility, that lovely and most rare flower in the garden of grace.

Next in order of merit and celebrity we must place three tragicomedies—*The Loyal Subject*, *The Humorous Lieutenant*, and *Women Pleased*. We read that the first of these was 'very well liked by the King,' and was in considerable request after the Restoration: yet neither James I., nor the prince of free livers, his grandson, had any great reason to be pleased with 'The Loyal Subject,' if they made personal applications. In this play and one or two others, the corruption of courts is displayed in such lively and seeming natural colours as they only could have used who painted from sight or remembrance.



brance. A narrow and unjust imputation upon Theodore Hook was implied in saying of certain critics, that he belonged to the 'silver fork school of novelists.' A man writes effectively only of persons, places, and things with which he is conversant, and Hook's conversation was most with the gay and fashionable—whom accordingly he painted better than any of his rivals or successors:—but it is untrue that the aim of his fictions was to disparage the lowly and the homely in their own proper sphere, or to exalt mere riches, rank, and fashion. No man more freely exposed the vulgarities of the fashionable, the meanesses of the rich, and the weaknesses and follies which attend on high station. So is it with Beaumont and Fletcher. From their higher birth they knew more of courts than Shakspeare, and spoke scorn of them far oftener, and more vehemently.

*The Humorous Lieutenant* is a spirited, though not well constructed drama, and had special success on the stage, but is one of those productions which in feeling belong to a bygone age, and present the hard side of Fletcher's mind uppermost. The principal humour of the piece is fantastical and forced: a man might think and say, that his life was better worth taking care of when he was well and at ease, than when he was in a miserable condition; this is not quite the same thing as to alternate between bravery and cowardice according as a man is sick or sound. Mr. Darleywell calls the Lieutenant 'Lucullus's soldier in masquerade;\*' yet it seems that he delighted our ancestors superlatively. Stage audiences are not metaphysical, and any lively exhibition of cowardice will amuse them, whether the *how* and the *why* be well brought out or no. But if this character refusing to fight on the field of battle is an object of mirth, he is still more so afterwards in the court of the palace, when having by accident swallowed the contents of a magic bowl intended to bewitch the beautiful heroine with love for the old king, her youthful lover's father, he becomes desperately enamoured of the grey Antigonus, an old soldier like himself, and a comic effect is produced, the converse of Titania's love for Bottom. Charlemagne, under the influence of a spell of like nature, asking the venerable archbishop to dance, in Southey's grotesque ballad, is the same piece of fun served up in a new shape. The Lieutenant's passion ends in the reception of his pay, which he has not enjoyed for half a year, and a good portion to live on: it were well if all who have drunk the magic bowl of misplaced affection could profit so well by it at last. To Celia, Coleridge's remarks on Fletcher's virtuous ladies apply with special force.

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\* Hor. Epist. lib. ii. ep. 2, v. 26-40.

Mr. Darley calls this a portrait of 'high-souled devotedness without caricature;' it is so: and if tenderness and delicacy were not essential to the character of a noble lady, as fine colours must be seen through a pure medium to look rich and brilliant, Celia would be noble indeed.

Of *Women Pleased*, we say with Mr. Dyce that it is very entertaining, and that its most original character is Penurio, the hungry and quick-witted servant of a miser, whose heart seems divided between his gold and jewels and the 'bright beauty,' his young wife Isabella. We say with him, too, that although the incidents, derived from three novels of Boccaccio and a tale of Chaucer, are combined with the nicest art, it yet 'shows marks of haste and carelessness,' exhibiting a crowd of clever conceptions which cramp one another for want of room. It is rather strange that Mr. Darley, who censures our authors' comedies for want of compactness, and is offended by their exaggerations, should have selected for admiration '*Women Pleased*,' the most faulty in this respect of their more celebrated plays, except perhaps the last mentioned, and full of caricature. Lopez, who gives his servant the water in which his egg was boiled for broth,—Lopez who is so disagreeable that 'his own cat cannot endure him,' is in mind and person a mere hyperbole of Bartolus in '*The Spanish Curate*.' This play contains a good scene of right merry mockery at the expense of the Puritans and Brownists. For Fletcher, with a true dramatic boldness, equal to Shakespeare's, allows neither time nor place to interfere with his inventions; he very coolly puts a pistol into the hands of an ancient prince; introduces the customs of chivalry into the court of Theseus; makes a Roman enemy of Bonduca refer to Edward the Fourth's Earl of Warwick; and, in *The Loyal Subject*, mentions Virginia before it was discovered, or the Virgin Queen was born. So, too, he makes no scruple of bringing, not only the Somersetshire dialect into the neighbourhood of Florence, but puritanism and papaphobia into a land where popery has ever reigned without a check. Hope-on-High Bomby, a cobbler subject to fits of zeal and holy abomination, is seized with one just when he should enact the principal part in the morris-dance. He denounces the hobby-horse as a beast of Babylon, declares that it is foreshowed in the falls of monarchies, and that his wi-hies are 'the songs of Hymyn and Gymyn in the wilderness.' He is persuaded that 'this profane riding, this unedified ambling,' has brought a scourge upon them. Soto abuses him as 'an out-of-tune-psalm-singing slave,' and he is compelled to go on with the pastime, at the risk of becoming 'a by-word to his brethren;' for Bomby prefers the hobby-horse after

after all to the stocks, and takes up his persecution in the shape of being forced to do what he thinks wrong rather than in that of suffering for refusing to do it. At all times the prophecies of Scripture, especially Daniel and The Revelations, have been a touchstone of fanaticism; the present scandal, whether it be May-poles and morris-dances, or political changes not according to the politics of the preacher, is always a portion of 'the fore-running sin.' Seward suggests that Butler may have learned something from this scene, which is probable enough: of all the satires on puritanism we ever read, it is the merriest.

*The Lover's Progress* is a romantic tragedy founded on a French romance, with a half happy ending. It is not deficient in spirit, but has little pretence to elevation, and in some of its most striking scenes too much anticipates the styles of Richardson and Rousseau, thereby betraying its French origin. We mention it chiefly for the sake of noting that it contains one of Fletcher's few attempts at the supernatural, perhaps his only successful one. Successful it must be considered, since it was especially admired both by Crabbe, who borrowed its title, and by Scott. The scene in which the musical innkeeper makes his appearance, we learn from Sir Walter's *Memoirs*, was one of those which he used to select for the evening readings in his domestic circle. Mr. Dyce justly remarks that 'in the very mirth and familiarity of the ghost, accompanied with the declaration that the man himself has "been dead these three weeks," there is something which makes a near approach to the terrible.' The simplicity and matter-of-factness of the representation produces the very effect of horror which seems not to be aimed at. Seward and Weber both remark on our authors' ill success in the world of spirits, when they venture into it, which is but seldom. Seward affirms that it was not the inferiority of their genius, but the superiority of their education, enabling them from the first to condemn all 'superstitious trumpery,' that caused the difference in this respect between their writings and those of their great contemporary—a judgment to which few readers at the present time will be inclined to assent. It contains some portion of truth, however, though put in a wrong shape. Shakspeare spent his boyhood and early youth, when impressions of the supernatural must be received, if at all, in the country, where the belief in fairies, witches, and sorcery was a living, moving sentiment, not a mere speculation. Fletcher was born and bred in the town, and at Cambridge, and knew more of the classic supernatural than of the vernacular creed of his own country in such matters. But even if he had possessed Shakspeare's advantages of a rural education, he could not have made such glorious use of them; because, to judge

judge from his words, he had not that elevation and purity of spirit, that abstractedness of soul, to which the thought of things and beings out of the world that lies before us here, clothed with attributes that seem to render them the shadowy intimations of a world beyond our ken, which we know only so far as it is spiritually revealed, is most congenial.

It is chiefly on the score of his romantic entertainments that we claim for Fletcher a place on the same level with Jonson, notwithstanding the greater force of the latter in comedy. There are few works, however, respecting which there is such diversity of opinion; and the reason may be that they are, in a larger proportion than most others, addressed to the fancy and mere humour or state of feeling, and that in matters of fancy and feeling there are almost as many minds as men. Schlegel decries *The Faithful Shepherdess*, generally so admired for its poetic grace, as a clumsy performance, by a perverse sort of criticism contrasting it with the *Pastor Fido*, which has neither its defects nor its excellencies; and Mr. Dyce underrates, we think, *The Beggar's Bush*. He suspects that not to it but to the former Coleridge referred when he exclaimed 'How sylvan and sunshiny it is!' I could read it from morning to night.' The last sentence was, of course, an hyperbole of conversation; but Coleridge, as we happen to know, admired *The Beggar's Bush* deliberately, and at one time had thoughts of adapting it for the modern stage. As to 'sylvan and sunshiny,' thus to characterize a regular pastoral, to which grove and forest and sunshine appertain by natural right, would be a critical truism not much in Coleridge's way: it is as if one were to remark that the *Iliad* is full of fighting or the *Excursion* of rambles in the open air. As we cast our eye back on this play in the collection of dramas to which it belongs, it shows like a tract of wild woodland interposed between towns and cities and mansions with gardens and pleasure-grounds. *The Pilgrim* was rated still higher by Coleridge. It displays more vigour in the exhibition if not of character, yet of various emotion, and charms, as Mr. Dyce says, 'by the rapid succession of events, the well-contrived situations, the vivacity of the comic scenes, and the unstrained grace and occasional vigour of the serious portions.' It is objected that 'the madhouse scenes are in a great measure extraneous to the business of the piece,' and that 'though the monomania of the scholar Stephano is very happily developed,' the various 'follies and lunacies' of his companions are utterly out of nature. This is undeniably a defect in the plot, but it should be remembered that without some display of the horrible humours of the madhouse, the misery of the furious Alphonso, the

the tyrannical father of the heroine, in being, by Julietta's art, mistaken for a maniac and treated accordingly, would not be brought with dramatic vividness before the mind of the spectator. The manner in which the various rages of the madmen excite one another, as macaws and cockatoos confined in one aviary try which shall scream the loudest when once the clamour has begun, till they form a wild chorus of insanity, produces in the lowest possible way an effect like—yet oh! how different—to the storm-scene in *Lear*. The last scene in the woods is inexpressibly soothing after the turmoil of the madhouse.

*Love's Pilgrimage*, in the conduct of the plot, is taken, with scarce any variation, from *Las dos Donzelas* of Cervantes, a very attractive tale, which turns into a drama almost of its own accord, at least in the hand of such a play-writer as Fletcher; not only this, but the light humour of the scenes at the inn is obtained, in the spirit, if not in the letter, from *Don Quixote*. We admire *Love's Pilgrimage* fully as much as *The Pilgrim*, or *The Beggar's Bush*. Fletcher had three great masters,—Shakspeare, Jonson, and Cervantes: but how much more congenial to his nature was the light graceful humour of the last, so fitted to coalesce with romance and poetry, how much better did it enter into combination with the materials of his own mind than the graver gift of comedy which was the birthright of Ben Jonson!

We now come to Fletcher's one pastoral, *The Faithful Shepherdess*. Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* is pronounced by Mr. Hallam superior to this piece in originality, liveliness, and beauty; perhaps no other poetry, he adds, 'comes so near that of Shakspeare.' It more resembles Shakspeare in style than the former—in being more condensed, or at least more brief and poignant; in manner it is what in music is termed *staccato*, while Fletcher's manner is soft, smooth, and overflowing. The *Sad Shepherd* is indeed a most animated pastoral, less faulty than *The Faithful Shepherdess*, which abounds in the author's characteristic defects; but we cannot think that it contains more of beauty and originality. In the details of the execution both owe something to Spenser, while the general form of both (and little more than the form) seems to have been copied from the *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido*; the filling up of the outline is purely English. Fletcher borrowed more of language and imagery, perhaps—Jonson of character and incident, from the older poet; *Earing*, *Lozel*, and *Maudlin* seem to have been suggested by *Florimel the Witch* and her savage son in *The Faëry Queen*; the stocking up in the tree by *Ariel* and *Sycorax*. Jonson's fragment, like all his productions, evinces special industry; it is an accumulation of appropriate details. None but a true poet could have applied  
industry

industry with such fine effect ; still we cannot but think that there is a greater luxuriance of poetic thought in Fletcher's drama, and that more has been gained from it by succeeding writers. Indeed, it seems as if posterity had neglected this pastoral, because it has reappeared in a purer, nobler form in *Comus*, and thus has, in some sense, eclipsed itself. There is in it one passage which equals its correspondent in the later poem ;—indeed, as a detached passage is, in some respects, superior ;—the dialogue between the River-god and Amoret, act iii. sc. 1—

‘ I am this fountain's god : below  
My waters to a river grow,’ &c.—Dyce, vol. ii. pp. 74–8.

The lines—

‘ Not a fish in all my brook  
That shall disobey thy look,  
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,  
And from thy white hand take a fly.’—p. 75.

were perhaps tacitly referred to in that passage of Mr. Wordsworth's poem on ‘ The Shepherd Lord ’ :—

‘ And both the undying fish that swim  
In Bowscale-Tarn, did wait on him ;  
The pair were servants of his eye  
In their immortality.’

One of the many beautiful passages in this drama, and one that we have not seen noticed, is the speech of Thenot to the angelically virtuous Clorin, act ii. sc. 2 :—

‘ 'Tis not the white or red  
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed  
My mind to adoration.’—vol. ii. p. 51.

Schlegel's reflections on this drama, as respects its moral tone, seem to us equally one-sided with his view of its merits as a poetic pastoral. There can be no doubt that Milton owed much of the *spirit* of his *Comus*, its moral *enthusiasm*, as well as of its particular imagery to The Faithful Shepherdess. It is not a mere *eulogy* of purity, but a representation that the pure are in the special guardianship of powers above, while self-indulgence is the way downward.

One of the problems of modern literature is the authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. The title-page of the original edition sets forth that it was ‘ written by those two memorable worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakspeare,’ and that it was printed in 1634, nine years after the death of the one and eighteen after that of the other. This evidence is considered by many next to nothing in our old drama, so full of wrong attributions, and the debate turns upon these

points—whether Shakspeare did or did not write part of the play—if he did, *what* part—if he did not, whether the so-called Shakspearian portion was written by Shakspeare himself or by some younger coadjutor of Fletcher. There is a majority of suffrages in favour of the opinion that the tradition speaks truth. Steevens and Colman argue against it; Hazlitt and Mr. Hallam incline their way; Tieck declares, on critical grounds, ‘I have never been able to persuade myself that a single verse was written by Shakspeare;’ and Shelley, on moral ones, ‘does not believe Shakspeare wrote a word of it;’ while Schlegel, on moral grounds principally, believes that he ‘may have influenced the plan of the whole.’ Lamb thought it not very probable that Fletcher should have copied Shakspeare’s manner through so many entire scenes; that he could have done so, with such facility, is to him ‘not certain.’ Mr. Spalding, in a letter on this question, which has obtained much praise, agrees with Weber in assigning to Shakspeare the whole of the first act, the first scene of the third act, and the whole of the fifth, with the exception of one episodical scene, the second of act v. according to the present edition, in Weber’s the fourth. But he considers the fourth act wholly Fletcher’s; whereas Weber thinks that the third scene may have been Shakspeare’s, because it is written in prose, and it is usual with Fletcher to write scenes of such a character in verse. It is the forced condensation, the brevity and fulness of style, which are supposed to be so Shaksperian in these portions of the drama: Lamb says they have ‘a luxuriance in them, which strongly resembles Shakspeare’s manner in those parts of his plays where the poet was at leisure for description;’ and Mr. Darley observes of several passages in act v., that they are ‘not only after his enormous style of conception, but his enormous style of handling or versification, so different from Fletcher’s.’

But hear Mr. Knight in his eloquent and interesting notice on *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. He maintains that ‘the resemblances pointed out by Mr. Spalding have reference only to the *drapery* of dramatic action and characterization—the condensation and expansion of the thought—the tameness or luxuriance of the imagery—the equable flow or involved harmony of versification:’ that ‘the real *body* of a drama, however, is the action and characterization itself: and that although there is a most marked *resemblance* to Shakspeare in all these points, *the management of the subject* is altogether as unlike that greatest dramatist.’ He alleges that if Shakspeare wrote the Shakspeare-like parts of the drama, the younger hand must have taken all, or nearly all, the scenes that demanded the largest amount of dramatic power, the display of powerful emotion conjoined with nice distinction of character; while

while Shakspeare must have taken those which required the least, namely the descriptive and didactic parts. 'Is such a division of labour,' asks Mr. Knight, 'the natural one betwixt Shakspeare and Fletcher?' According to the common view of the former's joint authorship, the main body of the play must have been framed by Fletcher, the subordinate portions only supplied by the great assistant; and it does seem unlikely that *he* would or could have worked on such a plan, when in his known performances 'all is syngenesia,' all is organic growth and development of homogeneous parts, springing naturally one out of the other, as the topmost twig of the tall beech or fir-tree springs from the trunk and the root. Mr. Knight endeavours to show that the Shakspearian passages may have been from the pen of Chapman.

Mr. Dyce, on the other hand, conjectures that a piece entitled 'Palamon and Arsett,' acted in 1594, was altered by Shakspeare;—but only on this ground, as to external evidence, that in 1609-10 a warrant (never carried into effect) was granted, empowering Daborne, *Shakspeare*, Field and Kirkham, to provide and bring up a convenient number of children, who should act in the City of London, and be called The Children of her Majesty's Revels—and a play entitled 'Kinsmen' forms one of a list of pieces to be performed by them. Mr. Dyce supposes that Fletcher, toward the close of his career, took upon him to remodel the 'Kinsmen;' that he retained all those additions which had been made to it by Shakspeare—*tampering*, however, with them here and there—and wrought it into the drama which we now possess under the title of 'The Two Noble Kinsmen.' Does it not seem an objection to this theory, that it supposes the body of the play to have been in existence before either Shakspeare or Fletcher put a hand to it; whereas, wherever it is not Shakspearian, it looks thoroughly like Fletcher's creation; and when first the blade and then the handle is taken away, what becomes of the knife? It is difficult to conceive the state of the drama with Shakspeare's alterations and without Fletcher's handiwork: for in the very outline or ground-plot, in the incidents and characterization, the play imitates Shakspeare. We have a hideous Ophelia in the Jailor's daughter, the clowns are like those in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the schoolmaster resembles Holofernes. Did Shakspeare take hints from the earlier production and improve upon them?—or, on the other hand, is it supposable that all these portions of the drama were introduced, after the original one had been remodelled by Shakspeare? We confess it seems to us less unlikely that Fletcher produced the main body of the drama and obtained help from his great contemporary in the subordinate passages; or, which we incline



incline to believe—for we think that, in the absence of positive or strong outward evidence, these questions of authorship cannot be positively determined—that he wrote the whole himself. In Shakspeare's work we have those infinite gradations and fine adaptations, those exquisite shadings off and vanishings, which are perceived in nature. Fletcher's painting is comparatively modified and undiversified—his outline stony and unreal. This hardness and want of perfect appropriateness we seem to ourselves to find in the addresses of the Queens to Theseus. The style of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is, as it strikes us, too like what Shakspeare has elsewhere written *superficially*, too unlike what he would have produced on such a theme as to the inner spirit, to be really his. The play abounds in expressions borrowed or imitated from Shakspeare. Poets, especially those who write a great deal and are not of the very highest genius and first rate power, are apt to repeat themselves in a certain way—that is they fall into the same general strain of thought as on former occasions. But we seldom find that poets repeat their own marked phrases and striking images, though they are constantly repeated by their younger contemporaries. Schlegel sees no ground for calling in question the testimony of the title-page of the first edition, because Fletcher's name was as high, at the time it appeared, as Shakspeare's, or even higher. But the bookseller who put forth that title-page at least knew that Shakspeare was 'a memorable worthy,' for he calls him so, and he may have thought two worthy heads to a play better than one: and *imitations* of Shakspeare, effective enough to deceive a host of modern critics, might easily deceive the literary people of that day. If then the Shakspearian portions were not by Shakspeare himself, in his less divine mood, we think it more probable that they were by Fletcher than by any one else. We are slow to believe that Chapman could imitate Shakspeare more cleverly than the author of *Bonduca* and *The False One*. It seems not very improbable that, having had the great dramatist in his eye during his whole career, Fletcher *may*, toward the close of it, when his own genius may no longer have been in the ascendant, have sought to produce an image of his manner, in a subject which specially admitted of it, not invented by himself, but taken from the stores of Chaucer, and already cast in a classic and heroic mould. But why, it may be asked, if Fletcher wrote the whole drama, consciously and purposely imitating Shakspeare, are some parts decidedly more Shakspearian than others? We reply—the Shakspearian parts consist of narrative or description, in which imitation of a condensed and fanciful style was comparatively easy. When Fletcher had to carry on the business of the play—  
when

when he was no longer 'at leisure for description'—he naturally relapsed into his own original manner, as men who are studying to get rid of a native accent or dialect break out into it when they are excited in conversation, or when they are engrossed by eager desire to compass some practical aim by what they are saying. But *throughout* the drama (and this is an argument of Steevens which we think has not been met), an easier sort of imitation prevails in the unusual adoption of Shakspearian phrases. In Fletcher's other plays the genius of Shakspeare seems ever present to mould conceptions and determine actions, and the turn of several of his passages appears to be imitated; but his particular phrases and images are not often repeated—(perhaps because they coalesce not well with the style of thought by which the dramas are characterised)—except where they are burlesqued:—we do not mean burlesqued with malignity, but merely in that vein of merry parody which we hope is innocent, for it has always been common.

We must now touch briefly on these writers' achievements in the domain of Thalia, which, in our judgment, hold a higher relative scale than their noblest works in the realm of tragedy or tragi-comedy. We even think it is the interfusion of the comic, successfully, in *King and no King* that has given it a higher reputation than *Bonduca* and *Valentinian* or *The False One*. Mr. Darley objects to the definition of comedy as *the representation of manners*—alleging that, if accepted, it would have the singular luck of excluding our very best comedic dramas from the list of comedies, and admitting the worst into it; that *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, are not representations of manners—*Etherege's Love in a Tub*, and *Wycherley's Gentleman Dancing-Master* are so. But does not this remark proceed on too narrow a definition of *manners*, as if the term signified mere fashions or external customs, rather than *mores*—the moral habits and behaviour of men? Comedy deals with the same material as the modern novel, under a different economy: it exhibits the characters of men as they are modified by circumstances, moulded by professions and ways of life; while the business of tragedy is to set forth the deeper attributes of the heart and mind as they are in their permanent nature—in their essence. Mr. Darley admits that Beaumont and Fletcher 'exhibit the general manners of their age with pliancy, variety, and fidelity;' but this, if by *manners* be meant transitory fashions and customs, is by no means their chief praise as comedians. Some of their plays present that lively intermixture of sentiment and pathos with the humorous and amusing, of animated story and clearly-marked character, which,

which, after deep tragedy, has ever given the highest delight to a British audience. It is *The Elder Brother*, *The Spanish Curate*, *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, more than *The Fox* and *The Alchemist*, that have stamped their image on the theatre of England. 'In comedy,' says Mr. Hallam, 'they founded a new school, at least in England: they are the proper founders of our comedy of intrigue which prevailed through the seventeenth century.' It has prevailed ever since. It is the comedy of intrigue which even now amuses at the Lyceum and the Haymarket, only that comic pieces now-a-days, instead of making good actors, are made by them—expressly adapted to show forth the particular histrionic powers of some individual; just as poems are written to fit pretty designs in our *Annuals*. *The Fox* is an immortal work, but hardly fit for the stage. It has the force and objective distinctness, the red-hot glow of Dante's *City of Dis*; like that, it is full of demoniac wickedness, and the conclusion is a knot of judicial sentences, every one of which is a knell of despair to the wretched culprit, like the sentence written on the gate that conducts *alla città dolente*. *The Fox*, indeed, is like a portion of the *Inferno* dramatized; and it may be said of Jonson's comedies in general that they are too hard and joyless. They are satires in the form of drama rather than satirical dramas. They want 'the exuberant life and dancing blood' of his younger rivals; and if it be any merit to have pleased for centuries upon the stage, in their own person and in the person of reproducers and imitators, that merit must be accorded to Beaumont and Fletcher:—

'Jonson hath writ things lasting and divine,  
Yet his love-scenes, Fletcher, compared to thine,  
Are cold and frosty, and express love so,  
As heat with ice or warm fires mixed with snow.'

Not that we can go along with Schlegel in his depreciation of Jonson, or so far as to say that he is *everywhere*, or generally, behind the mark in those excellencies which must present themselves of their own accord, and are extinguished when the artist deliberately seeks to appropriate them; that his plays want soul, the charm that cannot be defined—the volatile living spirit which evaporates in the chemical retort of the critic. This is denying Jonson's right to that rank in literature which by general consent he has ever occupied—we have no taste for such audacity. But his plays are deficient in soft, rich, light ingredients, which do not weaken, but enhance the effect of the stronger and sterner ones. The truth is, Jonson stifles his love with his learning. But Cupid will not stay to be stifled; he spreads his light wings and

and is off in a moment, leaving the erudite wooer in the midst of his oration.\*

'Immortality has sculptured adamantine statues,' says Mr. Darley, 'to these twins of Thalia; but I shall prove neither idolater nor iconoclast before them.' He may not have aimed at their total destruction, but he has thrown some large stones which we shall take the liberty to examine. Some of them, we think, are sandstone. Almost all their comedies, he says, appear to be 'scratched off with the same unmeddled pen'! Mr. Darley has written meritorious dramas himself, and his opinion is entitled to the higher respect, but we think the pen wanted mending that wrote that sentence. He goes on to say that they want compactness of plan—completeness and force in the development of character. He asks, what is Bessus to Bobadil; Michael Perez to Volpone; or Lazarillo to Sir Epicure Mammon? The best plays of Ben Jonson in structure resemble those of Plautus; the plot is single, though composed of many threads: the whole piece tends to the development of one group of characters, generally with a central figure more striking than the rest. In the best plays of Fletcher there is a minor drama within a drama; the glowing representation of various passions is united, in one piece, with an underplay of wit and light humour. It is unreasonable to object to the latter that it does not exhibit the same 'perfect contexture and self-sustainment of any principal portrait' as the former. We might as well object to the peach that it has not the firm texture of the pine-apple; or to the many-petalled rose and ranunculus, that they display not the striking, simple form of the crown-imperial. It is because Jonson's pieces are devoted to the full display of certain humorous characters that they want human interest, and have never been popular as acting pieces. Genuine comedy, at least comedy in that form which has prevailed on the stage, hardly permits that the persons of the drama should be as strongly characterized as is required for tragedy. In the former the whole movement of the piece is faster than the dignity of the serious drama will allow. In *The Alchemist* Sir Epicure Mammon with his elaborate discoursing forms an ornamental episode; but the comic force of the play resides not principally with him, but results from the lively vicissitude of plotting and quarrelling in the cheats; the display of credulity and the vanity of human wishes, in divers phases, in the dupes; and the exquisite skill with which a web of knavery is made to convert itself into a net of retributive justice, in the meshes of which the snarers are suddenly caught, the intricacy of

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\* Compare the volcanic Montserrat, as to this particular, with Volpone. Both are villains and the love of both is villainous, but that of the Fox is not very cunning.

the entanglement being in exact proportion to the multiplicity of their deceptions.\* Such a character as Falstaff, drawn out as it is in Henry IV., could hardly consist with the comedy of intrigue. Flashes of wit are appropriate in such compositions; but very finished portraits, and the display of humorous character on a broad scale, can hardly find a place in popular comedy.

Beaumont and Fletcher's female characters have been extolled by many critics, and Mr. Darley well observes that they seem to have 'caught one deep truth of nature—their women are either far more angelical or diabolical than their men.' But this is said of the women in their serious dramas; those of their comedies are too often hard and coarse. Indeed we must allow that hardness and coarseness of feeling are in many of what were the most popular of these plays predominant over mirth—not 'drowned in fun and gladness.' Not that we are inclined to take too serious a view of some of these matters in comedies. In the once most popular of all these pieces, *The Scornful Lady*, our moral sense is exposed to a severe enough struggle. The most amusing passage in the play is that in which the youth displays his light-hearted unconcern, nay jovial satisfaction, on hearing that his elder brother, whose estate he was making a right merry use of, has extended his travels to that bourne whence there is no returning: and here, *if anywhere*, one feels

\* Mr. Hallam concurs with the suffrage of general opinion, which, as he says, places *The Fox* above *The Alchemist*, observing that the former belongs to a higher class of comedy. Barry Cornwall agrees with Gifford in preferring the latter, as having more probability, being fuller of character, better constructed, and comprising poetry of a higher order. Whether or no Cumberland be right in describing the conduct of Volpone, which brings about his ruin, as unnatural, to our mind the play falls off in this part—waxes thin, as it were: the jeering scenes seem poor after those of the earlier acts, in which sneering and cajoling and self-exposure go on together. But *The Alchemist* in point of construction is perfect: it is complex without confusion, uniting great variety with perfect regularity. Every act of every person, at the same time that it displays character, distinctly and boldly falls in with the main design of the piece, and speeds on the catastrophe: there is not a single action or incident which is not in itself natural, or seems invented on a mere poetical necessity. The drama is like a river which receives tributary streams on its way, and sweeps on with increasing force and fulness to the end of its course. The poetry put into the mouth of Sir Epicure Mammon is superior, we think, to the fine speeches of Volpone: and lastly, the piece has the true comic tone: whereas *The Fox*, a hybrid between tragedy and comedy—not a combination of the two like *King and no King*—quenches mirth in horror, and forms indeed a tragical satire rather than a comedy. Schlegel's objection to the 'unintelligible jargon' with which *The Alchemist* is overrun, with deference to his judgment, we cannot concur in. The alchemy, as it seems to us, has everywhere a strong comic effect, and is as intelligible as it need be, or was meant to be. It is such a burlesque on the fantastic deceptive science, as *Zeal-of-the-land Busy's* casuistry about eating pig at the fair is on puritanical divinity. A defect there is in *The Alchemist*, and a radical one, though we see no fault in its satire. Its *dramatis personæ* are wholly devoid of qualities which can interest the affections—it is addressed exclusively to the understanding, not at all to the heart:—and hence its popularity has never been in the least proportionate to its excellence as a work of art.

disposed

disposed to enter into the mood of Charles Lamb, and say that these beings of a passing pageant ought not to have such heavy articles as a heart and conscience expected of them—that we should behold them as when we dream and know that we are dreaming.

It has been said that almost all of the fifty-two dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher are founded on love. But this is an exaggeration: love is introduced in all of them, but there are many in which it is not the mainspring of action or the most prominent sentiment. Even in *The Elder Brother*, it is not the *love* of Charles, as such, that engages the attention, but the power of a strong excitement to rouse a man from studious stillness into energetic action, and the truth how much easier it is for the man of sense and learning, who has in him the groundwork, the material of a useful and honourable activity, to become *practical*, than for one who has neglected book-knowledge in youth to render himself all at once a match for an accomplished person, who enters into competition for any great prize. This at least is the moral that may be drawn from the play.

*La Writ*, the Little French Lawyer, has been rated highly among the characters of his class, but we agree with Mr. Dyce, that his whimsicalness, after three scenes, degenerates into flat absurdity. It seems to us indeed that in these dramatized humours no writer has had any high success, except the great master of them, Ben Jonson, and he only in a few instances—those in which the humours are not mere fancies of individual caprice resembling the dreams of monomaniacs, but arise from some plain intelligible ground in the moral being. Bobadil, Mammon, Volpone, and Fletcher's *Miramont* are men of like passions with many others, and on the spur of those passions act as they do; they are singular in the mode of exhibiting the mental affections which possess them rather than in the affections themselves. But the Woman-hater—the Passionate Madman—the gay worldling who wants all that money can buy yet will not keep his estate—the fantastic epicure who pursues a dainty *Umbra*'s head as if it were a bewitching *Diana*—the soldier who loves fighting when he is ill and turns coward when he is well—these excite at best the same transient interest as a dwarf, or a giant, or any *lusus naturæ*, animal or vegetable. The more serious portion of the play has its author's usual merit, in comedy, of high animation, and his usual demerit of hardness. Beaumont and Fletcher are potent in railing dialogue; their flow of scorn and fury is like the rush of water when a floodgate is withdrawn. The scene in which the two bold wild youths,

Dinant

Dinant and Clermont, assail Champernel, the successful rival of the former, on his wedding-day, is compared by Weber to the best passages of the kind in Massinger. The stage direction 'Champernel weeps' is anticipated; we see the lame warrior with his pale face of rage and failing body, when he has expended his whole stock of less effective insult, unable to restrain tears at being told to turn his sword into a crutch, and live on the recital to his wife of what a brave man he once was.

The madcap Monsieur Thomas, with his wicked freaks and mock demureness, is a portrait as real seeming as that of Don John in *The Chances*, and more attractive as being clad in warmer, fresher hues of youth, health and happiness, with a background of country instead of town. Both were rated highly by Coleridge. We can imagine some readers casting up their eyes in astonishment at the low taste that could take a moment's delight in contemplating the image of a character devoid of almost everything to esteem or to admire. But some highly approved works of art, both in literature and painting, ought to be consigned to the flames on the principle which this view implies. It is a common observation on Miss Austen's novels that every one of them describes a set of persons so below the general standard in moral and intellectual characteristics, that one would be right sorry to have been confined to such a world of mediocrity and meanness; to the remark, that they retain a place beside the real persons we have met with in life, we have heard it replied that, in good sooth, the mind thereby made no great acquisition. Doubtless the noblest works of art are those which present the noblest objects with truth; but so interesting is man to man, and, we may add, the world he lives in, which is, in one point of view, himself at second-hand, that almost any exhibition of either fixes his attention, so that it is not a mere mechanical material copy of the outer surface of things, but presents their inner life and being, while at the same time it makes true report of the artist's individual mind. Hence Scott, Southey, and Coleridge, whose own imaginary worlds hovered above the real one, took great pleasure in a visit to that of Jane Austen, though it presents not the higher things of the world that is.

Dryden must have forgotten *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, as well as the works of which Locker reminded him, Boileau's *Lutrin*, and Tassoni's *Secchia Rapita*, when he affirmed that his Mac Flecknoe was the first piece of ridicule 'written in heroics.' Schlegel describes the play as a parody of the chivalry romances, the general thought borrowed from *Don Quixote*, with an especial application to Spenser's *Fairy Queen*.

*Queen.* 'But the peculiarly ingenious novelty of the piece,' pursues he, 'consists in the combination of this irony on the misuse of the poetic with another directly opposite kind of irony, directed against the want of power to comprehend poetry or fiction of any sort, and the dramatic form in particular.' Mr. Hallam finds here the best example of the involution of a drama within a drama. A grocer and his wife come as spectators to the theatre; they demand a play in honour of the corporation; their request is complied with, and Ralph their apprentice acts a principal part in it. Their humours form the outer drama; the piece performed is the regular burlesque. The former, which satirizes a prosaical public and displays in caricature the uneducated spectator, certainly contains many amusing strokes; yet we could not read it through without being reminded of Coleridge's remark, applied to some other subject, that it is not possible to represent imbecility and tediousness to the life without repeating the effects of imbecility and tediousness. Of the centre piece we would say that a mock heroic which has not, like *Don Quixote*, a substance in itself, and an interest beyond what it obtains as being the distorted shadow of something else, must ever be unsuccessful in proportion as it is extended in length. For the humour consists in the general idea rather than in the details, and we cannot extend one smile over many pages. Shakespeare's fools and simpletons alone are never tedious, because he alone was able, in presenting such characters, to make his wisdom serve for their foolishness; their simplicity form a vehicle for his satire. As rich robes worn awry or on the wrong side by some awkward lout, to whom they have been presented, display at the same time the donor's wealth and the receiver's poverty and ignorance, so does the rich robe of Shakespeare's wit on the back of Shallow, Bottom, and Dogberry at once honour him and show them up to ridicule. Mr. Darley thinks that Butler must have owed as much to *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* as that drama owed to *Don Quixote*: this may be; but there is in the still readable parts of *Hudibras* a more solid substance of wit than in the piece before us—something beyond mere mock-heroics.

'Wickedness is no subject for comedy,' Coleridge says: 'to forget this was Congreve's great error, and almost peculiar to him.' Jonson thinks in the same way when he speaks of

'persons such as comedy would choose,  
When she would show an image of the times,  
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.'

Violante, in *The Spanish Curate*, is wicked; she belongs how-  
ever



ever to the romantic, not to the comic portion of the play. But it must be owned that, in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, and the under-plots of *Women Pleased*, Fletcher began to corrupt the stage, by representing flagrant misdemeanours with too much levity, for entertainment rather than for warning. The materials of mischief were borrowed from Boccaccio and the Spanish novelists, or from French romances; and yet they were introduced upon the stage more freely here than in France, Italy, or Spain. Still the offences of our authors on this head are not to be compared with those of their successors, whose wine consisted wholly of what was the mere dregs of the older liquor. Mr. Hallam observes that 'few of their comedies are without a mixture of grave sentiments or elevated characters.' Their intention generally is to set forth noble examples of virtue, and to connect not only crime with ruin but vice and careless living with misery and disgrace: three-fourths of what is startling in their plays is but a reflection of the taste and manners of their age; and for the most part, if they display evil too freely, they present it with a vivid Hogarthian realism more repellent than attractive. Indeed they make it felt that the 'dragon' in it, which 'stings to the quick,' to borrow one of their own expressions, may be seen even in the *face*, if that be viewed under no illusive transfiguring light. Charles Lamb's sportive doctrine of stage ethics, already alluded to, in his Essay On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century, is not to be taken literally, except as a vivid representation of a mood of that fine humourist's own mind—a confession in regard to himself, that—'with no great delinquencies of his own to answer for'—he was glad to take an airing for a season beyond the diocese of the strict conscience—not to live always in the precincts of the law courts, but now and then, for a dream while or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictions—to get into recesses whither the hunter could not follow him—

'Secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.'

But those who are disposed to deny Lamb's plea on behalf of the artificial comedians, feeling that they can well afford to send *them* to Coventry, should ask themselves whether they can afford to part with Shakspeare too, or whether he does not need a share in the same sort of apology—whether, for example, they could endure Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and hear without being highly scandalized the easy-hearted conclusion of the whole affair from the lips of Mrs. Page —

'Good

'Good husband, let us every one go home  
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire:  
*Sir John and all*'—

if they brought their moral sense to bear naked upon the dramatic offender, and did not sheathe it in a velvet case made for the special protection *dramatis personarum Shakspeariani*. This is not said to bring any play of Shakspeare's down to the moral level of the artificial comedy, but only to show that Lamb's essay was not written in the air, and that his principle, if it will not serve to shelter the worst comic productions, is yet needed for the protection of some of the very best, if we are to tolerate such works at all. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that, in illusion and a sense of reality the charm of comedy consists—on the contrary, the charm of comedy would be dissolved—broken by anxiety and revulsion of spirit—if we did not feel that it exhibits a scene of things *sui generis*,—that it is a *mundulus in mundo*, subject to a quasi morality, the mere shadow of that with which we judge our living breathing neighbours and ourselves.

Mr. Coleridge appears to have been the first critic who examined with adequate care these authors' versification—the characteristics of which are ease, richness, laxity, and redundancy. Their most obvious peculiarity is the frequent recurrence of the supernumerary syllable. Fletcher, as Seward observed, has lines not only with double and triple but even with quadruple and quintuple endings. But their most marked characteristic of all, as Mr. Darley has noted, lies in making the over-running syllable long and emphatic, as:

'The seas and unfrequented deserts where the snow dwells.'

These peculiarities do not belong to the poems written by Beaumont alone, and are less observable in *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, *King and No King*, than in the later productions of Fletcher. In common with other dramatists of their age our authors have occasionally a line of nine syllables, beside many which are nine syllables according to modern pronunciation, but ten according to that which was allowable formerly. Syllables containing a mute and a liquid, as the second of *mistress*, and those in which two vowels meet, as the second of *region*, might be pronounced as dissyllables in the times of the old dramatists; but we meet with lines in our authors, as well as some in Shakspeare, where one long syllable must be dwelt upon—*produc'd*—in order to give the quantity of a long and a short, as:—

'And that which you are apt to *conster*.'—*Phil.* act ii. sc. 1.

'Then, Madam, I dare *swear* he *loves* you.'—Act ii. sc. 3.

'They have lines of fourteen, fifteen, sixteen syllables, which may be

be reduced to metre by accelerated pronunciation and attention to accent and to emphasis. They often put two, sometimes, in the beginning of a line, even three short syllables in the place of one : that is, they substitute the anapest and the *pecon quartus* occasionally for the iambus. If such a substitution occurs twice in a line, which also has a double, or a treble ending, it may have sixteen or seventeen syllables, and yet not be unrhythmical. Such lines in particular places have a good effect, when the shortened syllables run easily into one another, and when a hurried pronunciation is not unsuitable to the sense and tone of the passage. Mr. Darley seems to think that not only laxity and redundancy but irregularity and feebleness are characteristics of their versification ; but this change he hardly establishes by his instances. Their whole cast of thought is lighter and slighter than Shakspeare's ; their metre is, as their mind, less firm and dignified ; but this, which was an inferiority in the poet and the man, was an art and a merit in the versifier : and then there is a difference between *less compact* and *absolutely feeble*. Their laxities adduced by Mr. Darley are either intentional and appropriate, or accidental negligences which they would probably have rectified had they reprinted the plays themselves. Mr. Darley avers that they have 'many verses which no power of condensing syllables, or facility of slurring them, will enable us to reduce into pleasant rhythm' :—instancing

' Cannot a man fall into one of your drunken cellars,

And venture the breaking on's neck, your trap-doors open ?'

—*Custom of the Country*, act iii. sc. 3.

To ourselves, these lines read by accents, with a quickened pronunciation in certain places, seem perfectly metrical. In verses that describe a man's falling suddenly into a cellar, a rapid and then a retarded utterance is best suiting the sound to the sense. Again he tells us that Beaumont and Fletcher's lines too often require the compression or elision of syllables, and would have some which he cites brought into compass by very severe treatment. But really even his grand specimen—

' A powerful prince should be constant to his power still'—

seems to us to need no violent doctoring : it is after all no longer than Milton's :—

" ' For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses.'

He further accuses them of too often ending their lines metrically where they could not end respiratively :—

' redeemed from hell's

Three-headed porter our Eurydice.'

—*Honest Man's Fortunc*, act iii. sc. 2.

And

And eke 'of aggravating the fault by ending the line with an insignificant word, as well as one indivisible from its successor:'

'Your subjects all have fed by virtue of

My arm.'—*Maid's Tragedy*, act iv. sc. 2.

But this fifth characteristic is a mere exceptional licence, scarcely more frequent in Beaumont and Fletcher than in Shakspeare. Coleridge observes that the disjunction of the preposition from its case, though disallowed by Jonson, is frequent in Massinger; and it is not uniformly avoided by the prince of dramatists himself. We have lines of his terminated by 'for,' 'with,' 'upon,' and in *Antony and Cleopatra*

'The inevitable prosecution of

Disgrace and horror.'—Act iv. sc. 12.

Indeed we are not sure that this divorcement is always a defect: sometimes it emphasizes the principal word by isolating it; as, for instance, in the play just mentioned:—

'I found you as a morsel cold upon

*Dead Cæsar's trencher.*'—Act iii. sc. 11.

We admit, what Mr. Darley alleges, that 'the continued repetition of multiple endings becomes monotonous and wearisome,' and that this is felt in some parts of our authors' productions; but, on the other hand, the overflow of syllables sometimes has a beautiful effect, as in those lines of *The Pilgrim*—in reading which we seem to hear the rustle of the leaves in the breeze, and to see them dancing:—

'How sweet these solitary places are, how wantonly

The wind blows through the leaves, and courts and plays with 'em!

Will you sit down and sleep? The heat invites you.

Hark how yon purling stream dances and murmurs;

The birds sing softly too. Pray take some rest, Sir.'—Act v. sc. 4.

The services of Mr. Dyce to the text of Beaumont and Fletcher can be fully estimated only by those who follow him throughout his task, and his task was a long one. A very small selection out of the multitude of emendations, restorations, and explanatory notes would not be sufficient to justify our high opinion of them: and we could spare room for no more. He has, we think, restored many readings, which only the obtuseness or haste of his predecessors could have discarded: and not a few of his bolder emendations command sudden but complete assent. There can, we repeat, be no question whatever that he has produced a far purer and more intelligible text of these wonderful dramatists: and his critical and illustrative annotations are worthy of the advanced state of learning in this department.

Our old dramatists were obliged by their vocation to study a

bold, clear, idiomatic style of writing; the works of the more eminent among them are treasures of our language as well as of poetic thought. If, as regards actual life, they present no image of their times which we can trust or take literally,—though doubtless their faults of manners and of morals are reflections of the age they lived in,—yet we find in them chiefly the poetic mind of that ‘golden time’ of our literature. In Chaucer, poetry was in its keen, bright, rosy dawn; in Spenser, with Sidney by his side, we see its brilliant morning; Shakspeare and his dramatic contemporaries form its noon-day splendour; and Milton may be regarded as the purple sunset, serene, sublime, magnificent: never was the *pomp* of the heavens so great, though the ardour and energy of the light had abated, as when that great poetic day was drawing to a close. The next light that rose in the sky was bright and fair, but it was a reflected, and comparatively a cold and lesser radiance. Even Byron would not have denied that the imaginative poetry of Queen Anne’s time was to that of the age of Elizabeth and James as moonshine to warm sunlight.\* Beaumont and Fletcher were too large a part of the noon-day beaming to be neglected by any lover and servant of the English Muse; they are too extensive, and, in a literary point of view, too *pure* writers to be passed over by any regular student of our language; and such students will not be ungrateful to Mr. Dyce.

Mr. Darley’s edition is one of those double-columned large octavos which have brought so much good literature, within the last few years, into the reach of persons who have not money, nor perhaps room, for works spreading over a long series of volumes. It is very neatly printed, and marvellously cheap. We owe both it and Mr. Dyce’s standard Library book to the same publisher, Mr. Moxon. For the many readers who will still desire only *specimens* of our graceful but unequal old dramatists—and the many more who must wish to have *specimens fit for young people* at their command—it is fortunate that the task of making selections fell into the hands of Lamb, whose charming book also has been recently reprinted by this bookseller. Those two small volumes contain many of the most exquisite gems of English verse—and the Editor’s observations have been not unjustly described as ‘quintessences of criticism.’

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\* Cowper may be fancifully looked on as a morning star which heralded another sunrise, in the dim evening of which new day we now meditate on the past and hope for the future.

- ART. V. — 1. *Manuel Réglementaire à l'usage des Elèves de l'Ecole d'Application du Corps Royal d'Etat-Major.* Paris. 1846.
2. *Krijgskundige Leercursus ten Gebruike der Koninklijke Militaire Akademie. Handleiding tot de Krijgskunst voor de Kadetten van alle Wapenen.* Door J. J. Van Mulken, Major der Infanterie. Breda. 1846.
3. *Etat Actuel de l'Artillerie de Campagne en Europe.* Par G. A. Jacobi, Lieut. d'Artillerie de la Garde Prussienne ; ouvrage traduit de l'Allemand par le Capitaine d'Artillerie Mazé, Professeur à l'Ecole d'Application d'Etat-Major. Paris. 1838.
4. *On the Royal Artillery Institution at Woolwich.* By Eardley Wilmot, Captain R.A. London. 1848.

IF among our readers there should be any who witnessed, in the beginning of last July, the public examination of students in the Normal School at Chelsea, there must, we should think, have been awakened within them a spirit of earnest, even of anxious speculation, concerning the issues of the great experiment to which the government has committed itself. For a great experiment this plan for acting upon the soldier's temper and feelings through his intellect must be admitted to be. We are about to rely on moral means for preserving order and subordination among bodies of armed men. We are going to try whether the necessity of visiting revolting crimes with revolting punishments may not, to a great extent, be obviated by creating in the soldier a distaste for the commission of such crimes. We are preparing a machinery, through the right application of which we hope to discipline the minds as well as the bodies of our recruits; and to render them thereby, while yet in the ranks, more contented under the restraints of military law, as well as better qualified to perform their parts as citizens after the term of their military service shall have expired. The object sought is confessedly righteous; and a righteous object seldom fails to be attained, unless through great mistakes, wilful or otherwise. Still, beyond all question, there are risks in this case which only that extreme caution which springs not from timidity, but from an enlarged view of human nature, can obviate. For example, it must not be assumed that Parliament votes money for the support of this Training Institution, or that young men are received into it, for the mere purpose of communicating to soldiers in the ranks an exclusively professional education. To give the recruit a knowledge of the principles of his art, and to show him how best its details are to be practised, is the business of the

officers and non-commissioned officers of the army, any interference with whom in the discharge of their proper duties would be impertinent. But the schoolmaster has his own peculiar province too, which will be found to work advantageously for both the officer and the private; provided the latter acquire under his management that increased quickness of apprehension, combined with steady moral conduct and a cheerful disposition, which we should anticipate as the results of an intellectual training based upon a solid foundation. On the other hand, the mere sharpening of the intellects of the men, apart from the formation within them of principles of truth and a reverence for duty, could not fail of working harm. The schoolmaster must therefore be received into the army not merely as the teacher of A, B, C, but as a functionary to whose exertions the higher powers have a right to look for sowing the seeds at least of pure tastes and habits. And hence arises, we do not say the policy, but the absolute necessity, of giving to the schoolmaster a just position in the service. It will never do to speak of a pupil from the Training Institution as about to fill the place of one of the old-fashioned schoolmaster-sergeants of regiments. The extent of his acquirements, the tastes and habits which he has been encouraged to cultivate—his manners, his appearance, his very dress—have already removed him into a different sphere. To think of depressing him to their social condition as soon as he shall enter upon the active discharge of his duties, would be to injure, not him, but the service; for a cultivated mind which is dealt with as if it had received no touch of cultivation, grows of necessity torpid and therefore useless, or else, first getting soured and then reckless, it ends in becoming an engine potent for mischief. And herein beyond doubt lies the peril, such as it is, of the adventure in which we are embarked. We give to a particular order of men such an education as must stand between them and familiar companionship with the great majority of non-commissioned officers in our regiments, and we peremptorily refuse, at the same time, to place them upon a footing of equality with the commissioned officers. Where, then, shall we rank them? and what are we to do with them?

It appears to us that, if there be on all sides an honest desire to act rightly, an escape from the supposed dilemma is not difficult. The young men from Chelsea will go to the army neither as officers nor as non-commissioned officers. They are trained to become schoolmasters, and as schoolmasters they will be enlisted. Their calling marks the place which they ought to fill in society, and society—whether military or civil—need have no reluctance in allowing it. The army schoolmaster, provided

vided his acquirements and tastes be on a par with those of the civil schoolmaster, will naturally look for the same sort of treatment. Go into a well-regulated parish, and observe how the clergyman and the schoolmaster work together, and you will find a guide to the sort of footing on which the officers of corps may be expected to stand towards this new order of instructors. Visit any one of the Normal or Model schools in the metropolis—St. Mark's, Battersea, Westminster, Chelsea, or the Borough Road—and the terms on which the head lives with his assistants will give you perhaps a still better idea of the fit aim. The incumbent and the head of the house know their station and keep it. The parish schoolmaster and the well-informed assistant in the seminary know theirs also, and never dream of passing out of it. In like manner, officers in command of regiments or garrisons may rely upon it that the more frank and generous they are in their dealings with well-educated teachers, the more zealously and effectively will these men labour in their vocation. Can any man who observed the Chelsea Normal scholars under examination, and took note of their manner of communicating with the teachers, doubt that *these* understand the importance to themselves of a meek spirit and a perfect control over temper? Let no one, therefore, who is interested in the moral improvement of the British soldier, permit a groundless fear to take possession of him, in regard to the proper manner of treating a body of men whom the government are rearing up to assist in so noble an undertaking. Give them comfortable quarters; let them derive from their profession an adequate maintenance; take care that their authority in school is supported, and their persons treated with respect by their pupils out of doors, and they will fall into their own social places without causing you an hour's trouble. Remember that they who are to work upon others by moral means, must themselves be governed and directed chiefly through the power of moral influences. A rigid external discipline, which is necessary in the management of boys and unlettered men, becomes simply galling—it never accomplishes good—when applied to educated persons. There must be no attempt, therefore, to subject these men to the strictly military obligations of roll-call and *reveille*. The most effective rule of right will come to them of its own accord, through the consciousness that their position before the world is scarcely less responsible than that of a minister of religion. And the dress which they wear, distinguishing them from every other functionary in the garrison, will operate as a continual remembrancer, that any attempt on their part to use liberty as a cloak of licentiousness must lead to consequences at once hurtful to a holy cause and ruinous to themselves.



We are not now going to balance the comparative merits of the regimental and the garrison systems as applicable to the working of schools of which the machinery is so delicate. Doubtless they whose business it is to decide the point, will do so after mature consideration, when the fitting moment comes. But, having opened the inquiry at all, it seems impossible to stop where we are, or to leave another question, at least as important, without an answer. Is the country, which is taking so much pains to educate the private soldier and to raise him by this and other means in the scale of social life, prepared to act upon a similar principle in its dealings with his officer? And here—*in limine*—do not let us be misunderstood, as on a former occasion we appear to have been. The officers of our army are, we dare say, as regards both morals and intelligence, pretty much upon a par with gentlemen of their own station and standing in other professions; and we know that there are among them many individuals of whom it would be hard to over-estimate the worth. But the point with which we are for the present concerned is simply this—whether in our military system there be any safeguards of sufficient potency to prevent the army from being officered by persons who shall be wanting in the qualifications for command; and we are forced to acknowledge that, if there be any such safeguards, we have yet to discover them. It is reasonable to assume that officers, coming chiefly from the higher and middle walks of life, have received in their youth the ordinary education of gentlemen. But in what walk of civil life can people get into important positions on the mere assumption that, being respectably born, they must have been duly educated? Nay, the sister service afloat—ay, that very branch of it which, in the memory of most of us, used to be rated far below its deserts—is as careful on this score as any of the professions called learned. The boy who puts on a blue jacket with the high resolve of rivalling Nelson, must pass through three examinations, each more searching than the other, before he can win his first commission; nor does the candidate for a second-lieutenancy of marines effect his purpose till his attainments have been similarly sifted. Why should command in the army be the only post of power to which young gentlemen may aspire, without the slightest inquiry being made in regard to their fitness for the exercise of power? That the British army did wonders with the Duke of Wellington at its head, all the world allows. Neither can it be denied that under Hardinge, Napier, Gough, and other chiefs reared in his Grace's school, the present race of soldiers have well sustained the glory of their fathers. But the British army has had its reverses, too, both before the Peninsular war  
and

and subsequently ; and unless we look about us, and move with a moving world, the chances are that it will have them again. It is mere silliness to assume that, because a certain amount of attainments enabled certain functionaries to acquit themselves creditably a generation or two ago, the same will keep sons or successors equally in advance of their rivals in the present day. But to come to the great and conclusive fact of the whole case—we shall soon require from the private soldier more than the subaltern was expected to know when the Duke began his career. Will it be safe either to leave the officer behind, or to trust to his voluntary exertions to prevent this misfortune? Something is done towards providing our regiments of artillery and engineers with men of science to command them ; and there is a military college at Sandhurst, where boys intended for the line may spend a couple of years if their parents desire it, and young officers anxious to qualify for the general staff are permitted to study. But the influence exercised over the army of the line by the latter institution is next to nothing ; while the existing arrangements for bringing on a succession of skilful engineers and artillerists are, to say the least of them, open to many improvements. Let us see what they are.

We recognise in this country only one method of obtaining the commission of an officer in either of the ordnance corps. All who reach that point must have passed as cadets through the Military Academy at Woolwich, by a process which at once bars the door against promotion from the ranks, and renders exchange into the cavalry or infantry of the line impossible. The process is this : a father makes interest, if he happen to have any, with the Master-General, who, putting down the name in his list of candidates, causes a printed paper to be transmitted to the parent, in which is set forth the extent of knowledge which the lad will be expected to bring with him when he comes to be examined for admission. The extent of information demanded varies a little according to age. At fourteen, the earliest period at which boys are received, an acquaintance with the elements of a good sound English education, including the first book of Euclid, the four elementary rules in Algebra, a little Latin and French, with still less of German and drawing, will pass the candidate through ; at fifteen and up to sixteen, after which none are eligible, something more, especially in the mathematics, is required. But in neither case is a heavier burthen imposed than a commonly intelligent and decently instructed gentleman's son might be expected to carry. To be sure, there was a time, and it is not very distant, when the qualification for entrance was, in some respects, pitched too high, and the practice of bringing forward three competitors for each vacant nomination

nomination rendered the success of the most desirable candidates, namely such as went fairly into the arena, exceedingly problematical. Then flourished the horrid system of cramming, under which private academies were opened for the purpose of forcing lads through their trials, and with it came in such a laxity both of morals and of manners as gave to the Academy itself a very indifferent name. But the present Master-General has bent himself with characteristic energy to abate this nuisance. To him the service owes the substitution of the fourteenth for the fifteenth year as the earliest at which cadets may be received into the Woolwich Academy, and he has established for the supply of the Academy itself a preliminary school at Carshalton, where pupils are subjected to a strictly moral discipline under the superintendence of a respectable clergyman. That this latter arrangement, when brought fairly into play, will operate as a marked improvement, cannot admit of question. Still we are humbly of opinion that, forasmuch as the very foundations of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich are laid in error, neither these nor any other measures of mere modification will bring about the desired results. But we must not enter prematurely into the discussion of a point which will come more fitly by and by. It is enough to acknowledge thankfully that, in all that he has done, Lord Anglesey seems to have been actuated by the best intentions, and that his reforms, as far as they go, are excellent.

The course at the Royal Military Academy is, for the most part, more or less protracted, according to the ability and diligence of the cadets. Taking a fair average, we may say that youths generally accomplish the theoretical part of their education in three years, at the termination of which they pass into a practical class, where they seldom continue longer than from three to six months. The studies pursued in the theoretical school embrace mathematics, military drawing, plan drawing, chemistry, the French and German languages, history, geography, mechanics, hydrostatics, pneumatics, surveying, artillery and infantry drill, &c. In the practical class the young men are exercised in making cartridges, throwing up redoubts, laying platforms, constructing bridges, and turning generally to account the lessons which they learned elsewhere. In due time a list is made out of the comparative merits of the individuals belonging to this class. Superiority in mathematics is very highly estimated, and at the termination of the course the Master-General selects for the service of the Engineers such cadets as are reported to have won the greatest number of marks in that branch of study. Not that the successful competitor is forced to enter the regiment of Engineers whether he will or no. He may decline the honour—many youths do—in which

which case the name that stands next upon the list is substituted. But as a general rule it may be said that the Engineers in our service are officered by the best mathematicians of their year, and that the Artillery falls to the lot of those who, in this particular accomplishment, have less distinguished themselves, or on account of some irregularity of conduct may have forfeited the place which by their talents they had gained upon the list of merit.

As soon as a lad is gazetted to a second-lieutenancy he becomes, both in the Artillery and Engineers, to all intents and purposes, his own master. The young engineers are indeed sent to Chatham, where for a year they are practised in the peculiar duties of their calling. But their position there is such as to surround both them and their instructors with difficulties, and to mar in a great degree the purpose for which this training department was created; for the young gentlemen in Brompton Barracks seem to be neither fish nor flesh, men nor boys, officers nor cadets, but an unhappy combination of all. In study they are treated pretty much as they used to be in the Academy. During operations in the field non-commissioned officers and steady privates take charge of them; on parade and in barracks they do duty as officers; and they have quarters and mess as other officers do. Moreover, they are all very young—mere tyros—lads fresh from the restraints of school, without experience in themselves or any experienced persons near to control them by the force of example. The consequence is that irregularities of every kind abound, and that it is impossible to put a stop to them. We are given to understand that nobody can be more alive to the evils of the system than the present commanding engineer, Colonel Sir Frederick Smith. We have even heard that this distinguished officer has protested to the Board of Ordnance against perseverance in arrangements which, whatever else they may accomplish, tend not unfrequently to the moral hurt of the young men; but we have *not* heard that the Board of Ordnance has taken any steps to remedy the evil. The subject is a grave one—and not likely, we suspect, to be settled in a day.\*

The officer of engineers, after completing his course of instruction at Chatham, is usually sent for a while to some out-station at home. There he abides till there comes a call for

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\* As far as the professional education of the young engineer is concerned, the system at Chatham appears to be excellent. Thoroughly master of his own work, and enthusiastic in his zeal to instruct others, Sir Frederick Smith does as much as man can do to secure the good and avoid the evil. But nobody knows better than he, that the evil is not to be avoided so long as the anomalous position of the pupil towards the instructor shall continue what it is. Nevertheless, we cannot help thinking that, if every infantry regiment in the service were placed, in its turn, for six months under his care, the benefit would be great both to men and officers.

his services where they are more needed, or else he returns to Woolwich at the end of a given period, whence in due time he will proceed, in the order of his duty, to one or other of the colonies. Meanwhile, however, his education is assumed to be complete; the Government has done all for him that it proposed to do. There is neither library of reference nor scientific institution, nor instructors nor instruments of any kind provided for his use at head-quarters—and hence his studies, if he be ambitious of pursuing them, must be prosecuted in solitude and at his own expense. That our engineers are an intelligent body of men no one can dispute; but the rareness of a name rising into European celebrity is also, we apprehend, indisputable. On the whole, as to discoveries in science and in the application of new principles to the practice of the profession, they cut but an indifferent figure when brought into comparison with the military engineers of Continental Europe.

If the case of the Engineer, in regard to intellectual culture, be but a sorry one subsequently to his entrance on the active duties of his calling, that of the Artillery-officer is still worse. The latter passes at once out of the practical class at the Arsenal into the routine life and ordinary quarters of a military gentleman in the abstract. He learns his drill; he is taught to ride; he works with the field-batteries; he mounts guard, and does the orderly duty in rooms and stables. But these things being cared for, he is, as regards the disposal of time, absolutely uncontrolled. Nobody takes the smallest charge of him. He is on friendly terms with his Captain; he obeys the orders of his superiors in points of duty, and drinks wine with them at mess; but beyond this their intercourse seldom goes, unless there be some bond of sympathy between them to ripen acquaintance into friendship. A library there is at Woolwich, and a very respectable one too, which has been provided and is kept up by subscriptions among the officers of the sister corps; but there is no person attached to it on whom the duty devolves of advising or directing the young soldier in his reading; and as the latter is almost always sick of science long before the academical course ends, his choice usually falls, if he visit the place at all, upon the lightest and flimsiest volumes on its shelves. In most cases the young man's intellect soon begins to stagnate. There is no impulse from without, no inducement of hope, or encouragement, or example, to keep it in motion; and who can expect that more than a very small proportion of lads between nineteen and twenty-three will work for the mere sake of improving themselves? The fact is, that in both our scientific corps everything is against the maturing of the seed which has been, upon the whole, well sown at the Royal Military Academy.

Academy. Observe that we are not now looking to the sort of moral discipline which is kept up there, or desiring to express an opinion that in other respects the Academy has reached the point of perfection. The moral discipline of the place, we fear, is still somewhat lax; indeed, it cannot well be otherwise so long as the defective principle, in regard to domestic matters, on which the system is founded, shall continue. But whatever ground of complaint we may have against the means that are adopted to form the personal characters of the cadets, it would be the height of injustice to deny that in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich their intellects are sufficiently exercised. What we lament is, that in corps professedly scientific, and among a body of gentlemen whose duty it is to deal with arts and sciences which never stand still, no steps are taken to foster habits of research and experiment; that the abilities and knowledge of individuals are never tested, except in the comparatively unimportant operations of parade, and hence that the education closes at the very point where, in strict propriety of speech, it ought rather to begin. Hear certain foreign authorities of no inconsiderable standing and repute:—

‘Les élèves, après avoir été admis au rang d’officier, restent attachés pendant un an ou plus à l’Etat-Major-Général à Woolwich, afin d’acquérir quelques connaissances pratiques avant de se rendre dans les compagnies auxquelles ils sont destinés. Mais alors ces jeunes officiers, qui à leur début dans la carrière auraient besoin de surveillance et des conseils, sont entièrement abandonnés à eux-mêmes. Aucun officier n’est intéressé à leur instruction ni responsable de leur progrès; aussi leur instruction pratique est-elle entièrement superficielle; et lorsqu’ils arrivent à leur compagnie ils n’ont puisé dans leur supplément de séjour à Woolwich qu’un esprit d’indépendance et de paresse qui doit influer d’une manière fâcheuse sur toute leur carrière militaire.’

M. Jacobi, who originally wrote this sentence, and Captain Mazé, who has translated it, are both a little severe upon our artillery system in general, and the young officers of that corps in particular. But it is impossible to deny that there is much truth in what they have advanced, and we are constrained to acknowledge that nothing except the natural aptitude of Englishmen for hard work, and their constitutional nerve in moments of danger and difficulty, enables them, both as gunners and as military artificers, to overcome the disadvantages under which they labour at the opening of every new war, owing to the defective nature of their professional education.

But, apart from the Ordnance corps, we have an army of one hundred and forty thousand men—and how is this army officered? By interest, by purchase, or else by chance. A few

few young men, perhaps thirty or forty per annum, are permitted to acquire, at a heavy expense to their parents, such military education as Sandhurst can afford; and of these one-half, in consideration of their diligence and good conduct, may be gazetted without purchase to ensigncies in the line. But concerning the progress made by the residue no questions are asked, except at the periodical examinations, and their stupidity then, be it ever so flagrant, is not regarded as a bar to their entrance into the service. On the contrary, their names being already on the Commander-in-Chief's list, their presence at Sandhurst at all is the mere result of the predilection of their guardians for this over other public or private schools. As far as their professional prospects are concerned they might have spent their time quite as profitably at Eton or Harrow, for when their turn comes the purchase-money is called for and in due course their names appear in the Gazette. But, in truth, it is ridiculous, while discussing the principle on which the British army is officered, to take any account at all of Sandhurst or of the *élèves* who come forth from it. The second-lieutenants, ensigns, and cornets in the British army amount to 1184; the total strength of the battalion of gentlemen cadets is 160. Of the second-lieutenants, cornets, and ensigns whose names appear in the army-list in the month of January every year, probably one-third are promoted or quit the service before December arrives. On the other hand, not more than forty youths, taking a liberal average, pass from Sandhurst into the army, as well by purchase as by merit, in the same time. Whence do the remaining 350 young gentlemen come, and what are their qualifications? We defy Œdipus himself to solve the latter of these riddles. We know, indeed, for the most part, whence the young men come. They are the sons of meritorious public servants—of brave officers—of clergymen—of gentlemen connected with the liberal professions; or else they derive their descent from our titled and untitled aristocracy. A few, chiefly of the former classes, come in to supply death vacancies; the rest pay their purchase-money, which varies from 500*l.*—the price of an ensigncy in the line—up to the far heavier demand in the Life Guards. But concerning qualifications, as no inquiries are instituted, so no knowledge can be possessed by any one previously to the appearance of the name in the Gazette. We beg pardon; we are wrong in saying that *no* inquiries are instituted. The youth must have completed his sixteenth year before he is considered fit to serve her Majesty; but whether he can read or write, is six feet or only four feet high, has the full command of his mental faculties, or even of his physical ones—these matters may all remain a mystery, if he or his

his friends desire it, till he present himself for the first time in the adjutant's office.

It is not, however, alone in the facilities which are afforded him of entering the service without the slightest pressure on his brain, that the officer of infantry and cavalry in the British army enjoys privileges which are totally unknown in the other armies of Europe. What M. Jacobi says of our second-lieutenants of artillery and engineers applies with tenfold force to their comrades of the line. These gentlemen come to their work untried in any way, and are left from the moment of assuming it to their own resources. They have, of course, the routine of drill in all its forms to go through. But a few months suffice for this; and then they are free to spend their time in any way which may promise to be most agreeable to themselves. Hence it is no libel upon our young officers to say that if they do not form the worst-informed and most dissipated section of the class of society to which they belong, a very high degree of credit is due to them. For at the most critical period in the life of man they are not only cut off from all ordinary means of self-improvement, but they lie open to every conceivable inducement to sensual indulgence and folly. Let the reader call to mind the order of an officer's existence in this country, and we hardly think he will say we are dealing too hardly with our subject.

In no walk of human life can first-rate energy fail to triumph, now and then, over all conceivable disadvantages of exterior circumstances: but we are to look to the average of human character; and so doing, it may be fairly said that the young gentleman who by purchase or otherwise obtains a commission, perceives, almost from the first day of joining his corps, that he has become a member of a profession in which hardly any amount of personal exertion or acquirement can command success—hardly any extent of idleness, or even of vice, provided it keep clear of the law, occasion absolute failure. His promotion, like the years of his life, will go on of its own accord; he has no more to say, either in retarding or pressing it forward, than the man in the moon. Moreover he is associated with persons who, having certain routine duties to perform, go through them mechanically, from day to day, and there permit their anxieties to end. But the duties, which as a subaltern devolve upon him, demand the very smallest exercise of the reflective faculty which it is possible to conceive. If he can draw up a guard-report, nobody stops to criticise its spelling or even its penmanship. If he be able to turn to the right and to the left when the word is given, he gets through the ordeal of morning parade as satisfactorily as his neighbours. Finally, a hurried walk through the men's rooms



at meal-time, with a visit to the same locality after tattoo, clears him of his hebdomadal responsibility as orderly officer. We all know that in theory he is held accountable for the state of discipline which prevails in one of the two subdivisions that compose his troop or his company; and many of us may recollect the time when, up to a certain point at least, the theory was acted upon. But at this hour we question whether there be not very many subalterns who, far from knowing the characters of the men they command, could not even repeat their names if the inspecting-general were to require it. The ordinary barrack-life of a subaltern, as far as his professional requirements are concerned, is indeed one of all but total idleness. It imposes upon him very slender responsibilities of any kind. It exacts hardly the slightest exercise of forethought, memory, reflection, ingenuity, or presence of mind. He is taught nothing beyond the mechanical operations of a review on a field-day. He hears not, unless by accident, that the art of war is one of the most complicated that men can study—and of the sciences which connect themselves with its practical operations nobody about him seems to take account.

Years pass, and vacancies occur in the ranks above him. Our ensign passes into the class of lieutenants, by purchase again, if the vacant commission be saleable—in due course of rotation, provided a casualty occur. By and by a similar process makes a captain of him; then a major; then a lieutenant-colonel: after which money ceases to avail. But his advancement is not therefore stayed. On the contrary, having bought his way from the lowest to the highest regimental position, he continues to be borne upwards upon a current which only death, or an act of voluntary resignation on his part, or some anomaly of a very flagrant class indeed, can stay, till he becomes in due time a major-general. He may possess the genius of Hannibal, or unite stolid stupidity to undeniable personal courage. No matter. He has a process to go through which can neither be precipitated nor interrupted by extraneous circumstances of this kind; for his ability is never tested except on service, and in actual service who so cruel as to find fault so long as some fatal disaster be avoided? And even at the worst no more can befall, provided he escape being broke by court-martial, than that the government shall take care never to place him again in a situation where his stupidity may counterbalance his courage. But the question naturally asked is, why should the country be burthened with the maintenance of an officer whom the government feels that it dare not trust in a responsible position; and why should a system be persevered in which renders us liable to be burthened, not with one such honourable and gallant blockhead, but with five thousand?

It would be utterly unjust, while thus acknowledging the shortcomings of our system, to impute these to the men now at the head of this department: it is unfair to demand of them anything more than an honourable administration under the system which they found in action. This is enough to occupy all their talents and exertion; and their conduct has been such that perhaps no class of public servants enjoy so high a place in the general esteem. But the Legislature of the Empire has obligations upon it of a different order; and what we lament is simply that our Government and Parliament do not appear as yet to have given due practical consideration to the vast changes in the whole arrangements of European society, and consequently in the just requirements of this particular department, which all men know to have occurred since the system here persisted in was formed and matured. That system was part of a wider one, embracing the whole range of national life and business, and it answered well until the wider system itself was changed—but why should we wonder if it will not answer now for a single exceptional department? Not, however, to enlarge on matters beyond this department itself, let us content ourselves with resting our appeal on the fact that all over Europe, with rare exceptions, our own times have produced a complete change in it. Nay, it may be quite sufficient if we keep our attention fixed on what has been doing since the close of the last great war. No matter what ideas prevailed before that date, more or less, in one quarter or another: everywhere almost, since 1815, it has become the accepted principle in the organization of armies, that the lives of brave men, and the honour and interests of nations, shall be intrusted to the keeping of those, and only those, who exhibit some token of their qualifications to deal fairly by them. Hence personal bravery, on which we too much rely, obtains among our neighbours the respect to which it is entitled, and no more. It ensures public praise and honorary decorations equally to the general and the grenadier; but if it be not attended by qualities of a quite different order, it never leads to promotion. In a word, our military neighbours regard the profession of a soldier as one which demands, in order to excel in it, the habit of study, with many and varied accomplishments. Hence ever since the peace there has prevailed among them an honourable rivalry in the endeavour to raise the standard of general intelligence among their officers. Hence, too, the success which has attended the endeavours of the more scientific soldiers of the continent to work out improvements in the fabrication of fire-arms, and to substitute, for the cumbrous theories of Cohorn and Vauban, such detached fortifications as render Coblenz and Verona and Paris all but impregnable.

impregnable. And here we hope it will not be supposed that we undervalue the labours and achievements of certain eminent individuals reared in our own meagre school. We are quite aware that such men as General Shrapnell, the two Congreves, Sir A. Dickson, Sir Thomas Pasley, Sir Howard Douglas, Sir John Burgoyne, Sir John Jones, Sir Hew Ross, Colonel Colquhoun, are held and will be remembered as among the most scientific of modern soldiers; but they (with a single exception\*) were all regularly trained for the Ordnance corps—and moreover the whole merit of their inventions and improvements is their own; indeed, whatever they have done was done in the face of innumerable obstacles. But it is with systems that we are dealing—not with cases of signal endowment and indomitable energy.

In every European country, except England and Holland, the regular armies, while as yet regular governments existed, were recruited by conscription. In France, Belgium, Austria, and we believe in Sweden, the practice of substitution was allowed. In Prussia, Saxony, and the minor states of Germany, each individual when drawn, whatever might be his position as regarded wealth or rank, was obliged to serve. Ministers of religion, instructors of youth, and individuals employed under government, were exempt from the conscription; but upon all others it fell with an even hand. The term of service exacted from the wealthier classes might, indeed, be more limited than that which was required of the peasantry; but the former earned the privilege at the expense of their purses; for they not only did military duty without pay, but they provided themselves with their own clothing, horses, and, indeed, with all their appointments, except only their arms and ammunition.

In France, the conscript, once drawn, became a soldier for seven years. For seven years, likewise, the young man who joined the ranks of his own accord, enlisted; and the class of volunteers in the French army was always numerous; because the hope of advancement was not only recognised, but gratified in practice, though not, perhaps, to so large an extent as the theory of the system appeared to promise.

There are two methods, and only two, (we write on the supposition that the rules of 1847 are still in existence,) of attaining to the rank of officer in the French army. First, the aspirant must have passed with credit through one or other of the established seminaries in which young men are educated for the profession; or, secondly, the private, after a term of service more or less protracted, may be elevated to the condition of a *sous-officier*, and by

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\* The professional history of Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the rocket, was entirely anomalous.

and by win his brevet. The schools for the education of cadets are three. First, young men intended for the infantry, not however without having an eye to the staff, are entered, between the ages of 14 and 18, at the Ecole Polytechnique, where for two years they pursue their studies, being subject to periodical examinations, one at the end of every six months. Failure at one of these is not necessarily fatal; failure a second time renders rejection from the seminary indispensable; and at the end of the course there is a last examination, which is more searching than all. The subjects with which the cadets are required to render themselves familiar are, their own and the German languages, history, geography, arithmetic, geometry, mechanics, mensuration, linear drawing, military surveying, with a variety of branches of learning besides—all more or less intimately connected with the theory of their profession. Second, Saumur, where young gentlemen intended for the cavalry service are educated. Third, the artillery and engineer school at Metz, which supplies what we should call the ordnance corps with officers. We do not consider it necessary to describe in detail the management to which these three military establishments are subjected. Probably few of our readers can be ignorant, that to everything which tends to sharpen the intellectual faculties of the cadets, the governors and teachers in a French military school are very attentive; or that the moral discipline of the whole is wretched. Indeed the military society of France in every rank seemed to us a year or two ago so thoroughly destitute of what we in England call *principle*, that we were quite prepared for any event that might happen; and do not now wonder at the facility with which, from the general to the drum-boy, the troops have yielded or lent themselves to a movement, of which Europe has not yet seen more than the beginning.

Besides the three schools of infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineers, France had a fourth military establishment, into which officers won their way by superior talent and acquirements, and in which they were educated especially for service on the staff; for in France staff employment is dispensed as the reward of personal merit. It is not obtained through the favour either of the government or of individuals, but is competed for, and earned by severe study, after proof afforded of a high degree of talent and a more than ordinary share of intelligence. The circumstances of the case are these:

In the year 1818, when Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr was minister of war, a staff corps, to be called 'Le Corps Royal d'Etat Major,' and to consist exclusively of officers of various ranks, was created. The corps in question underwent subsequently various modifications—particularly, and as far as we know finally, in

1835. It was then made to consist of 30 colonels, 30 lieutenant-colonels, 100 chefs-de-bataillon, 300 captains, 100 lieutenants, and 100 sub-lieutenants; and it supplied all the departments and military commands of France with functionaries, of whom the duties essentially correspond with those of adjutant and quarter-master general, of major-of-brigade, aide-de-camp, judge-advocate, &c., among us. The Corps Royal d'Etat Major consisted, in point of fact, of the *élite* of the French army; and was itself made up from the following sources.

There is in Paris a public establishment called the School of Application of the Corps d'Etat Major. It is a sort of caserne, or barrack, arranged upon an academical plan, in which fifty pupils or students find accommodation and are treated in every respect like officers, as indeed they all are. To the instruction of these *élèves* fourteen professors attend—of whom six are civilians and eight military men; while discipline is maintained by the governor—always a general officer; the commandant—a colonel; a lieutenant-colonel or major, who is also Director of Studies, and an adjutant. The course embraces two years from the student's admission, and carries him to a high point as well in pure as in practical science. Engineering in all its branches, the nature and application of steam-power, bridge-making, road-making, civil and military plan-drawing, architecture, pontooning, military administration, military history, projectiles, the English and German languages, astronomy, physical, political, and mathematical geography; all these, with other subjects scarcely less important, are prosecuted zealously; and the consequence is, that in the general intelligence and pliability of its staff the French army may be acknowledged to stand unrivalled.

From this School of Application, which supplies the French army with its magnificent staff, twenty-five students go off annually into active service. Of the vacancies thus created, three are filled by the cleverest lads from the Ecole Polytechnique, who become, on removal into the School of Application, second-lieutenants. The remaining vacancies, twenty-two in number, are held up for competition to thirty of the best scholars in the schools of Saumur and Metz—and to any thirty second-lieutenants attached to regiments of the line who may choose to enter the lists against them. The examinations are severe, and the triumph of success is great in proportion. Moreover, success brings this substantial advantage along with it, that each student who passes with credit through his series of terminal examinations receives, on quitting the school, a step of promotion: and either enters at once on his staff duties, or goes to a regiment, with which he serves till an opportunity of placing him upon the staff shall occur.

occur. The student, on the other hand, who fails, is at once attached to a regiment; which he joins with the rank, whatever it may be, to which in the ordinary course of service he would have attained.

By this process, and through the medium of the schools of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, the French army is furnished with about three-fourths of the whole number of its officers. The remaining fourth comes from the ranks, though not, as among us, by dint of long and faithful service as drill sergeants and sergeants-major. Undoubtedly the sous-officier in the French army, who aspires to a commission, must show that he is perfect master of the technical details of his art, and, if the opportunity offer, that he is personally brave. But he must do much more. It is necessary that he should be examined by a government board in the subjects taught at the school from which the majority of the officers belonging to his own branch of the service are taken; and unless he pass creditably, he cannot be promoted. The practical effect of this system is, that men promoted from the ranks belong, with comparatively few exceptions, to the same classes of society which furnish students to the *Ecole Polytechnique*; and that many well-bred young men, being unable to afford the expense of an academical education, enlist for the avowed purpose of winning their own way to independence and military rank.

Look now to Prussia, a country second indeed, as far as regards the numerical strength of her armies, both to France and Austria; but in regard to the general intelligence of her inhabitants, and their aptitude for war, at least upon a level with either.

The peculiar constitution of the regular army of Prussia renders it all but impossible—apart from considerations of law—that advancement from the rank of a private soldier to that of a commissioned officer should ever take place—except during a war. All young men, after they attain to the twentieth year of their age, are drawn and serve by turns; but the period of service cannot exceed three years; and there are so many means provided of escaping the extreme rigour of the regulation, that comparatively few serve with their regiments more than two years. In the course of two years, however, it rarely happens that soldiers become so thoroughly masters of all that they are expected to learn, as to qualify them for the first step of promotion; indeed the one great drawback to the Prussian system consists in the difficulty which it creates of providing an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, of which the third part is continually changing, with such a body of instructed non-commissioned officers as shall suffice to perfect

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the discipline of the mass, and to hand over a body of well-drilled recruits, year by year, to the Landwehr. Hence, after working till very recently according to the common practice of other military bodies, the government was driven to establish at Potsdam an *Under-officer School*, into which three or four hundred respectable young men are admitted, for the sole purpose of preparing them to become corporals, sergeants, and sergeant-majors in the army. The pupils in this military school are for the most part the sons of tradesmen, farmers, or retired non-commissioned officers. Previously to admission, they must produce certificates of good conduct from the Landraths of the circles to which they belong, and exhibit specimens of their handwriting in the account which they give by letter of the extent to which their previous education has been carried. If the commander of the King's Guards be satisfied with these, an order is issued to receive them at once. The pupils have now to pass through two classes, of which the higher is divided into two sections; and as the studies pursued in each class, or section of a class, give employment during twelve months, the course, when completed, extends to three years. The subjects taught include in the first year, reading, writing, and arithmetic, together with the theory and practice of a soldier's duties in the field as well as in quarters. In these branches of study intelligent sergeants-major and sergeants are their teachers. During the second and third years, the pupils come under the care of officers, who, besides perfecting their education in such details, carry them on to geography, history, military drawing, and the construction and use of projectiles and fire-arms. There is, over and above, a small class, called the Select Class, who receive instruction in tactics, the history of the art of war, fortification, &c.; and the young men who most distinguish themselves in it, are rewarded with commissions. Finally, the whole body thus trained, enlist for not less than nine, more frequently for twelve years. They join their regiments as privates, being assured, however, that if they conduct themselves properly they will be promoted as soon as vacancies occur; and as such vacancies generally fall within six or nine months, they plant their foot upon the ladder very early, and mount steadily. Young men from the *Under-officer School* turn out to be, with few exceptions, the best non-commissioned officers in the Prussian army; they seldom quit it till years and failing strength disqualify them for further service, when they are always well pensioned, or otherwise provided for in the civil employment of the state.

Meanwhile, two avenues, and no more, lie open to such as desire to become commissioned officers in the Prussian army, whether

whether they be the sons of princes or of men of humbler rank. The youth must either enter one of the Cadet-houses, go through his regular course there, be examined, and pass,—then join some regiment as an ensign, and after serving one year, be examined again for his lieutenancy; or not having been educated in a Cadet-house, he must make interest with the colonel of a regiment, on whose recommendation he is brought before a division-board, that his fitness, as well intellectual as physical, may be tested. The young man thus patronized is expected to show—

1. That he is tolerably conversant with German literature, writes a good hand, and can produce a theme on a given subject, correctly expressed, and free from grammatical and orthographical errors.

2. That he is master of the Latin grammar, and able to construe Livy, Sallust, and the easier portions of Cicero.

3. That he can translate correctly from French into German, and from German into French.

4. That he is master of common arithmetic and algebra—can solve equations of the first and second degree—understands powers, roots, and logarithms—is conversant with geometrical problems, and the calculations of the polygon and the circle—is not at a loss in the application of algebra to geometry, and has advanced as far as trigonometry in practical mathematics.

5. That he is acquainted with the principles of physical and mathematical geography, and is at home in the political geography of Germany.

6. That he has a fair acquaintance with the leading events in the annals of the world; and in regard to the histories of Greece, Rome, and Germany, his knowledge is expected to be exact and minute.

7. He must show that he is not wholly incapable of sketching a landscape, and can construct a geometrical figure.

In addition to these matters, acquaintance with which is a *sine qua non*, the candidate may *take up*, as we express it, whatever subjects he pleases; and on everything which he shall profess to know he is examined. Finally being passed, he joins the regiment of the Colonel who brought him before the Board, as a private or non-commissioned officer. Here he learns the routine duties of a soldier's life; and if his conduct be unobjectionable, he is recommended, at the end of six months, to the King, who confers upon him the rank of ensign. This, which in the Prussian service is a step intermediate between the sergeant-major and the second-lieutenant, places him on a footing of equality with the alumni from the Cadet-house, and renders it necessary that he should proceed to the school of the division to which



which his regiment is attached, there to prosecute his professional studies for nine months longer. At the termination of these months he repairs to Berlin, where a Central Board of Examination always sits, and he is again tested in regard to his acquaintance with—

1. The details of the preparation of gunpowder.\*
2. The construction of cannon, muskets, rifles, swords, &c.\*
3. The general organization of an army.
4. The tactics of the several bodies of which it is composed—as infantry, cavalry, artillery, and their formations.
5. Fortification, both field and permanent.
6. The assault and defence of entrenched positions, block-houses, redoubts, &c.
7. The art of surveying a country, and noting its military capabilities.
8. The theory and practice of map-drawing.

Finally, he is required to write an essay on some given subject which shall show whether he be conversant with the principles of military law, and acquainted with the special duties of the several classes of persons of whom an army is composed. If out of these various ordeals the candidate come with credit, his lieutenant's commission is at once conferred upon him. If he fail in part, he is sent back for six months; in the event of a second failure, he is rejected altogether, and returns, in a majority of cases, into civil life.

We have spoken of the Cadet-houses, and of the necessity for boys to pass creditably through them. They are five in number: viz. at Potsdam, Culm, Wahlstill, Bersberg, and Berlin. From the four first-named, youths, after being sufficiently advanced, are removed to Berlin, where they spend the last two years of their school course. For there are six classes in all, the term of attendance on which comprises one year respectively; so that the complete course, if it be gone through, will occupy six years. But lads being permitted to take their places at entrance in any of the four junior classes for which they may be qualified, there is no absolute necessity for more than two years' attendance in the whole. The age of admission varies from twelve to fifteen; of departure, from eighteen to twenty—

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\* We foresee that it will be said—Why not insist also on their being skilled in the making of boots and breeches? But, in truth, the Prussians have reason in their rule. Unless a soldier be able to *test* the power of his powder, he may be working with an instrument which will not avail; and no man can tell damaged powder from sound unless he know how it is made, and by what process its strength is tried. The same with respect to arms. When every man is able to repair a lock if out of order, or to mend a sword-handle, or clear a gun of its spike, a small detachment becomes doubly available. You cannot have armourers everywhere.

one. We need not give a complete programme of the cadet's course; it is enough to say here that, at his final examination, the student has to go through almost the same ordeal as the volunteer; and that, joining a regiment as an ensign, he too, before he can be promoted to a lieutenancy, must satisfy the Central Board that he has made good use of his time. No doubt there is an exception to this rule, which confers upon the thirty best scholars of each year the privilege of continuing in the Academy twelve extra months, and sends them to their regiments as lieutenants, *per saltum*. But these young men, so far from getting off with an easier examination than their comrades, go through a much sharper trial, and almost always make themselves distinguished in after years either upon the general staff or in the artillery or engineer service; for all cadets, without distinction, must receive a preliminary education in one or more of the Cadeteries, whence such as prefer the service of the artillery or engineers pass as ensigns into the *Artillery School*, while the remainder, as has just been explained, are attached to regiments of infantry or cavalry, as the accidents of choice or arrangement with the authorities may determine.

The *Artillery School*, in which instruction in the more scientific branches of military education is communicated, stands at the extremity of the Unter den Linden, the great thoroughfare of Berlin, and is managed, under the general inspector, by a body of teachers, all of whom are officers. Young gentlemen here continue three years under training; they pass in their turn through three classes, the lowest of which they enter as ensigns; and they receive the rank of lieutenant as soon as they are pronounced qualified to take a higher position in the academy. We beg to assure our readers that, as compared with the sort of education which officers receive in the *Artillery School* at Berlin, the lore of Woolwich and of the senior department at Sandhurst sinks into insignificance. Nor is the physical discipline, either in this place or at the Cadeteries in general, less commendable than the skill with which intellects are matured; the frame being hardened by manly exercises, such as gymnastics, riding, swimming, fencing, &c.—all essential, we must say, to the composition of an accomplished military officer.

Besides these more general schools of education for officers, there is a seminary, analogous in some respects to the School of Application at Paris, where gentlemen ambitious of serving on the staff are required to study. Admission into the 'Royal War-School' of Berlin is not, however, to be obtained till the officer shall have served three years at least with his regiment; and, the better to ensure him against forgetting, amid his staff occupa-

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pations, the important details of regimental duty, he is sent back, after completing his academical course, to his corps, where he serves as a regimental officer for three years longer. Now, as the course in the War-school extends over three years, this gives the officer nine years' experience of his profession before he is permitted to serve on the general staff at all. And finally, the risk of failure in any department is still further guarded against by a rule which compels the staff officer to return to his regiment, that he may do duty for two years in the ranks, as often as he shall receive a step of promotion. Nothing can exceed the excellence of the spirit in which the affairs of the War-school are conducted. The gentlemen received into it lodge in the town, and come at stated hours to attend lectures, of which they make notes, and on which, as well as on the subjects suggested by them, they are examined periodically. Almost all the professors or teachers are officers—all, indeed, except the teachers of foreign languages; and the subjects taught comprise, among other things, physical geography, geology, astronomy, practical geometry, pure mathematics in all its branches, tactics, projectiles, the construction and use of fire-arms, fortification, bridge-making, geodesy, the history of the art of war, the history of literature, military law, and a knowledge of the anatomy and treatment of the horse. As attendance on the War-school is purely voluntary, so it is in the power of a pupil to withdraw whenever he shall feel that the mental labour is too great for him. And while the examinations are at once rigid and impartial, no means are taken to enforce attention at the lectures beyond those which the natural temperament of each pupil may supply.

We have alluded, more than once, to certain Schools and Boards in and before which the acquirements of ensigns in the Prussian service are tested, as a step preparatory to promotion. Of these establishments there are eighteen: one at the head-quarters of each of the divisions into which the army is distributed, besides the Central Board, which sits permanently in Berlin for the examination, from year to year, of the most advanced of the pupils in the Cadeteries. The teachers in these Schools and the members of these Boards are all officers, the latter generally of high rank, and always of acknowledged ability. The results of their labours are shown in the general intelligence and soldier-like habits of the Prussian officers.

We should be loath to try the patience of our non-professional readers too far; but there is yet one other country, of the military institutions of which we feel bound to say something: partly because the constitution of civil society there is in some respects not very dissimilar to our own. We speak of Holland—a free  
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and a Protestant land; a trading nation, too, where there is at least as much regard as among ourselves to economy in public expenditure; where the taxes are high, the necessaries of life by no means cheap, and the glitter of parades and costly uniforms carries with it no social influence whatever. The standing army which Holland maintains in time of peace is not numerically great. We should say, likewise, that the *physique* of the soldiers—except perhaps in the artillery—scarcely comes up to the average of the Dutch build. But of the intelligence of the officers we are inclined to think favourably, and the reason is obvious.

The regular army is divided into two portions—one of which takes all the ordinary duties of the Dutch possessions beyond seas—while the other serves entirely in Europe. In the event of war the Home army is indeed liable to be sent to the support of the Colonial army; but except in such emergency there is no more interchange of duties than there is between our Guards and the European or Sepoy battalions of the East India Company. The Dutch Colonial army consists of regiments of cavalry and artillery, as well as of infantry, of which the *dépôts* abide constantly at home, for the sake of recruiting. But the service companies, as we should call them, after they have once quitted the Brill, return no more as armed bodies; nor, indeed, does it often happen that the fatherland offers sufficient attractions to bring back individuals, except where fortune has been more than ordinarily kind to them.

The army of Holland, both in its European and Colonial branches, is recruited by voluntary enlistment. The term of service is six years, beyond which, however, the soldier not disqualified by loss of health may remain; and service in the ranks being scarcely more popular among the Dutch than among ourselves, the recruits are said to be in general gathered from not the most respectable classes of society. Still, as discipline is carried on with considerable severity, crime seldom rises to a formidable head; and the natural courage of the Batavian race cannot be questioned. The officers, on the other hand, belong, like our own, to the classes of the nobility, gentry, and respectable merchants; and, before admission into the service, they must prove that they have not only received a liberal education, but are able to profit by it. Some years ago, when the army was more numerous than it is now, there were two methods of accomplishing this end. The young man might either join as a volunteer, undergo, after a term of service, an examination, and be promoted; or he was required to go through a regular course in the Military Academy at Breda. Since the last reductions took place, the plan of volunteering has fallen to the ground; and it is now exclusively from  
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Breda that the army is officered. Moreover, in this establishment gentlemen are prepared for each of the various branches of the service. It is, in point of fact, a military university; and we are bound to add, that in all the appliances of good order, good treatment of the students, good teaching, and good manners, it does honour to the country.

Within an extensive redoubt, separated from the town by a rampart and wet ditch, stands an old palace which the late King set apart as a college for officers. Here are good stables and an ample stud, a swimming school, and an extensive plateau, with cannon of every calibre, which supplies the means of drill applicable to each branch of service. The accommodation within doors is excellent. Youths, sleeping in long dormitories, are yet separated one from another by curtains, within which stand each inmate's iron bedstead, his little dressing-table, his basin, jug, clothes-press, and all other matters necessary to cleanliness and comfort. There is a spacious hall or day-room, besides a convenient dining-room, a good library, a well-stocked model-room, a small but judiciously selected museum of arms, with a good collection of minerals and fossils, of chemical and mechanical apparatus, &c. Finally, the class-books used in the place are compiled and arranged by the professors, and, in every branch of science and learning touched by them, appear well adapted to the purposes for which they are intended.

The establishment of the Breda Military Academy, when full, includes—besides the Governor, a major-general, and the Commandant, a colonel,—an adjutant, a quarter-master, three captains of infantry, three of artillery, one of engineers, one of cavalry; five first lieutenants of infantry, two of cavalry, three of artillery, one of engineers; two second lieutenants of infantry, one of cavalry, one of artillery, and two of engineers—two medical officers and an apothecary. There are besides of civilian professors and teachers, seven; and the place is capable of accommodating 192 cadets. These, whether intended for the European or colonial branch of the service, live and pursue their studies together. The course comprises four years, during the two first of which all the cadets are educated together without reference to the specific corps or services for which they may be intended: but with the commencement of the third year, such as may be selected for the artillery or engineers pass into distinct classes, while the remainder go on, by a less abstrusely scientific course, to commissions in the cavalry or infantry.

The qualifications for admittance into the Academy are not extravagantly high. Youths seem to be eligible who can read, write, and spell their own language correctly—who are able to construe  
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an easy Latin author, and exhibit some acquaintance with the French; who are advanced in arithmetic to vulgar fractions, can demonstrate an easy proposition in geometry, and are masters of the four fundamental rules of algebra. During the two first years all are well instructed in history, geography, mathematics, fortification, the theory of projectiles, plan-drawing, the French and German languages. After this they break up, and pursue their peculiar studies in different rooms under different teachers. Their progress is tested by severe periodical examinations; according to the results of which, they are either advanced or held back. But as no second trial is granted in the examination for admittance, so two failures at any of the examinations which follow, ensure dismissal from the Academy. Finally, prayers are read daily to the cadets in a large hall, where also, if the weather be unfavourable, one of the ministers from the town attends on Sunday to celebrate public worship. When the weather is fine the young men march to church—Protestants under their own officers to a Protestant place of worship—Roman Catholics under like surveillance to a Roman Catholic chapel.

We said that in former times the Dutch army used to be officered, partly from the ranks or by a system of cadetship in the field, partly from the Military Academy at Breda. It is proper to add that no field cadet or non-commissioned officer could receive his brevet at any time till he had passed an examination before a board appointed to test him; and though this does not appear to have gone to any great depth, it still sufficed to affirm the principle that education was necessary in an officer.

From the foregoing statements it will be gathered, that by each of the three nations with which, in the event of an European war, England is sure to be brought, either as an ally or an enemy, into collision, as much care is taken to enlarge the knowledge and sharpen the intellects of its officers, as to put efficient weapons into the hands of the men, and to train them in the right manner of using them. And we can assure the reader that what is done in France, Prussia, and Holland, is done with equal assiduity and commensurate success in Belgium, Austria, Sweden, Russia, and Denmark. For though none of these powers forbid, by force of law, the ascent of the private sentinel to the rank of an officer, they are all equally mindful that he alone shall earn his epaulets who has satisfied competent judges that he is not likely, through the lack of a decent education, to bring discredit upon himself and his order. In this respect, no doubt, we shall soon stand upon a footing of equality with the best of our neighbours. It will be impossible, after the new system of instruction for the recruit comes fairly into operation, that any private soldier in the

the English service shall be able to work his way to a commission by dint of mere animal courage or smartness on parade. And then, and *not till then*, the Duke's celebrated axiom in regard to this class of persons may be expected to go out of date. But surely we are not going to let things remain as they are with our gentlemen officers. If we desire to retain our hard-earned place among nations—if we be at all awakened to the moral claims which society, and especially that of our own heathen dependencies, has upon us—if we wish to escape the discomfort as well as the disgrace of endeavouring to work with a machine so miserably effective as an army necessarily becomes when the intelligence must be mainly sought for among its humbler orders, it is absolutely necessary that steps should be taken, without loss of time, for ensuring active exercise and a right direction to the best faculties of the higher. In a word, the education of the officers, and of young gentlemen ambitious of becoming officers, must be looked to; the idea that the Army affords a creditable and agreeable way wherein to spend a few of the first blooming years of manhood, but that gentlemen entering it need not at all consider themselves as undertaking an onerous obligation to the country—this sort of idea must be got rid of. Public opinion has been roused effectually on this matter. The superficial theories and radical jargon about our officers being of too aristocratic a class may be safely left to the good sense of the real public: that public perfectly understands and appreciates the wisdom and necessity of having all the social pledges we can get from those who are to be intrusted with military rule and the chances of a military career:—but the real public most assuredly will not much longer consent to run the risk of having the Queen's troops commanded, and the national character sustained or degraded, as the case may be, by persons from whom no pledge whatever has been taken beyond that of their original status—none either that they are as individual men qualified for the important work assigned them, or willing to throw their best energies into the execution of it.

And here the question immediately arises, by what process may this very desirable object be best brought about; in other words, what means have we within our reach of giving due culture to the minds and intellectual tastes of our young officers, without at the same time interfering with that characteristic love of out of door sports which goes far to render the sons of our aristocracy what they unquestionably are, the most energetic and gallant body of men upon the face of the earth. We really think that there are abundant means at our command—indeed, were our faith in this result in the most remote degree unstable, it would be

be a matter of grave consideration with us whether any change of system would be for the better. For much as we prize habits of study and a thirst of knowledge in military men, we are inclined to think that they would be purchased at too costly a price, were we required to abate, for the purpose of securing them, one jot of the manly tone of thinking for which we flatter ourselves that our countrymen are distinguished all over the world.

Entertaining these views, we are not among the number of those who desire to see the slightest extension given to the system of military education which is now acted upon either at Sandhurst or Woolwich. Perhaps, indeed, were the sister seminaries blended, and a military college on a large scale manufactured out of the two, matters might be so managed as to work out the same sort of purposes which are effected at the Cadet-houses of Berlin and Breda. But our conscientious opinion of such places is, that they have nothing in unison with the home-bred tastes and feelings of English gentlemen; and hence, that English youths who spend a few years at the best regulated of them all, lose as much in the deterioration of the moral principle as they gain in the sharpening of their faculties. For example, it is ridiculous to say either of Sandhurst or of Woolwich that it infuses military ideas into the minds of the cadets. If by military ideas be meant habits of self-control, of implicit obedience to authority, of temperance, regularity, and patience, it is notorious that for none of these things are our red or blue-coated cadets renowned. On the contrary, the soldierlike qualities in which they excel may be described as beginning and ending in the very opposites of these things: namely, in complete self-indulgence as often as the opportunity offers, in a great aptitude for evading the orders of their superiors, and in the addiction to pleasures which have no connexion with temperance or sobriety or any other virtue under heaven. And though it be possible to conceive the working out of some plan which might lead to different and better results, still, looking even to Oxford and Cambridge—(improved as they both are since we were young)—we confess that we entertain slender hope of living to witness its development. On the whole, therefore, we are inclined to think that, as well on the ground of practical utility as taking into account the matter of public expense, Sandhurst and Woolwich had better remain as they are. Indeed, we are by no means satisfied that the best reorganization which could be given to both, would not consist in the suppression of the former as regards its junior department altogether, and the conversion of the latter into an artillery and engineer school, in the strictest sense



sense of that term ; for there is nothing taught to the boys at Sandhurst which they might not acquire as effectively in places where they would be safe from the temptations which beset them there ; while at Woolwich it is an undeniable fact that all which the young men learn of the artillerists' and engineers' duties, they learn during the months—be they few or many—which are spent by them in what is called the Practical class. Undoubtedly, if you *thus* remodel the seminary at Woolwich, you must raise the standard for admission. But we do not think that there would be the slightest disadvantage in this. On the contrary, by receiving from sixteen years old and upwards only young men who came to you imbued with the full measure of theoretical knowledge which cadets, previously to their removal into the arsenal, are supposed to possess, you will infinitely lessen the labour of your Practical instructors, and have materials to deal with ten times more pliable than any which, under the present arrangements, it is reasonable to look for. Nay, we will go farther. You will have abler, better instructed, better informed—probably better disposed—lads, upon the whole, than it is possible, in the nature of things, for the Academy to supply. For *now* you must fill up the Practical class by batches, and in each batch many individuals creep through whom it has been found impossible—teaching in the lump—to qualify, except after a fashion ; whereas individual examinations can scarcely be so mismanaged as to fail of testing thoroughly both talents and acquirements. We are not, therefore, disposed to recommend any further tinkering of the two military seminaries, from which it is taken for granted that the most accomplished of our young officers come. If meddled with at all, it is our honest opinion that the reform applied ought to be so searching that of the one only the fame—whatever it may be—shall survive ; while the other becomes such a school for engineers and artillerists as shall do away with the necessity of congregating, as is now done, some forty or fifty newly-fledged ensigns at Chatham, while you send into barracks at Woolwich, year by year, a body of young officers, not only able but willing to profit by the more enlarged instruction which ought to be conveyed to them at the head-quarters of the Royal Regiment.

But how, if we neither enlarge Sandhurst, nor, combining Sandhurst with Woolwich, and perhaps with Addiscombe, create a military university, are we to furnish young men intended for the service of the line with opportunities of acquiring the liberal education which we consider so important to them ? We answer, that there is no obligation upon the State to adopt measures in regard to the education of young men intended

intended for the army, which she does not adopt in other branches of the public service. The State does not specify any particular college or seminary where youths shall qualify themselves to become clerks in public offices, volunteers in the navy, or anything else. All that the State does in these cases is to provide a test, and appoint judges, without satisfying whom the applicant shall fail of accomplishing his wish; and if she determine to try the capabilities of candidates for commissions in the cavalry and infantry by a similar process, she will have performed her part without creating ground of complaint anywhere. For it is a libel upon the Commander-in-Chief to insinuate that he, who is honoured by all men as never Englishman was honoured, because it is universally known that throughout a long life he has uniformly preferred the public good to all other considerations whatsoever, can look upon the enactment of the regulation which we now seek as an attack upon his patronage. The patronage of the army must continue as at present, so long as the crown shall delegate to a subject the general management of the military affairs of the country; and nobody knows better than the illustrious chief now in office that the right of recommending to commissions will become more and more valuable in proportion as he who enjoys it shall be freed from the annoyance of being importuned in favour of lads whose stolid stupidity, or incorrigible idleness, had disqualified them for any other species of employment.

Again, there is no ground at all for assuming that the application of a test must necessarily interfere with existing regulations, and especially with that which sanctions the purchase and sale of commissions. No young man who seeks to enter the army upon proper motives will be deterred from executing his purpose by the dread of a preliminary examination; nor will the prospect of being examined again and again, in order to qualify for promotion, drive any one out of the service whom the service need desire to retain. On the contrary, we are justified by all experience in asserting that the classes of society from among which the British army is now mainly officered, are exactly those which produce the most distinguished of our statesmen, lawyers, scholars, and divines. What reason is there, then, to suppose that they will be less willing to embark their sons in the military profession when, without losing one iota of its aristocratic character, it shall simply add to the honours which already surround it, the right of rejecting from the privilege of competing for rank blockheads and blunderers, men without minds at all, or unable or unwilling to exercise them? The only change  
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which we have a right to anticipate, in this respect, is, therefore, one which seems to us to promise universal benefit, both to individuals and to the public. The Army will be more generally considered as a *profession*; and when it ceases to be looked upon and dealt with as the *pis aller* of idlers, we shall have fewer idlers among the younger sons of our nobility and rich commoners. Has the greatly increased strictness in the exercise of episcopal functions and ecclesiastical patronage, which marks our time—has *that* diminished the number of aristocratic candidates for holy orders and cures of souls in this country? The reverse is as notoriously as happily the fact.

It is not for us to fix the standard of literary merit which may be considered as sufficient to establish a young man's fitness for a commission in the army. Certain acquirements are indeed so obviously necessary that even to point them out may appear impertinent. For example, every candidate for the rank of a British officer ought to prove that he is conversant with his Bible. An intimate acquaintance with the history of his own country, as well as a general knowledge of the principal events in the histories of Greece, Rome, and modern Europe, is surely not too much to expect from him. In like manner the geography of Great Britain and her colonies, physical and political as well as descriptive, ought to be at his fingers' ends; and if he have made himself acquainted with the principal features of Europe, and indeed of the rest of the world, it will be so much the better. In languages, too, we have an undoubted right to require, that, besides being master of his own, so as to write it correctly, he shall have some knowledge of Latin—the best preparation for French, Spanish, &c.—and that he shall be able to translate from French into English, and from English into French, without committing any palpable outrage upon grammar. We may add that in the present state of the world German is almost, if not quite, as requisite as French. Again, his acquaintance with arithmetic ought to extend as far as compound proportion; and his mathematical knowledge embrace the two first books of Euclid, with the four preliminary rules of algebra at the least. Besides these accomplishments there are others, such as drawing, and a more advanced acquaintance with mathematics, which, if not positively required, may deserve to be taken into account; but the youth who at seventeen or eighteen years of age cannot compass the course which we have here chalked out, has grossly neglected himself, and is manifestly unfit to be thrown into a walk of life where the means of correcting a defective education must, under the most favourable circumstances, be scanty.

We are satisfied, from what we saw and heard in the examination

tion room of the Training Institution at the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, that of the candidates for commissions among the non-commissioned officers of the British army, not one will be found, a few years hence, to shrink from this ordeal. Putting aside the languages, they and the private soldiers will have teachers at hand, well qualified to carry them to the highest point specified, and beyond it. Let us take care that the young gentlemen who come to the army from the upper ranks of civil life are equally well trained. Observe, we beg, that it will involve no outlay, or next to none, of public money. All that seems to be required is this: that a body of commissioners (three will be sufficient) shall assemble at stated seasons (say twice a-year), for the purpose of examining all candidates for commissions; that these candidates be nominated exclusively by the Commander-in-Chief, to whom, as well as to the Secretary at War, a return of the results of each examination shall be sent in; and that the Commander-in-Chief recommend to the Queen only those gentlemen of whose qualifications a favourable report has been made. Where the commissioners should sit—whether uniformly in London, or alternately in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh—is for the consideration of those in power; but as they will certainly not be occupied beyond a brief portion of every year, so there can be no necessity to pay them except for work done.

We feel no doubt that, whatever opposition may be offered to this proposal at the outset, it will, in substance at least, be ultimately accepted. Indeed, we entertain little doubt but that some plans of the sort must have already begun to find favour in high quarters; and we seek the commencement of a good work too earnestly to mar our own object by looking further ahead. But it is simply honest to warn all parties that a work of this kind, once begun, cannot be arrested till the fabric is complete. The moment you apply a test to the demands of individuals and of families for commissions, you excite a spirit of honourable rivalry among the officers themselves, which it will become your duty to encourage. You have supplied libraries in garrisons for the use of non-commissioned officers and privates, and you are now preparing a machinery through which the men shall be rendered capable of deriving benefit from them. You must not be less mindful of the intellectual wants of your officers. They, not less than their inferiors, will stand in need of libraries:—but these must be of a different order. The officer, once attached to a corps, will be expected to render himself an accomplished scholar in the classics of his profession: and as it is impossible for him to carry about the books which must be

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read ere he can become such, it will be the duty of Government to supply them. Neither the Government nor the House of Commons need be much alarmed by this. A thousand pounds per annum will, in a very few years, provide for every head-quarter station as many books of reference, connected with the history, science, and art of war, as can be needed,—and nobody would propose that any other than books of reference in the English, French, and German languages shall be furnished at the public expense. And then, should a further plan of examination be desired, in order to try the fitness of Ensigns for advancement to lieutenantcies, and of Lieutenants to captaincies, there can be little or no difficulty in throwing it into shape; the materials of study will have been amply provided, and we shall indeed be surprised if a year or two's judicious use of them fail to call forth one, at least, from every corps of officers in the service, both able and willing, provided sufficient inducement be held out, to superintend and direct the studies of his juniors.

On the whole, we conceive that, as the time has come for taking up in right earnest the great subject of education for the British officer, so the means are neither too remote to be readily seized, nor too costly to prevent our making immediate use of them, even in the present state of the empire and the exchequer. We ask for no expensive seminaries, to be conducted upon principles which, whatever they may be in name, cannot, in fact, be military. The young officer's military education he acquires most correctly with his corps, whatever it may be. And hence, even with respect to Woolwich, we should prefer to the theoretical Academy, as it is now conducted, a good school of practical gunnery and engineering, which, taking educated young men in hand, and working them thoroughly, should send accomplished engineers and artillerists to their respective regiments. But, at all events, while we ask, in the name of the country and of the service, some sufficient pledge that our infantry and cavalry shall be commanded by educated men, we deprecate, on every account, the plunging into an enormous outlay, for the purpose of setting up none but bad imitations of the military schools of France, Prussia, and Holland. To one strictly military establishment we do indeed think that greater attention ought to be paid—viz. the senior department at Sandhurst—where, with few, and these unimportant, changes in the routine of study, staff officers might be trained as efficiently as in the *Ecole de l'Etat Major* itself.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Mein Antheil, &c.*:—*My Share in Politics*. By H. C. Baron von Gagern. Stuttgart. 1823-45.
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*Crown of Denmark and the Germanic Confederation, and the Treaty Engagements of the Great European Powers in reference thereto.* By Travers Twiss, D.C.L., F.R.S.

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THE extinction of the Germanic Empire in 1806 was the natural and almost inevitable result of the preceding relations of the various members of the Empire. It was the final act of a long drama, which announced that the feeble links which united the Germanic body had melted away, and that the artificial edifice of the Empire had lost all coherency. The act of abdication was only the ratification of the previous act of the Confederated States of the Rhine; it was but a graceful form of words, in which the Emperor avowed his recognition of a settled fact.

The Germanic Empire had never, in its most palmy days, a very strong central organization. But even the old combining forces were materially weakened by the religious dissensions which the sixteenth century ushered in; and the germ of dissolution was already traceable in that new principle of association amongst the princes of the Empire, which the religious movement necessitated, and the religious leagues embodied. It required no great power of divination to foretell the ultimate issue of a struggle, the opening scene of which concludes with the recognition of a religious division in the Empire at the Peace of Augsburg (A.D. 1555), and the next embraces the eventful period of the 'Thirty Years' War. Two great principles amongst others were sanctioned by the Treaty of Westphalia, which worked a complete revolution in the constitution of the Empire. The *Jura Singulorum* were no longer to be regulated by the plurality of votes in the Diet; and the individual states were recognised henceforth to enjoy the plenary rights of territorial superiority. The eighteenth century introduced a new great North-German kingdom upon the stage, disposed, like the Gaul of Roman story, to cast its sword into the scale against the successor of the Cæsars. The episode of the Seven Years' War disclosed the formidable character of this new Power, which through the genius of its rulers soon acquired a preponderating influence amongst the Protestant States of the Empire. The internal dissensions were meanwhile fomented by foreign diplomacy, on the part more especially of France and Sweden, as a means of neutralizing the power of the Empire for offensive purposes.

The Empire was nominally comprised amongst the parties to the

the Peace of Hubertsburg (A.D. 1763), which put its seal to the military reputation of Prussia. Henceforward, however, the unity of the Empire was but an idea. The alliance between Catherine of Russia and Frederic II., in 1764, intimated in the clearest manner the position which Prussia was henceforth to occupy, and the admission of that State to a share with the Czarine and the Emperor in the spoliation of Poland (A.D. 1772) confirmed its character as one of the Great European Powers. On this occasion, indeed, the seed was sown which was to ripen and bear fruit in Germany itself, after the outbreak of the first French Revolution.

The German princes undertook to repress the democratical movement in Western Europe, but the Spirit of the Revolution was too powerful an antagonist for the Shadow of the Empire. During the wars which ensued, the unity of the Germanic Empire proved to be a delusion to Europe and a snare to the German princes. Prussia was the first to desert the common cause, and to make a separate peace at Bâle (5th April, 1795), whereby the interests of the North were severed from those of the South of Germany. From this moment the Empire was rent asunder, and the establishment of a new confederation of States was inevitable.

‘Dès ce moment,’ is the declaration of the Confederated States of the Rhine in 1806, ‘toute idée d’une patrie et d’intérêts communs a dû nécessairement disparaître; les mots “guerre d’Empire,” “paix d’Empire,” devinrent vides de sens; on cherchait en vain l’Allemagne au milieu du corps Germanique. Les princes qui avoisinent la France, abandonnés à eux-mêmes, exposés à tous les maux d’une guerre dont ils ne pouvaient pas chercher la fin par des moyens constitutionnels, se virent forcés de se dégager du lien commun par des paix séparées.’

The line of demarcation adopted in the subsequent treaty of neutrality between the French Republic and the King of Prussia (17th May, 1795) secured the repose of the North of Germany; and although the treaty of the 5th of April preceding did not openly announce the cession of the western bank of the Rhine to France, yet the meaning of the 5th Article, by which it was agreed that the French troops should remain in occupation of it, and that a definitive arrangement should be deferred until the conclusion of peace between the French Republic and the Germanic Empire, could not be misunderstood,—namely, that Prussia was to be compensated for her definitive cession of the left bank by the confiscation of the smaller states on the right bank of the Rhine, after the principle adopted in the partition of Poland.

From this instant, to use the expressive language of Gagern, the signal was given, ‘*Sauve qui peut*—Rette sich wer da kann;’ and Austria



Austria was left with a section of the Southern States to continue a contest which the Empire had undertaken. The disastrous campaigns of 1796 and 1797 at last compelled the Emperor to follow the example which Prussia had set, and several minor States had meantime adopted, and to conclude, as King of Bohemia and Hungary, a separate treaty with the French Republic at Campo Formio (17th Oct. 1797), by which it was agreed that the specific negotiations with the Empire should form the subject of a congress at Rastadt. Here the *secularisations* and *mediatisations* were to be arranged. Meanwhile the secret articles of Campo Formio had ceded to France the left bank of the Rhine down to the confluence of the Nette, and had provided that the King of Hungary and Bohemia should himself receive an equivalent for any further concessions of territory to the French Republic in Germany.

The purport of these arrangements between France and Austria, although the express provisions of the treaty of Campo Formio were not communicated to the Germanic body, could not but transpire amongst the Sub-delegates of the Empire at the subsequent Congress, to whom the interests of Rhenish Germany were intrusted. It had been provided in the secret articles that, in case of hostilities being renewed between France and the Empire, the Emperor should only furnish his contingent to the army of the Empire. Hence we find Albini, the Sub-delegate of Mayence and Director of the Deputation of the States, formally demand from Austria, whether the Emperor, in case of hostilities with France, was prepared to support the Empire with all his forces; and whilst Austria, Saxony, and Bremen (Brunswick) voted against the French ultimatum, Mayence, Bavaria, Hesse-Darmstadt, Baden, Augsburg, Frankfort, and Wurtzburg, a majority of seven voices against three, pronounced in favour of it. The majority could not be sensible that Rhenish Germany had been twice abandoned, and that the Head of the Empire had already sacrificed its territorial and political integrity.

It appears from a private note from the Citizen Perret to General Buonaparte, quoted by Gagern, that the project of a Germanic Confederation was started at this Congress, and that the notion originated with the Count de Goertz, the leading envoy of Prussia:—

‘M. le Comte de Goertz avait insinué à M. Albini le projet d’une Confédération Germanique; celui-ci, qui, depuis l’abandon de l’Autriche et l’occupation de Mayence, n’apercevait plus d’autre moyen de salut que dans la résignation et la générosité, a adopté une conduite plus modérée; il l’a prié de lui articuler la nature et la force des

des secours sur lesquels la confédération pourrait compter de la part de la Prussie. M. de Goertz lui ayant répondu que cet objet, qui était un moyen d'exécution, ne pouvait être stipulé qu'après qu'on serait assuré de l'union proposée, M. Albini a refusé d'entrer dans le projet, disant qu'il ne voulait pas, pour une issue si peu certaine, se perdre si entièrement près de la France et de l'Autriche.'

During the war of the second coalition Prussia remained neutral, and Austria completed the sacrifice of the Germanic Empire by the sixth and seventh Articles of the Treaty of Luneville (9 Feb. 1801). The mid-channel (Thalweg) of the Rhine was to be henceforward the limit between the French Republic and the Germanic Empire, 'depuis l'endroit où le Rhin quitte le territoire Helvétique, jusqu'à celui où il entre dans le territoire Batave.' The left bank of the river was thus entirely ceded, and compensations were to be found on the right bank not only for the German powers, but also for Modena and Tuscany. It was evident that danger threatened all the German Princes on the right bank. A hecatomb of small States was to be offered up. It was clear that the power which had the determination of the fate of the victims in its hands was neither Austria nor Prussia, but the French Republic.

It was fortunate for the princes of Germany that Bonaparte had decided to maintain the existence of the Germanic body of States. We find the motives of this policy set forth by him in a letter to the French Directory, written from Montebello in May, 1797, before the peace of Campo Formio:—'Culbuter le corps d'Allemagne, c'est perdre l'avantage de la Belgique, de la limite du Rhin; car c'est mettre dix ou douze millions d'habitants dans les mains de deux puissances dont nous nous soucions également. Si le corps Germanique n'existait pas, il faudrait le créer tout exprès pour nos convenances.'—*Gagern*, i. p. 84. It was not surprising, therefore, that Bonaparte should take some of the smaller States by the hand; and that Bavaria, conscious of the designs of Austria to obtain compensation at her expense, should henceforth seek a protector in her spoiler, rather than submit to be spoiled by her ancient protector. The Treaty of Paris (24 August, 1801), between Bavaria and France, introduced another wedge into the crumbling fabric of the Empire, and the Recess of the Deputation of 1803 was held rather under the auspices of the First Consul than of the Roman Emperor.

The events of the two following years—such as the occupation of Hanover, the violation of the territory of Baden by the seizure of the Duc d'Enghien—furnished ample evidence of the helpless condition of the smaller States who had no protector. Accordingly we find, on the rupture which ensued between France and

and Austria in 1805, that Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg arrayed themselves openly on the side of France as her allies; Prussia remained neutral. Then came the peace of Presburg (26 Dec. 1805), by which the Emperor of Germany and Austria ceded to the *Emperor of the French* the kingdom of Italy, to the possession of which the title of Roman Emperor had been always hitherto annexed. The name, indeed, of the Germanic Empire occurs in the treaty in reference to the transactions of 1803, but the eleventh article recognises the Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg as members expressly of the *Germanic Confederation*. The old Imperial system was thus tacitly abrogated, and the Confederation indirectly substituted in its place, just as the act of the British Parliament which annexed a portion of the endowments of the Cathedral of Durham, as they should fall in, to the University of Durham, superseded the necessity of any formal charter for the creation of that University. The recognition of an University in a Statute of the Realm was equivalent to calling it into legal existence.

Prussia was now the only German power that gave uneasiness to France. Her continued neutrality could not but excite the jealous suspicion of Napoleon, who hesitated for some time between two plans; the first involved the creation of a new State in the north of Germany, which should guarantee Holland and Flanders against any attack from Prussia, throw its weight into the scale conjointly with the three friendly powers of southern Germany, and serve to adjust the balance against Austria, Prussia, Saxony, and Hesse-Cassel. The *nucleus* of this new State was to be made up of the Duchies of Berg, Cleves, and Hesse Darmstadt. This idea was, to a certain extent, subsequently carried into execution by the creation of the kingdom of Westphalia. Hanover and the Hanse Towns were to be admitted into this new State.

‘Cela fait,’ writes Napoleon, in directing Talleyrand to prepare a report on the subject, ‘considérez l’Allemagne comme divisée en quatre états—Bavière, Bade, Wurtemberg, et le nouvel état—ces quatre dans les intérêts de la France; l’Autriche, la Prusse, la Saxe, Hesse-Cassel dans les quatre autres.—D’après cette division, supposez qu’on détruise la constitution Germanique, et qu’on annule, au profit des huit grands états, les petites Souverainetés; il faut faire un calcul statistique pour savoir si les quatre états qui sont dans les intérêts de la France perdront ou gagneront plus à cette destruction que les quatre états qui n’y sont pas.’—*Gagern*, p. 113.

The second plan contemplated the union of Rhenish Germany in one system of confederated States. The negotiations which resulted in the success of this latter scheme were veiled in the  
greatest

greatest mystery. Gagern, p. 141, quotes a note from Pfeffel, an ancient employé in the Foreign Office at Paris, containing a semi-official draught of a plan, much more extensive than that which was ultimately adopted, in which the Kings of Naples, Italy, and Holland were to be included as members. The Act of the Confederation of the Rhine, embodying the ultimate resolutions of Napoleon and of the most influential States of West and South Germany, was signed at Paris on 12th July, 1806, and Europe was astounded by the formal announcement to the Diet, on the 1st of August, that the Germanic Constitution had ceased to exist.

In the mean time the French minister at Berlin, M. Laforest, had been instructed to hint that there was room for Prussia to form a Northern league, and to hold out, as a decoy, the possible prospect of a Northern Empire. If Laforest may be trusted, Count Haugwitz, the Prussian prime minister, snapped so eagerly at the bait, that he exposed his sovereign at the same time to the ridicule of the French and to the sorrowful pity of Germany:—

‘Le Roi, dans l’ivresse de sa joie, ne se regarde pas seulement comme l’allié de la France, mais comme l’ami personnel de l’Empereur Napoléon. C’est à ce titre qu’il consentira avec zèle à tout ce qui pourra consolider sa dynastie.’—(*Letter of Laforest, quoted by Schlosser, vii. 190.*)

It can hardly be doubted that Haugwitz was at first in earnest. The preliminary basis of a Northern Confederation was drawn up and formally communicated by him to Goertz. (Marten’s ‘Nouveau Supplément au Recueil des Traités,’ i. 318.) Overtures were made to the various States, which, it was hoped, might consent to join it. The Elector of Hesse-Cassel, as Mr. Adair informs Mr. Secretary Fox, in his letter of September 3, 1806, ‘signed the Treaty of Counter-Federation, notwithstanding all the temptations and even threats of Buonaparte to induce him to join the Allied Powers of the Rhine.’ On the other hand, the sincerity of the Prussian minister might well be open to suspicion. His system for securing the aggrandisement of Prussia was based essentially upon the French alliance; and thus indeed the British minister at Vienna intimates misgivings in his despatch of August 23, 1806, that Count Haugwitz ‘had some ulterior objects, some secret views of his own, in setting on foot this Counter-Federation.’

If we give credit to the narrative by M. Gentz of what passed at the Prussian head-quarters in October, 1806, previously to the battle of Jena—and Sir R. Adair, in criticising Gentz, admits that his journal was drawn up with an evident regard to truth—

Count

Count Haugwitz was not so completely the dupe of Napoleon as the Heidelberg historian suggests.

‘ Le Comte Haugwitz me dit,’ writes Gentz, ‘ vous parlez comme si vous aviez lu dans mes pensées, et, j’ajouterais presque, dans mes papiers ; voilà à peu de modifications près le plan que j’ai conçu aussi. Nous avons reconnu la ligue du Rhin, puisqu’alors nos préparatifs n’étaient pas assez avancés pour rompre avec la France, et puisqu’il nous fallait encore la preuve complète de sa perfidie pour fixer la résolution du Roi ; mais nous l’avons reconnue sous la condition expresse qu’aucun obstacle ne serait mis à la formation d’une Confédération des états du Nord de l’Allemagne. Cette condition n’a jamais été remplie. D’ailleurs je ne veux pas vous cacher que l’idée de cette contre-ligue du Nord ne m’a pas bien sérieusement occupée, *qu’elle n’a été jetée en avant que pour gagner du tems.*’

Haugwitz was, no doubt, a statesman of double counsels, and capable of the *finesse* to which he laid claim ; but Denmark, Oldenburg, Mecklenburg, and the Hanse Towns had formally declined in the September preceding to accede to the Prussian project. Under these circumstances there was no alternative for the minister but to assume the character of the fox, if he shrank from an identification with the fox’s victim in the fable.

In the war which ensued between Prussia and France, Austria remained neutral, whilst Russia seemed in the result to be the friend of France. The peace of Tilsit (9 July, 1807) effected quite a partition of Prussia. Meanwhile accessions to the Confederation of the Rhine had taken place. Sixteen members had originally detached themselves from the Germanic body, including Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Mayence (the Elector Arch-Chancellor), Berg and Cleves, Hesse-Darmstadt, Nassau-Usingen, Nassau-Weilburg, Hohenzollern-Hechingen, Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, Salm-Salm, Salm-Kyrburg, Isenburg-Birstein, Aremberg, Lichtenstein, Leyen. Wurtzburg, Electoral Saxony, and the other Houses of Saxony, gave in their adhesion before the conclusion of the year 1806 ; Anhalt, Lippe, Reuss, Waldeck, and Westphalia followed in 1807 ; Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Oldenburg did not accede until the following year.

It may be well to pause for a short time and examine a little more minutely the constitution of this new League. The Treaty of Presburg had recognised the full rights of sovereignty in the Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg and the Elector of Baden. Such a condition was clearly incompatible with the character of a State of the Empire. We thus find the old system of German law at once abolished, but the new constitutional law of the States was left to the future arrangement of a Diet, which, however,

however, never took place. Consequently, the original act of 1806 furnishes us with the only clue to the character of the Confederation.

The 12th article establishes the Protectorate of the French Emperor, and assigns to the Protector the nomination of the Prince Primate or Arch-Chancellor. The nominee of Napoleon was to be the perpetual president of the League. The members were necessarily to be independent of every foreign power, but it was provided by the 35th article as follows :—

‘ Il y aura entre l’Empire Français et entre les états des Confédérés du Rhin collectivement et séparément une alliance, en vertu de laquelle toute guerre continentale que l’une des parties contractantes aurait à soutenir, deviendra immédiatement commune à toutes les autres.’

This of course sounds extremely fair, but the real purport of the article could not be misunderstood. Its operation would be one-sided. It was further added, in a spirit of the strictest equality (article 36) :—

‘ Dans le cas où une puissance étrangère à l’alliance et voisine s’armait, toutes les parties contractantes, pour ne pas être surprises au dépourvu, armeront pareillement d’après la demande qui en sera faite par le ministre de l’une d’elles à Francfort.’

The same article, however, goes on to state that, although the Diet should determine what proportion of the federal quota should be mobilized (*rendus mobiles*), yet the arming of it should not be carried into effect without an invitation addressed by the Protector to the Confederates.

The spirit in which Napoleon was likely to exercise his office of Protector may be gathered from his letter of September 11, 1806, to the President of the Diet :—

‘ Lorsque nous avons accepté le titre du Protecteur de la Confédération du Rhin, nous n’avons eu en vue que d’établir en droit ce qui existait de fait depuis plusieurs siècles. En l’acceptant nous avons contracté la double obligation de garantir le territoire de la Confédération contre les troupes étrangères, et le territoire de chacun confédéré contre les entreprises des autres. Mais là se bornent nos devoirs . . . . Ce ne sont pas des rapports de Suzeraineté, qui nous lient à la Confédération du Rhin, mais des rapports de simple Protecteur. Plus puissant que les Princes Confédérés, nous voulons user de la supériorité de notre puissance non pour restreindre leurs droits de Souveraineté, mais pour leur augmenter la plénitude.’

Prussia was deeply humiliated by the events of the campaign of 1807, but it was only the old military system, founded on the *prestige* of the Seven Years’ War, that was pulled down. It was her good fortune, that her king found and chose men who could build up a new edifice, in which not merely the fragments of the inheritance

inheritance of the great Frederic, but the old materials of other portions of the Germanic system, could be worked up. Stein and Scharnhorst were the master-spirits of this new era, and an entire reconstruction of Prussia's civil and military relations was effected under their auspices. We do not propose on the present occasion to discuss the modifications which took place in the Prussian military system. The agrarian institutions, the municipal laws were remodelled. The spirit of the people was roused by the Universities, by the Association of Virtue (*das Tugendbund*). It has been aptly observed by the author of '*Austria and her Future*'\* that we have no historical work upon the memorable period of Prussia's development from 1807 to 1813. Let us hope that this gap in European literature may now at last be worthily filled up. If Prussia is to disappear from amongst the great Powers of Europe, the piety of her sons should at least secure for her a fitting epitaph.

It was not, however, until the disasters of Moscow had announced the ebbing of the tide which had borne the French eagles on from victory to victory, that the Prussian rising commences. How entirely the real spirit of the leaders of the reaction was Prusso-Russian, the Treaty of Kalisch (16 Feb. 1813) sufficiently indicates. By the second article:—

'L'alliance entre la Russie et la Prusse est offensive et défensive pour la guerre actuelle. Son but immédiat est de reconstruire la Prusse dans les proportions qui doivent assurer la tranquillité des deux états, et en établir la garantie.'

It was further laid down in the secret article:—

'La sureté entière et l'indépendance de la Prusse ne pouvant être solidement établies qu'en lui rendant la force réelle qu'elle avait avant la guerre de 1806, S. M. l'Empereur de toutes les Russies s'engage à ne pas poser les armes aussi long temps que la Prusse ne sera point reconstituée dans ses proportions statistiques, géographiques, et financières, conformes à ce qu'elle était avant l'époque précitée. Pour cet effet S. M. l'Empereur promet de la manière la plus solennelle d'appliquer aux équivalens que les circonstances pourraient exiger pour l'intérêt même des deux états et à l'agrandissement de la Prusse, toutes les acquisitions qui pourraient être faites par ses armes et les négociations dans la partie septentrionale de l'Allemagne, à l'exception des anciennes possessions de la Maison d'Hanovre. Dans tous les arrangements il sera conservé entre les différentes provinces qui doivent rentrer sous la domination Prussienne, l'ensemble et l'arrondissement nécessaires pour constituer un corps d'état indépendant.'

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\* Attributed to Baron d'Andrian-Werburg, at present on an Extraordinary mission to the Court of St. James from the Imperial Vicar of Germany.

Such being the secret thoughts of Prussia, it was not surprising that the German princes were at that time uncertain from which quarter most danger to themselves was to be apprehended. It was only in those countries where French princes had been imposed upon a German people (for instance Oldenburg, Westphalia) that the wish for a change was general.

The upheaving of Germany commences with the spring of 1813. A confused mass of heterogeneous elements might be perceived at work beneath the surface in various places, but the smouldering fires burnt most fiercely in Prussia. Here was the great hot-bed of patriotic feeling—here were collected poets and philosophers, who roused the spirit of North Germany by glowing pictures of German freedom, German nationality. Here might be seen statesmen who did not despair of the reconstruction of a strong Prussia, and the consolidation of a strong Germany. Here likewise were to be found generals able as well as anxious to redeem the disasters of Jena, and to appease the indignant Shade of the great Frederic. Subsequent events indeed have dimmed the lustre of some bright names. Jahn, and Arndt, whose verse first circulated that appeal to Germany's sons, 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?' which is now re-echoed through the length and breadth of Germany, both incurred political discountenance. Gorrés and Steffens became absorbed in religious controversies, and the former more especially arrayed himself in bitter antagonism against the Prussian religious and philosophic systems. The later policy of Prussia has tarnished even the reputation of Hardenberg, but a wreath that fades not, encircles the brows of Stein and Scharnhorst.

It is worthy of remark that the leading statesmen of Prussia at this period were for the most part not native Prussians, but their spirit was concentrated in the service of their adopted country. They desired above all things the expulsion of the foreign power from Germany; they desired<sup>\*</sup> at the same time a guaranty for the future, and they consequently objected to the great number of smaller States. The strongest mind, the man who united Russia and Prussia, was, without doubt, Stein. An ancient Baron (Freiherr) of Nassau, an immediate subject of the head of the Empire, he regarded the newly-created Sovereigns in Germany with a strong antipathy. Driven by the strong will of Napoleon\* from his place of first minister at Berlin, he sought refuge

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\* The arrogant decree of Napoleon is too characteristic to be omitted :—'Le nommé Stein, cherchant à exciter des troubles en Allemagne, est déclaré ennemi de la France et de la Confédération du Rhin. Les biens, que le dit Stein posséderait, soit en France soit dans la Confédération du Rhin, seront séquestrés. Le dit Stein sera saisi de sa personne partout où il pourra, ou par nos troupes ou par celles de nos alliés.'



as an exile ultimately at St. Petersburg, and was welcomed with open arms by the liberal Emperor Alexander. He returned to Prussia victorious, eager to accomplish his favourite scheme—the establishment of a great Prussia, and the extinction of the minor Confederate States. By birth and education belonging to the highest aristocracy, he felt himself the equal of many of the German sovereign princes, and his own experience convinced him of the impossibility of establishing a lasting government on any other than a broad political basis. He therefore not only meditated a representative government for Prussia, after the model which Great Britain then furnished, and of which two Chambers were held by him to be a necessary element, but his plan embraced an extension of the suffrage then unknown in any existing monarchy. He further contemplated a kind of popular representation in the future federal assembly, which was to watch over the relations between the several States of the new Confederation, and between the princes and their subjects.

Such designs, however, for the constitution of a future Germanic body were at this time impracticable, for the ideas on which they were based were not generally spread amongst the people of Germany. The disposition of the Germans for the most part was to follow the will of their princes, and the latter could hardly be expected to waive their sovereignty at the good pleasure of Prussia, whose traditional system of aggrandisement appeared to be revived. Austria certainly wished that Napoleon should be crushed—but she could not admit the views of Stein without great limitation; and we thus find that Austria at the outset granted such conditions to Bavaria, that the secret thoughts of the Prussian leaders could never be realized.

The Proclamation of Kalisch (13 March, 1813) made known to Europe the principles upon which the Russo-Prussian alliance was based:—

‘The Confederation of the Rhine—that deceitful fetter with which the Disuniter (Napoleon), having first shattered Germany into pieces, bound it together afresh with utter disregard for its ancient name—that result of foreign constraint—that organ of foreign influence—cannot be any longer endured. . . . Thus at the same time are made known the relations which the Emperor of all the Russias proposes to maintain towards regenerated Germany and the Germanic constitution. As he wishes all foreign influence to be crushed, he proposes to keep a protecting hand over the work, the construction of which shall be left entirely to the princes and people of Germany. The more the original spirit of the German peoples is infused into its features and substance, the more youthful, vigorous, and united Germany will be, when it re-appears among the nations of Europe.’

The liberation of Germany from the French yoke was thus  
announced

announced to be the object of the two Allied Powers. Princes and peoples were exhorted to join the standard of the deliverers. Such as did not heed the exhortation within a certain time, were threatened with the confiscation of their lands. It was soon evident that Prussia was to be extended in North Germany—Russia in Poland—Austria in Italy. Prussia longed with open mouth for Saxony—Saxony sought the alliance of Austria—but Austria did not declare herself. Napoleon was victorious at the battle of Gross-Goerschen—where Scharnhorst, like Decius of olden time, devoted himself; and the King of Saxony was forced to bend to the will of the conqueror. Napoleon was victorious again at Bautzen; but he could not use his victories, and he found himself reduced to conclude an armistice (Poischwitz). England now stepped into the field with her subsidies (Treaties of Reichenbach, 14th and 15th June, 1813); and Austria came forward as a mediating Power at the Congress of Prague. The negotiations, as was to be expected, came to no result; and war was at length declared by Austria. The Treaty of Töplitz between the Courts of Berlin and Vienna laid down the end of the war to be the reconstruction of the Austrian and Prussian monarchies ‘sur l’échelle la plus rapprochée de celle où elles se trouvoient en 1805.’ The victory of the Allies at Leipzig decided the accession of the smaller German Powers to the Grand Alliance: Bavaria set the example by the Treaty of Ried (8th October, 1813). The provincial spirit, however, of the people was much stronger than the feeling of the new united Germany. But the Treaty of Ried satisfied this provincial spirit by the recognition of Bavaria in its existing form. The Austrian Grand Duke of Wurtzburg gladly followed the example of Bavaria—so likewise Saxe-Weimar. Then came the Sovereign of Wurtemberg, with a reluctant spirit—but he likewise was guaranteed the full enjoyment of his lately-acquired privileges. A mournful train of princes followed—Hesse-Darmstadt, Lippe-Deimold, Baden, Nassau, Saxe-Coburg, Hesse-Cassel, and the minor Houses of Saxony. The Allies meanwhile pursued the retreating enemy. Their proclamation at Francfort (1st December) breathed a spirit of moderation: it referred to the proposition of the previous 9th of November—that Napoleon should acknowledge the independence of Germany, Spain, Italy, and Holland—and that France should retain the frontier of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. The subsequent negotiations are too well known to require more than a cursory allusion to them. At Châtillon (3rd February, 1814) the frontier of 1792 was offered. Napoleon still declined. The Treaty of Chaumont (1st March, 1814) settled on a firm basis the common action of the Allied Powers. The capitulation of Paris followed before  
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the expiration of the month; and on the 11th of April Napoleon abdicated.

The preliminary arrangements for Germany were sketched out in the Treaty of Paris (30th May, 1814). It would seem, from a confidential note addressed by Count Nesselröde to the Plenipotentiaries of Austria and Prussia at Vienna (11th November, 1814), that a stipulation had already been made in the Treaty of Chaumont that Germany should be a federal state. No such stipulation, however, is found in the published version of the Treaty; but the Memoirs of the Minister Stein have thrown fresh light upon the subject, as it appears from them (p. 14) that Stein drew up a project for a federal constitution for Germany, which he communicated to Hardenberg and Count Munster, and subsequently submitted to the Emperor Alexander. It was probably an understanding at which the Three Powers on that occasion arrived, which was formally embodied in the Sixth Article of the Treaty of Paris—'Les états de l'Allemagne seront indépendans et unis par un lien fédératif.' Austria and Bavaria arranged at once their mutual frontier; but the general settlement of Germany was deferred to a Congress, which was to meet within two months at Vienna.

The Congress was opened in the November following. With the exception of those which affected France, almost all the great questions remained to be settled. The first, in which a severe struggle was to be apprehended, was the territorial reconstruction of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The question of the political reorganization of Germany proved to be of secondary consideration. It cannot be denied that many of the leading minds took a warm interest in the state of Germany, but they felt interested in proportion as each was interested in his own particular German country. Prussia, in one sense, identified the interest of Germany with that of Prussia, but it was in a similar sense in which Russia might consider the liberation of Germany to be a Russian question. Hanover and Hesse-Cassel, represented by Count Munster and Von Gagern respectively, feared that the new Germanic Union would only be a *Societas Leonina* between the great and the small States. Every prince, indeed, wished for an extension of territory. Many feared encroachments on their own newly acquired sovereignty. (Cf. Gagern, vol. ii. pp. 46, 47.)

The history of the Congress of Vienna shows clearly that the great difficulties were the questions of Poland and Saxony. The King of Saxony was the only German power, with the exception of two unimportant princes, Isenburg-Birstein and Leyen, who was excluded from the Grand Alliance. Russia and Prussia were closely united on these two questions. 'Du reste,' writes  
Gagern

Gagern on the 28th of September, 'j'ai lieu de craindre que la Prusse ne se jette trop dans les bras de la Russie.' Great Britain's first view of the Saxon question coincided with the wishes of Prussia, as may be gathered from a Memoir of Mr. Under-Secretary Cook's, quoted by Gagern, p. 63; but the correspondence of Lord Castlereagh with the Emperor Alexander amply testifies to the earnest desire of Great Britain to re-establish a Poland. Bavaria (the Prince de Wrede) declared 'qu'il mettrait toutes les forces de la Bavière à la disposition de la puissance qui voudrait sauver la Saxe;' Count Munster (Hanover), who is supposed to have had the secret of the British cabinet, whispered to Gagern 'qu'il ne fallait jamais sanctionner l'établissement des Russes en Pologne, même s'il fallait l'admettre;' and Lord Castlereagh himself stated to the Emperor Alexander, 'that he was not indisposed to witness with satisfaction his Imperial Majesty receive a liberal and important aggrandisement on his Polish frontier; that it was the degree and the mode to which he objected.'

The territorial question of the highest interest to Germany was, without doubt, that of Saxony. It was decided, as all other questions of importance, by a compromise. Prussia demanded the whole of Saxony. Russia seconded her. Great Britain supported the views of Prussia, but Austria (Metternich) resisted absolutely a complete union. The Austrian note of the 22nd of October (Cf. Gagern, p. 269) is highly instructive. Public opinion in Germany condemned the Prussian scheme. The bulk of the Saxon people pronounced against it. Prussia still persisted, in reliance upon the support of Russia. France, however, at last declared herself strongly against the combined project of Russian and Prussian aggrandizement. Prussia then began to draw back, and Austria pressed strongly against her as she reduced her demands. At last the alliance\* of the 3rd of January, 1815, was concluded between Austria, France, and Great Britain, and it was clear that the wishes of Western Europe must be deferred to in the proposed arrangement. After a course of protracted haggling Prussia gave way to Austria's last proposal, and the Saxon question was settled by the Treaty of Cession, 18th of May, 1815. Prussia, however, obtained compensation elsewhere.

It is well known that Poland was not re-established, but a Counterfeit was set up to satisfy the imagination of Europe. Stein and Pozzo di Borgo both protested against the reconstitution of the old Poland, as incompatible with the existence of the new

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\* The Secret Treaty between the three Powers, considered to be one of Talleyrand's master-pieces, fell into the hands of Napoleon on his return from Elba, and a draft of it was at once communicated to the Emperor Alexander. (Cf. Gagern, vol. iv. p. 25. Marten's *Nouveau Supplément*, i. p. 373.)

Russia. 'Si cette indépendance,' writes the latter in his Memoir to the Emperor Alexander, given in the Appendix to Tourgueneff, 'était un fait fondé sur un patriotisme solide et éclairé, en auraient-ils trafiqué pendant deux siècles d'une manière déhontée ? Quel gage a-t-on de leur sagesse et de leur incorruptibilité pour l'avenir ? Comment, s'ils étaient si bien préparés pour la forme de gouvernement qu'ils réclament, n'auraient-ils pas pris quelques mesures dans leurs rapports avec Bonaparte pour se constituer en nation et non en département militaire de la France ?' The question of the internal constitution of Germany was much discussed, but not so eagerly or so vehemently. The same interests were at stake—the Prussian, the Austrian, and that of the minor States. The five greater German Powers wished to arrange the matter among themselves, but in vain. Even these could not agree, much less could they exclude the minor States from a voice on the subject. The different ideas may be gathered from various sources, such as official protests and ministerial notes. The views of Stein may be collected from his Memoirs. He seems to have contemplated the organisation of Germany into a federal body politic, with a Diet and a Directory; the former regulating 'ses intérêts politiques, sa législation intérieure, ses institutions civiles et militaires;' the latter forming 'une magistrature qui dirige l'assemblée, qui veille à l'exécution de ses conclusions, à la conservation de ses institutions sociales, politiques, judiciaires, ou militaires.' The Directory was to be confined to the more powerful States, such as Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, and Hanover. The Diet was to be composed of deputies from the princes and the Hanse Towns, with an equal number of representatives of the Provincial Estates. It is impossible to read the Memoir of Stein without admitting the great foresight of the author, *e.g.* :—

'Il lui (*sc.* à la Diète) serait délégué le droit de faire la guerre et la paix au nom de la Fédération, et toutes les conséquences qui en découlent.—Les douanes intérieures, les prohibitions de marchandises entre les différents états de la Confédération, seront abolies.—Tout homme ne peut être jugé que par ses juges naturels; ne peut être détenu plus de quarante-huit heures sans leur être présenté pour qu'ils décident sur les causes de son arrestation.'

One might almost suppose that the spirit of Stein breathes at the present moment in the breasts of some of the members of the Francfort Parliament.

It appears clearly from the letter of Gagern (vol. ii. p. 46) that the *German party* had to contend, on the one hand, against the efforts of the two great Powers to establish a two-fold supremacy; on the other, against the instinctive dread on the part of the minor states

states lest their sovereignty should become a mockery. This feeling is apparent, not only in the discussion of fundamental principles, but also in all the subordinate questions, such as the federal tribunal; the constitutional rights of the members; how to establish an authority which might enforce its judgment against Austria and Prussia; how to lay down principles for the conduct of constitutional assemblies which should be applicable in the two greater States; how to console the lately created sovereigns for any seeming encroachment on their authority. The same difficulty presented itself in all attempts to organize a Customs-Union, as long as Prussia did not waive her supremacy in Northern Germany.

Let us examine now the official propositions. Prussia first proposed (September 16, 1814) that the two great Powers should enter into the Confederation with only a part of their territory—that there should be seven Circles, viz. Austria, Prussia, Hanover, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Hesse-Cassel. At the head of the whole Confederation there should be a Diet composed partly of a council of the heads of the Circles, who should exercise the executive; partly of an annual assembly, consisting of such princes as had more than 5000 subjects, the four free towns, and six representatives of the *mediatised* princes. In all cases where the two councils should not agree, the decision was to rest with the directorial Powers.

This proposition was soon amended. Prussia and Austria now proposed to accede with all their territories. Baden and Hesse were no longer to be heads of Circles. The council of princes was to be composed of the old families who reigned over more than 200,000 subjects. Some *collective* voices were given to the other houses and towns. Austria was alone to have the direction. This was the project of Prussia, Austria, and Hanover (October 14, 1814), which met with the approval of Russia, but was by no means acceptable to the minor German States. Neither Bavaria nor Wurtemberg, to whom it was communicated, would assent to it; and the smaller German Powers demanded by their representatives to have a voice in the arrangements. Baden would not have objected to the smaller States being excluded, if she had been admitted to a seat with the leading Powers; as it was, she joined the party of the Remonstrants, and Austria acceded to their demand.

After considerable discussion Prussia and Austria abandoned the circles, the division of the Diet into two councils, the grant of representatives to the *mediatised* princes. At last all the smaller States were admitted, and most of them were united in a project. Bavaria, however, was opposed to a federal Court, and

the recently-created Sovereigns were almost unanimous in opposing the proposed grant of constitutional rights, which Prussia had originated, and Austria, in conjunction with Hanover, had assented to under certain limitations. The Act of the Germanic Confederation was at last signed (June 8, 1815). The general principle upon which it was grounded was that of an union of sovereign independent States. It was 'ein völker-rechtlicher Verein,' an international league. Its object was specifically described in the second article of the Act to be the maintenance of the external and internal security of Germany, and of the independence and inviolability of the several German states. It has justly been observed by Tourgueneff (vol. i. pp. 25, 27) and by von Radowitz, that the great object of the friends of German unity was defeated by the terms upon which Austria had admitted the accession of Bavaria to the Grand Alliance. Still there were some principles admitted into the federal Act, which were at variance with the idea of the members of the Confederation being sovereign and independent. Certain rights of interference were recognised, and a federal Diet was established, by means of which measures might from time to time be carried which would knit together the various German interests.

The Diet had a twofold form. In ordinary matters it assembled in a close Council, consisting of seventeen votes; in extraordinary cases, where changes in the fundamental laws or questions regarding the federal Act itself were to be discussed, it resolved itself into a full Chapter (*plenum*) of sixty-nine voices, some of the States having one, some two, others three, and the six greater States severally four voices. Questions were commonly decided by the majority of votes—in the close Council by a simple majority, in the full Chapter by a majority of two-thirds; but in some cases unanimity was required, as in matters affecting the fundamental laws, the rights of individual States, or affairs of religion. The members of the Diet were clothed with a strictly diplomatic character. They were the plenipotentiaries of the respective States; each was bound by his instructions—none could act without them. In this respect the federal Act was quite at variance with Stein's project: 'Ces députés n'auraient point de caractère diplomatique; ils ne seraient pas mandataires, et seront renouvelés périodiquement tous les cinq ans par une-cinquième chaque année.'

The Federal Act was so general in its language that its true purport can only be ascertained by observing its actual working. It cannot be doubted that at the establishment of the Union the power of Germany was concentrated in the hands of Prussia and Austria. The latter State represented the old traditions of the Empire,

Empire, and Austrian influence was paramount with the *mediatised* party in each State. Prussia, on the contrary, owed her strength to the development of a policy of progress, which she had adopted after the peace of Tilsit; and now her military success was to be consummated by the establishment of free civil institutions throughout Germany, and the consolidation of an united Germanic people. The hopes, however, which were originally entertained from the activity of the Diet, were greatly disappointed. The 13th Article of the Federal Act had provided that there should be assemblies of Estates in all the countries of the Confederation. The smaller Powers which had been unwilling to cede one iota of their sovereignty to Austria or Prussia, were the first to introduce constitutional Estates,—for instance, Saxe-Weimar, Baden, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Hesse-Darmstadt. Prussia could not make up her mind. The hesitation of Prussia aggravated the political excitement throughout Germany. The spirit which had been evoked during the war was not yet allayed, and in the absence of any legitimate channel of practical activity the exuberance of feeling vented itself in irregular forms, which gave alarm to the more timid successors of the statesmen who had roused it into action. To what a degree the hopes of the great men who had contributed so much to the deliverance of Germany were disappointed, may be inferred from the language of Stein in 1817 :—

‘Tous ceux qui auraient pu le mieux travailler au bien-être de l’Allemagne se trouvent dispersés et impuissants; les plus justes espérances des Allemands sont anéanties. Et ces résultats sont tellement peu conformes aux événements qui les avaient précédés, qu’il n’y a que Dieu lui-même qui ait pu les amener.’—*Tourgueneff*, i. p. 426.

The sittings of the Diet had meanwhile been occupied with measures of no great importance. Some military institutions had been organized—some standing orders had been enacted for regulating the course of the proceedings—some resolutions had been passed as to a Court of Austregal-Instance, for settling disputes between the different sovereign princes. In 1819 the policy of hesitation made way for a policy of reaction. Austria and Prussia convoked a Congress at Carlsbad. The ministers of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg, Baden, Mecklenburg, Nassau, assembled under the presidency of the Austrian Minister, Prince Metternich. The minds of German statesmen were at this moment filled with strong apprehensions of revolutionary schemes; they were daily alarmed with rumours about secret rebellious societies. Twenty-three conferences were held (6-31 August). The governments of Austria and Prussia succeeded



ceeded at last in carrying their propositions in the Congress, and the ministers of ten German Courts did not hesitate at once to set aside the Confederation. The resolutions of Carlsbad were submitted for form's sake to the close Council of the Diet in the following month (20th September), and were carried the same day, in violation of the regular course of proceeding.

Our limits will not allow us to do more than allude to the subject of the resolutions. They referred mainly to the 13th Article of the Federal Act, which the common sense of the German people had interpreted to mean a representative government, something after the fashion of the English Constitution, but which the more subtle and practised intellect of the high German officials interpreted in a totally different sense. Unfortunately the popular view had received some confirmation in the establishment by the minor princes of Estates in several respects analogous to representative assemblies, and men's minds were not prepared to acquiesce in the broad line of demarcation, which was now declared to separate the German Landstände from Representative Estates. The other resolutions related to the discipline of the schools and universities, the censorship of the press, and the establishment of a Central Commission of Political Inquiry at Francfort. Henceforth the Diet was to be a mere machine for carrying out the resolutions of a particular section of the German princes—the most powerful section, it is true, but only a section.

On the same day on which the Federal Assembly adopted the resolutions of the Carlsbad Congress, it was resolved that the Diet should occupy itself with the constitution of a permanent federal Court, the international relations of the States in regard to peace and war, the federal fortresses, the military burthens, the facilitation of internal commerce. The Diet was thereupon prorogued for eight months, and the final Act of the Confederation was meanwhile prepared in ministerial conferences at Vienna. The draught of 15th May was formally adopted at Francfort on 8th June, 1820, but the name of the Final Act of Vienna (*Wiener Schluss-Acte*), by which it is generally known, serves to denote the influence under which it was drawn up.

One great change, which was effected in the constitution of the Diet by the Final Act, has been pointed out by von Radowitz. By the sixth and seventh articles of the Federal Act of 1815 it had been provided that two-thirds of the voices in a full chapter should constitute the majority in respect of ordinances affecting the general interests. It was now settled that in all matters of public interest, the utility of which should be acknowledged

ledged by the Diet, it should direct its endeavours to obtain the free and unanimous consent of all the various members of the Confederation. The effect of this was to give an absolute veto to either of the great Powers. It is true that a minor State would be equally entitled to exercise a veto, but the futility of the attempt is placed on record by the protest of the Danish Envoy at Berlin of April 3, 1848, in respect of the Duchy of Holstein.—(Cf. official documents annexed to the Chevalier Bunsen's Memoir.)

The spirit which dictated the resolutions of Carlsbad was soon directed to remodel the *personnel* of the Diet, in accordance with a report of May, 1822, attributed to the President of the Military Commission at Francfort, and generally known as 'the Note of Langenau.' (Cf. Welcker *Wichtige Urkunden*, p. 350.) The Diet thereupon underwent a purification, not precisely in the same abrupt manner in which Colonel Pride's Purge was administered to the Long Parliament, but with equally decisive effects; and the new President of the Diet, Baron Munch-Billinghausen, found no difficulty in imposing the behests of Austria upon a council from which all independent elements had been carefully eliminated.

From this period Prussia seems to have become alienated from Austria, and to have resumed a separate system of policy. Either she felt that the Diet would henceforth be a mere machine to register the ordinances of Austria, and that she could not hope to exert any active influence over its members—or she was convinced that Austria was committed to a system of repression, which would ultimately break down. The memoir of a Prussian statesman drawn up in 1822 is highly interesting. (Cf. Welcker, p. 356.) Prussia could not but be conscious that Austria and herself must move henceforth in diverging lines, unless she was prepared to abandon all her traditions since the peace of Hubertsburg. She therefore ceased to struggle for supremacy in the Diet, and left to Austria the odium of the initiative. Prussia was meanwhile to prepare herself *in case of the event* (im Falle des Ereignisses), which the editor of the 'Portfolio,' vol. ii. p. 354, strangely explains to mean 'the intervention of Russia at Constantinople,' but which does not require so refined an interpretation. The *event* was simply the cessation of the Austro-Prussian alliance.


Prussia was meanwhile to co-operate with Austria in completing the military organization of the Union, in combating the 'representative-democratic' system, in dissolving all separate connexions between the middle and minor States; but, at the same time, she was to prepare everything in such a manner that  
when

when a separation of Prussia from Austria should ensue, and a breaking up of Germany consequently take place (wenn einst eine Trennung Preussens von Oesterreich erfolgen und demzufolge eine Spaltung Deutschlands Statt finden sollte), a preponderating part of the Confederated States might declare itself for Prussia.

It will have been noticed, that the project of Stein contemplated the abolition of Customs-barriers between the different States of the Confederation. It appears further, from a memoir presented to the King of Prussia by Count Bernstorff in 1832, that as early as in the year 1816, in consequence of an unfavourable harvest, Prussia proposed to the Diet to establish perfect freedom of commerce in the necessities of life within the precincts of the entire Confederation; but her attempt to influence the Diet proved abortive. She determined, however, to carry the plan into execution between the separate parts of her own dominions by means of negotiations with individual States, and thus we find a series of treaties concluded between Prussia and the small States which separate her possessions on the Elbe from her Rhenish provinces, in the interval of 1819-1826, which resulted in the formation of the Prusso-Hessian Customs-Union. Deliberations had meanwhile been commenced at Darmstadt as early as 1820, between the Southern and Central States, apparently with a similar object of establishing a General Customs-Union. Dr. List claims the credit of having launched this idea in Southern Germany, where it was taken up with zeal. The subject was submitted to the Diet and brought before the Congress of Vienna in 1820, but still with no effect. The smaller States, however, in Central Germany found their separate lines of Customs-barriers so irksome, that they formed themselves, in 1826, into the Central Association of Thuringia, and in the course of the two following years Bavaria and Wurtemberg fused themselves with their various *enclaves* in a Southern Union. Overtures were then made by Prussia to all the states of the Germanic Confederation to unite in one general system of Customs, on the basis of the Prussian tariff, but the Southern States, from mixed political and commercial considerations, declined. Prussia thereupon, having already extended very considerably the Prusso-Hessian league, by means of her geographical position was enabled to cage up the members of the Bavaro-Wurtemberg Union, to which Saxony had acceded. The Austrian Prohibitive System on the one hand, and the Restrictive Tariff of France on the other, left them no outlet of any importance for their produce, and they consequently found themselves obliged at last to accede to the overtures of Prussia. The treaty of 22nd March, 1833,

The human voice only advanced nearer and nearer to its right sphere as the gradual growth of instruments below it drove it out of the subordinate place it had occupied for them. Hitherto the range of musical instruments had been confined to such as only accompanied the voice, and that in strictest unison, as the lute and the viol; or such as drowned it in noise, as the drum and trumpet. But now that wonderful mechanical factotum, which was, above all others, to emulate the gift of the human voice,—to give as much delight and almost as much pain—we mean the violin—was beginning to show promise of its exquisite power of wordless expression. In imitation of Louis XIV., Charles II. had brought over a band of four-and-twenty fiddlers, at the head of which was one Baltzar, a Lubecker, the Paganini of the day who played so wonderfully that sharp Anthony à Wood stooped down and looked at his feet, ‘to see whether he had a huff on’—though the supernatural consisted in only running a scale up to the finger-board and down again, ‘with great alacritie and in very good time, the like of which had never been heard in England before.’ Altogether the Restoration was a great epoch for the advance of English music. New organs were built, old composers held up their heads, anthems and Te Deums emerged from their hiding-places, and the cathedral service was restored in all its contrapuntal severity. But, in Dr. Tudway’s words, ‘His Majesty, who was a brisk and airy prince, coming to the throne in the flower and vigour of his age, was, if one may so say, tired with the grave and solemn way which had been established by Tallis, Bird, and others;—ordered the composers of his chapel to add symphonies, &c., with instruments to their anthems; and thereupon established a select number of his private music to play the symphony and ritornello which he had appointed. The old masters,’ he adds, ‘hardly knew how to comport themselves to such new-fangled ways,’ and continued to work on in the old fetters; but the number of young and excellent composers who sprang up—the most distinguished of them boys of the Chapel Royal—showed how much the King’s taste was in unison with that of the rising generation. The alteration in chamber music was no less important. His Majesty’s banishment had made him acquainted with the first lisplings of those sounds which were subsequently to mellow into the modern Opera. He loved the music of Lulli; he had acquired a conception of a certain grace and expression in tones befitting the words they were to depict; he wanted something to which he could beat time; in short, the merry monarch loved *a tune*, and small blame to him, but this was the last thing the old school ever thought of. The music of Matthew Locke’s ‘Macbeth’ is an excellent apology for his great patron,

on the Grand Duke, at Carlsruhe, and demanded liberty of the press, a burgher-guard, and trial by jury. The Grand Duke acceded to their demands, and summoned M. Welcker, the leader of the Constitutional Opposition, to his counsels. On the 1st of March similar scenes were witnessed at Hanau and Stuttgart. The Elector of Hesse-Cassel and the King of Wurtemberg in each instance followed the example of the Grand Duke. On the 3rd Cologne (Rhenish provinces) made a similar demonstration; on the 4th, Wiesbaden (Nassau) and Francfort; on the 5th, Dusseldorff; on the 6th a revolution took place at Munich; Saxony and Saxe-Weimar followed in the train. The same demands were everywhere made for the abolition of the laws of 1819 and 1832 against the press. In the mean time the Diet attempted to keep ahead of the movement. On the 3rd it resolved to abandon the idea of an uniform censorship of the press for all Germany, and to allow the several States to exercise a discretion subject to certain guarantees. The torrent, however, moved onwards with an impetus which the Diet could neither check nor outstrip. The citizens of Francfort assembled on the 4th; they demanded the repeal of all exceptional laws since 1819, unconditional liberty of the press, trial by jury, a burgher-guard, a general German Parliament, &c. &c. The States of Baden had already mooted on the 2nd instant the subject of a Representation of the States of the German Nation at the Diet, by which the means of obtaining a common German legislation and united National institutions might be secured; but it was not before the 5th that the foundation-stone was laid at Heidelberg, on which the new order of things has been set up. Fifty-one Germans of consideration—nearly all of them at that time members of the Chambers of Prussia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Hesse, Nassau, or Francfort, and some of them since distinguished amongst the leaders of the present German Parliament—assembled in the ancient capital of the Palatinate, and resolved unanimously that the freedom, unity, independence, and honour of the German Nation must be maintained by the co-operation of the people and the Governments; that Germany must not interfere with the political changes going on in another country, nor assist to rob other nations of their rights; that the safety of the Germans and their princes must be sought in the loyalty and courage of the Nation—not in a Russian alliance; that the assembling of a body of National Representatives elected by the whole Nation was urgent, in order to avert foreign and domestic dangers, and to develop the strength and vigour of the national life, &c. It was further determined to convoke a National Assembly, chosen out of the various German countries



countries according to the number of the population, which should be elected from amongst the former or present members of the various Chambers, to whom tried friends of freedom might be invited to join themselves. In the mean time a Committee of Seven (Binding, von Gagern, Itztein, Römer, Stedtmann, Welcker, and Willich) undertook to prepare the basis of the constitution of a German Parliament; and a preliminary Parliament was convoked for the 30th of March at Francfort.

The German Princes had by this time recognised the necessity of remodelling the Confederation, and seemed to wish to anticipate the meeting of the Parliament by measures of improvement. In the very first meeting of the Diet (8th March) it was declared that the old system was no longer tenable. The Envoy of Baden (Baron von Blittersdorf) proposed that the Diet should take measures to make itself really the organ of the Confederation, and should summon to its counsels a body of German Representatives, viz. seventeen persons who enjoyed public confidence, one for each vote of the Close Council. This proposal was at once acceded to, and Welcker, Jordan, Gagern, Wangenheim, Jaupp, &c., were invited to join the deliberations of the Diet. It was thought that this concession would allay the popular ferment and that the reform of the Confederation would be left as in former times to a Congress.

The storm had meanwhile burst upon Berlin and Vienna. The same day (March 13) witnessed a monster-meeting in the capital of Prussia, and the assembling of the Austrian Provincial Diet at Vienna. Conflicts between the people and the troops ensued in both cities. At Berlin a foreign regiment of rifles, natives of the Canton of Neuchâtel, deserted their colours—exhibiting in this respect a curious contrast to the fidelity of the Swiss guards of Louis XVI. and Charles X. At Vienna the army maintained its honour, but Prince Metternich retired; and on the 14th the city was handed over to the burgher-guard. On the 15th it was known that the Hungarians were preparing to march upon Vienna and support the movement; the Archdukes thereupon resigned, and a proclamation was issued conceding liberty of the press and promising a constitution.

The King of Prussia had meanwhile either vacillated or temporized, until the events at Vienna were made known at Potsdam.

The opportunity seemed now to present itself for Prussia to stand forth as the peculiar German Power and as the real Representative of Germany. Accordingly, on the 18th, the cessation of the Austro-Prussian alliance was made known by the following remarkable decree, by which Prussia sought to give the tone

to Germany, and to outbid the Constitutionalist party in the South-Western States :—

‘We, Frederick William, by the Grace of God.—When on the 14th of this month we convoked our faithful Estates for the 27th of April next, in order to adopt with them the measures for the regeneration of Germany which we desired to propose to our faithful allies of the Germanic Confederation, and which are also necessary for Prussia, we could not have supposed that at the same time great events occurring at Vienna would, on the one hand, essentially facilitate the execution of our projects, and, on the other, render their prompt execution indispensable. After these important events we believe it right to declare before all, not only before Prussia, but before Germany (if such be the will of God) and before the whole united nation, what are the propositions which we have resolved to make to our German confederates. Above all we demand that Germany be transformed from a Confederation of States into a Federal State. We admit that this supposes a reorganisation of the federal constitution, which can only be carried into effect by the union of the princes with the people; and that in consequence a temporary federal representation must be formed of all the States of Germany and be immediately convoked. We admit that such a federal representation renders constitutional institutions necessary in the German States, in order that the members of that representation may sit side by side with equal rights. We demand a general military system of defence for Germany, copied in its essential parts from that under which our Prussian armies have won unfading laurels in the war of liberation. We demand that the German army be united under one single federal banner, and we hope to see a federal general-in-chief at its head. We demand a German federal flag, and we hope that in a short time a German fleet will cause the German name to be respected on neighbouring and on distant seas. We demand a German federal tribunal to settle all political differences between the Princes and their Estates, as also between the different German governments. We demand a common law of settlement for all natives of Germany, and perfect liberty for them to settle in any German country. We demand that for the future there shall be no barriers raised against commerce and industry in Germany. We demand a general Zoll-verein, in which the same measures and weights, the same coinage, the same commercial rights, shall cement still more closely the material union of the country. We propose the liberty of the press, with the same guarantees against abuses for every part of Germany. Such are our propositions and our wishes, the realisation of which we shall use our utmost efforts to obtain. We rely with the fullest confidence on the co-operation of our German confederates and the entire German Nation; which we shall strengthen by incorporating into our States the Provinces which do not form part of them, as soon as, according to our expectations, the Representatives of those Provinces shall participate in those wishes, and the Confederation shall be disposed to agree to them. We hope that the realisation of our intentions

intentions will put an end to the anxiety which, to our great regret, at this moment agitates Germany, paralyses commerce and industry, divides the country, and threatens to give it up to anarchy. We hope that these measures will strengthen Germany in herself and make her respected abroad, in order that her united strength may furnish Europe with the firmest guaranty of a lasting and prosperous peace. But in order that the accomplishment of our intentions may suffer no delay, and that we may develop the propositions which we judge necessary for the internal constitution of our Estates, we have resolved to hasten the convocation of the United Diet, and we charge the Minister of State to announce that convocation for Sunday, the 2nd of April.'

The censorship was thereupon at once abolished, and all offences of the press were declared to be henceforth subject to inquiry before the ordinary tribunals.

Three days afterwards a proclamation 'to the Prussian People and the German Nation' announced that the King of Prussia had on that day (21st March) adopted the Ancient German National colours, and placed himself and his people under the honoured banner of the German Empire. 'From this day forward Prussia is fused in Germany—Preussen geht fortan in Deutschland auf' (Cf. Arnim, p. 45). The King further declared his resolution to convocate an united Diet of the Princes and States of Germany to deliberate upon 'the regeneration and the foundation of a New Germany.'

The South and West of Germany had, however, not remained inactive. On the 26th of March Heidelberg was once more the scene of a meeting hardly less important in its influence on the future course of proceedings than that of the 6th of March, inasmuch as it neutralized the efforts of the King of Prussia to take upon himself the guidance of the movement. Thirty thousand armed Germans assembled in the valley of the Neckar, like the Comitia of the Roman centuries (the *exercitus vocatus*) in the field of Mars. Here were grouped deputies from Munich, Augsburg, Nuremberg, Stuttgart, and Cassel, in company with citizens of Cologne, Coblenz, Mayence, Darmstadt, Carlsruhe, and Baden. It was the renewal of the Confederation of the Rhine in a popular form without the French element. No symptoms of political disunion manifested themselves on this occasion. Welcker, Mittermaier, Gervinus, and Hecker led the discussions, and Welcker's speech on this occasion may be said to have corrected the Republican bias of the movement. The meeting broke up, to assemble again at Francfort on the 30th.

Accordingly the Deputies who had been convoked to form the preliminary Parliament (Vor-Parlament) met at Francfort on the appointed day. On the 31st the ancient walls of the Römer echoed once more with the voices of a deliberative assembly.

Here



Here the programme of the Committee of Seven was read, and the order of proceeding as arranged by them was submitted to the Assembly. Mittermaier was chosen President. An animated discussion then ensued upon the question whether the Assembly should declare itself to be 'in permanence,' or should appoint a Committee of Fifty (*der Fünfziger Ausschuss*) to watch over the interests of United Germany, until the meeting of the Parliament. Hecker proposed that the Assembly should declare itself in permanence, as the only means of securing the confidence of the German Nation. Welcker advocated the appointment of a committee. Von Itzstein suggested a compromise which might secure both objects. The question was at last decided in favour of Welcker's motion by a majority of 368 to 148. It was further resolved that the Committee of Fifty should be empowered to communicate with the Diet, and to advise it in all questions of public policy, and that in case of urgent necessity it might again call the Assembly together.

The next proposition, that such members of the Diet as had taken part in any resolutions contrary to the Federal Act, should be henceforth excluded from it, led to a most violent discussion. Hecker and Struve, the leaders of the Republican section of the Assembly, threatened to withdraw if their proposition should not be carried. It was rejected, and they accordingly withdrew. But the President, Mittermaier, having received an assurance from Count Colloredo, the President of the Diet, that the obnoxious members would resign their seats, if they had not already done so, the Secessionists were induced to return to the Assembly. The schism however between the parties was complete.

The King of Prussia had meanwhile abandoned his scheme of a Congress of Princes and States at Potsdam. This intended German Congress, according to a semi-official statement in the '*Allgemeine Preussische Zeitung*' of 27th March, 'was prevented by the force of circumstances, which made it incumbent on the princes of Germany to remain in their respective States;' in other words, if the princes had left their capitals, it was extremely doubtful whether the gates would not have been closed against their return. The princes of South Germany most certainly declined to accede to the Prussian proposal, and the King of Saxony took the same view; they could not but be sensible that, if they met at Potsdam, they would be little more than an assembly of hostages in the hands of Prussia. The Prussian Government, however, sought to keep up the appearance of leading the movement by adopting resolutions similar to those already carried at Heidelberg. Prussia likewise, in the name of the princes of Germany, proclaimed their intention to hasten the con-  
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sideration of these points by increasing the Diet by seventeen men who enjoyed public confidence, and, as an earnest of her sympathies, announced that 'Prussia has chosen Dahlmann.'

On the 7th of April the Assembly at Francfort resolved upon a system of direct election for the Representatives of Germany in the future parliament, in the ratio of one representative for every fifty thousand inhabitants. Prussia had, however, prejudged the question, and the King had decreed that the Prussian United Diet should nominate the Representatives of Prussia for the Francfort Parliament. This act of contumacy on the part of Prussia elicited the strongest marks of disapprobation at Francfort, and the King of Prussia found himself under the necessity of cancelling the elections, in order, as M. Camphausen declared to the Berlin Diet (April 10th), 'to give aid and assistance to all that could promote the union of Germany.'

The schism between the Republican and Constitutional parties in South-Western Germany had now become open and inveterate: armed movements were set on foot by the Republicans in several parts of Baden; Hecker raised his standard at Constance, Struve at Eberlingen; the former failed at the outset, the latter was partially successful, but only for the moment. Herwegh likewise appeared at the head of a German Republican Legion in Alsace. The 20th of April brought with it momentous results for Germany, as the occurrences of that day turned the scale against Republicanism. The burgher-guard at Berlin declared themselves on the side of order, whilst the insurgents in Southern Germany under Hecker and Struve were routed by the troops of the Diet, and stained their cause with the blood of General von Gagern. On the 25th Herwegh and his followers were dispersed by the troops of Wurtemberg, and the Republican insurrection was for this time at an end.

We can at present notice only in the briefest manner the subsequent course of events. It should have been stated that the Committee of Fifty had admitted on the 5th of April six representatives of Austria amongst its members. On the 12th a deputation from Austria arrived at Francfort, consisting of Count Auersperg, Professor Endlicher, and six others. The Committee received the deputation with the most distinguished welcome. Austria, however, did not commit herself heartily to the proceedings; on the contrary, at a much later period the 'Vienna Gazette' announced that Austria could not undertake to accept beforehand the resolutions of the approaching Parliament at Francfort.—During this interval the seventeen 'men of confidence' who had been called in to advise the Diet had been diligently employed in preparing a project of a constitution for the German people, which they submitted for approval on the 26th of April.

Its

Its outline embraced an hereditary Emperor, two legislative Chambers, and a responsible Ministry. The members of the Lower Chamber were to be elected by the people at large, the electoral bodies being divided into districts of 100,000 souls. Francfort was to be the seat of Government. Schleswig, Posen, and Istria were to be incorporated into the Empire. The current of public opinion set strongly against this plan, more particularly against the proposal of an hereditary Emperor, and the constitution of the Upper Chamber, which was to consist of all the existing German sovereigns, and a further body of their nominees. —Circumstances had meanwhile caused the meeting of the Parliament to be deferred from the 1st to the 18th of May. On the latter day it assembled at Francfort. A message from the Diet was thereupon read, in which that body, after offering its congratulations, expressed its desire to co-operate with the Representatives of the Nation. On the following day Heinrich von Gagern was elected Interim President, and von Soiron, who had been the President of the Committee of Fifty, Vice-President of the Assembly. The interval until the 28th of June was occupied with arrangements as to the mode of transacting business, the verification of the elections, and a protracted debate as to the constitution of the Central Executive. On the 28th it was resolved that the Provisional Central Power should be committed to an Administrator of the Empire (*Reichs-verweser*), to be elected by the Parliament, himself irresponsible but with responsible Ministers. It was further carried by a majority of 510 to 35, that the functions of the Diet should cease on the Provisional Central Power coming into operation. On the 29th the Assembly proceeded to the election of an Administrator of the Empire, and by a great majority pronounced itself in favour of the Archduke John of Austria. On the 12th of July, the anniversary of the extinction of the ancient Empire by the secession of the Rheinbund, the Arch-duke was installed at Francfort. He received shortly afterwards a deputation of the Diet, consisting of the President, the Envoys of Wurtemberg, Hanover, and the Free Towns, and proceeded with them to the palace of the Confederation. An address of congratulation was there read to the Regent by the President of the Diet, who, after enumerating the various functions of his office, formally in the name of the States of the Confederation deposited his power in the hands of the Central Provisional Government, and declared that the functions of the Germanic Diet had ceased.

The curtain may here be allowed to drop, as the system of 1815 retires from the stage. We propose, however, to resume the subject in our next Number.

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ART. VII.—1. *Geschichte der Europäisch-Abendländischen oder unserer heutigen Musik, von dem ersten Jahrhundert des Christenthums bis auf unsre Zeit.* Von R. Kiesewetter. Leipzig, 1846.

2. *The Quantity and Music of the Greek Chorus.* Discovered by the Rev. W. W. Moseley, A.M., LL.D. Oxford, 1847.

3. *Mozart's Leben.* Von A. Oulibichef, Ehrenmitglied der Philharmonischen Gesellschaft in St. Petersburg. Stuttgart, 1847.

4. *The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence.* By Edward Holmes. 1845.

IN attempting to define the sister arts of Music and Painting, we should say, broadly, that the one is supplied from inward sentiments, the other from outward observation : therefore, that in presenting them to the comprehension and enjoyment of a race of beings compounded of body and spirit, the art consists in giving to music a form, and to painting a soul ; that it is an argument both of our earthly and heavenly natures, that music must be materialised and painting spiritualised to fit them for our service, since only a higher order of beings can be supposed to partake of their ineffable beauties in their abstract essence, and converse with art as they do with truth, face to face. We mean no comparison of the relative value and beauty of these two arts, feeling sure that, however distinct their lines of light may appear to us here, they unite in one radiant point beyond our sight, though visible to true artist faith. Nor are we less assured that each art is equally favourable to that purity of life and high spiritual attainment to which all great poetic gifts are intended to contribute as a subordinate but still divine revelation ; but inasmuch as the process of music is necessarily from within to without, as the very depth of its source requires it to pass through so much of this earth before it reaches the surface of our perceptions, music is of all others that art which is more especially placed at the mercy of mankind. The painter, when he has completed his picture, rests from his labour—it requires nothing further at his hands. It stands there in silent independence, needing nothing but the light of heaven to convey it to the organ by which it is admitted to the mind. But the offspring of the musician is born dumb—it reaches no ear but his own, and that a mental one—it has to appeal to others to give it voice and being. Men and women, subject to all the caprices and corruptions of their kind—and those of the mere material musician are among the meanest in the world—wood and wire, and brass and catgut, liable to every variation of the atmosphere, are indispensable to its very existence ; and thus the composer and his

his composition are separated by a medium which too often reflects dishonour, though falsely so, on the art itself. As Guido, in the prologue to his *Antiphonarium*, bitterly says of those who for centuries were the only instruments of music, namely singers,—

Musicorum et Cantorum  
Magna est distantia :  
Isti dicunt—illi sciunt,  
Quæ componit Musica :—  
Nam qui facit quod non sapit,  
Definitur Bestia.

It is a strange thing, the subtle form and condition of music. When the composer has conceived it in his mind, the music itself is not there ;—when he has committed it to paper, it is still not there ;—when he has called together his orchestra and choristers from the north and the south, it is there—but gone again when they disperse. It has always, as it were, to put on mortality afresh. It is ever being born anew, but to die away and leave only dead notes and dumb instruments behind. No wonder that there should have been men of shallow reasoning powers or defective musical feelings, who in the fugitiveness of the form have seen only the frivolity of the thing, and tried to throw contempt upon it accordingly. But in truth such critics have hit upon the highest argument in favour of the art ; for how deep, on the contrary, must be the foundations of that pleasure which has so precarious a form of outward expression ;—how intensely must that enjoyment be interwoven with the Godlike elements of our being, in which mere outward sense has so fleeting a share ! The very limitation of its material resources is the greatest proof of its spiritual powers. We feel its influence to be so heavenly, that, were it not for the grossness of our natures, we should take it in not by the small channel of the ear alone, but by every pore of our frames. What is the medium of communication when compared with the effect on our minds ? It is as if we were mysteriously linked with some spirit from the other world, which can only put itself *en rapport* with us, as long as we are here, through a slight and evanescent vibration of the air, yet even that all-sufficient to show the intensity of the sympathy.

‘ Whence art thou—from what causes dost thou spring,  
Oh Music ! thou divine, mysterious thing ? ’

We ask the question in vain, as we must ever do when we would follow paths which lose themselves in the depths of our being. We only know and only can know of music that its science is an instinct of our nature—its subjects the emotions of our hearts—that at every step we advance in its fundamental laws we are but

but deciphering what is written within us, not transcribing anything from without. We know that the law which requires that after three whole notes a half note must succeed, is part of ourselves—a necessity in our being—one of the signs that distinguish man from the brute, but which we shall never account for till we are able to account for all things.

As to the hackneyed doctrine that derives the origin of music from the outward sounds of nature, none but poets could have conceived it, or lovers be justified in repeating it. Granting even that the singing of birds, the rippling of brooks, the murmuring of winds, might have suggested some ideas in the gradual development of the art, all history, as well as the evidence of common sense, proves that they gave no help whatsoever at the commencement. The savage has never been inspired by them: his music, when he has any, is a mere noise, not deducible by any stretch of the imagination from such sounds of nature. The national melodies of various countries give no evidence of any influence from without. A collection of native airs from different parts of the world will help us to no theory as to whether they have been composed in valleys or on plains, by resounding sea-shores or by roaring waterfalls. There is nothing in the music itself which tells of the natural sounds most common in the desolate steppes of Russia, the woody sierras of Spain, or the rocky gleus of Scotland. What analogy there exists is solely with the inward character of the people themselves, and that too profound to be theorised upon. If we search the works of the earliest composers, we find not the slightest evidence of their having been inspired by any outward agencies. Not till the art stood upon its own independent foundations does it appear that any musician ever thought of turning such natural sounds to account; and—though with Beethoven's exquisite Pastoral Symphony ringing in our ears, with its plaintive clarionet cuckoo to contradict our words—we should say that no compositions could be of a high class in which such sounds were conspicuous.

The connexion between sound and numbers is a fact which at once invests music with the highest dignity. It is like adding to the superstructure of a delicate flower the roots of an oak of the forest. Far from being a frivolous art, meant only for the pastime of the senses in hours of idleness, it would seem to be of that importance to mankind that we are expressly furnished with a double means of testing its truth. The simple instinct of a correct ear and the closest calculations of a mathematical head give the same verdict. Science proves what the ear detects—the ear ratifies what science asserts—instinct and demonstration coalesce as they do with no other art:—for though the same species of

identity exists between the rules of perspective and the intuition of a correct eye, yet the science in this instance is neither so profound nor the instinct so acute. The mere fact that music and mathematics should be allied is a kind of phenomenon. One can hardly believe how Euclid and Jenny Lind should have any common bond of union; but deep in the secret caverns of the mind the materials from which both are supplied mingle in one common source, and the paths which have conducted a Galileo, a Kepler, and a Herschel to the profoundest abstractions the human mind is capable of, have started from the sweet portals of musical sound.

But the natural history of music is full of wonders. Wherever we look into its inherent elements we are met by signs of precautionary care. It is as if the Giver of all good gifts had presided over the construction of this one with especial love, fencing it round with every possible natural security for its safe development, and planting them among those instincts we have least power to pervert. The sense of *time* is alone a marvellous guarantee—a conscience which no other art possesses in the same measure—the order which is music's first law—the pulse which regulates the health of the whole impalpable body—the first condition of musical being—an invisible framework in which the slippery particles of sound are knit together for action—a natural regularity which we can only bear to hear transgressed from the pleasurable suspense in which the mind is kept for its return; for the suspensions in the musical world, unlike those in the moral, have the blessed property of never bringing disappointment in their train. How deep the sense of time implanted in the human breast, when the mere motion of a little bit of stick, and that not governed by any piece of nicely-constructed mechanism, but by the sole will of one capricious dandy, can supply it in ample abundance to an orchestra of five hundred performers! But the true timist is time all over—his outward man is one general conductor—eye, ear, or touch are alike susceptible to the electric fluid of true musical measure—you may communicate it to him by the palms of his hands or the soles of his feet. One can hardly imagine a state of corporeal infirmity or mutilation which could render him insensible to this law. He may be blind or lame, he may be paralysed from head to foot, or may have left half his limbs on the field of battle, it matters not—while he has sufficient body left to house his mind, the sense of time will not desert him.

The readiness with which the memory lends itself to the service of music is another standing phenomenon peculiar to her. By what mysterious paradox does it come to pass that what the  
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mind receives with the most passivity it is enabled to retain with the most fidelity—laying up the choicest morsels of musical entertainment in its storehouses, to be ready for spontaneous performance without our having so much as the trouble of summoning them? For not even the exertion of our will is required: a thought—aye, less than a thought—the slightest breath of a hint is sufficient to set the exquisitely sensitive strings of musical memory vibrating; and often we know not what manner of an idea it is that has just fluttered across our minds, but for the melody, or fragment of a melody, it has awakened in its passage. By what especial favour is it that the ear is permitted a readier access to the cells of memory, and a steadier lodging when there, than any of the other organs? Pictures, poetry, thoughts, hatreds, loves, promises of course, are all more fleeting than *tunes*! These we may let lie buried for years—they never moulder in the grave—they come back as fresh as ever, yet showing the depth at which they have lain by the secret associations of joy or sorrow they bring with them. There is no such a pitiless invoker of the ghosts of the past as one bar of a melody that has been connected with them. There is no such a sigh escapes from the heart as that which follows in the train of some musical reminiscence.

With all this array of natural advantages—science to endow her—instinct to regulate—memory to help her—what is it after all that Music can do? Is the result proportionate to her means? Does she enlighten our views, or enlarge our understandings? Can she make us more intelligent or more prudent, or more practical or more moral? No, but she can make us more *romantic*; and that is what we want now-a-days more than anything else. She can give us pleasures we cannot account for, and raise feelings we cannot reason upon: she can transport us into a sphere where selfishness and worldliness have no part to play; her whole domain, in short, lies in that much abused land of romance—the only objection to which in real life is that mankind are too weak and too wicked to be trusted in it. This she offers unreservedly to our range—with her attendant spirits, the feelings and the fancy, in every form of spiritual and earthly emotion, of fair or fantastic vision, stationed at the portals to beckon and welcome us in. But if she cannot captivate us by these means, she tries no other. She appeals neither to our reason, our principles, nor our honour. She can as little point a moral, as she can paint a picture. She can neither be witty, satirical, nor personal. There is no Hogarth in music. Punch can give her no place on his staff. She cannot reason, and she cannot preach; but, also, she cannot wound, and she cannot defile. She is the most innocent companion of the Loves and Graces; for  
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real romance is always innocent. Music is not pure to the pure only, she is pure to all. We can only make her a means of harm when we add speech to sound. It is only by a marriage with words that she can become a minister of evil. An instrument which is music, and music alone, enjoys the glorious disability of expressing a single vicious idea, or of inspiring a single corrupt thought. It is an anomaly in human history how any form of religion can condemn an organ; for it could not say an impious thing if it would. 'Every police director,' as Hoffmann says in his *Phantasie Stücke*, 'may safely give his testimony to the utter innocuousness of a newly invented musical instrument, in all matters touching religion, the state, and public morals; and every music-master may unhesitatingly pledge his word to the parents of his pupils that his new sonata does not contain one reprehensible idea'—unless he have smuggled it into the dedication. Music never makes men *think*, and that way lies the mischief: she is the purest Sanscrit of the feelings. The very Fall seems to have spared her department. It is as if she had taken possession of the heart before it became desperately wicked, and had ever since kept her portion of it free from the curse, making it her glorious avocation upon earth to teach us nothing but the ever higher and higher enjoyment of an innocent pleasure. No means are disproportionate to this end.

How fortunate that an art thus essentially incorrupt should reign over a greater number of hearts than any other. If poetry and painting have their thousands, music has her tens of thousands. Indeed we should hardly deem that man a responsible being whose heart had not some weak point by which the voice of the charmer could enter; for it enters his better part. Not that it is possible to form any theory of the class of minds most susceptible of her influence—facts stop and contradict us at every step. The question lies too close at the sanctuary of our being not to be overshadowed by its mystery. There are no given signs by which we can predicate that one man has music in his soul, and another has not. Voltaire is commonly stated to have been a hater and despiser of the art of sweet sounds; but there is perhaps as much evidence against the assertion, as for it, in his works. Grétry says of him that he would sit with a discontented face whilst music was going on—which, considering what French music was in his time, might argue not a worse ear than his neighbours', but a better. But granting Voltaire had no musical sympathies in him, and it goes against our consciences to think he had, his friend and fellow-thinker, Frederick of Prussia, had them in a great degree; and a man as unlike both as this world could offer, the late Dr. Chalmers, had none at all—except,

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of course, that he liked a Scotch air, as all Scotchmen, by some merciful provision of nature, appear to do. Then it may seem natural to our preconceived ideas that such a mind as Horace Walpole's should have no capacity for musical pleasure; but by what possible analogy was it that Charles Lamb's should have just as little? How came it to pass that Rousseau, the worthless ancestor of all Radicals, was an enthusiastic and profound musician—while Dr. Johnson, the type of old Toryism, did not know one tune from another; or that Luther pronounced music to be one of the best gifts of Heaven, and encouraged the study of it by precept and example, while Calvin and Knox persecuted it as a snare of the Evil One, and conscientiously condemned it to perpetual degradation in their churches? All we can say is, that the majority pay her homage—that it is one of her heavenly attributes to link those natures together whom nothing else can unite. Men of the most opposite characters and lives that history can produce *fraternise* in music. If Alfred loved her, so did Nero; if Cœur de Lion was a sweet musician, so was Charles IX.; if George III. delighted in all music, especially in that of a sacred character, so did Henry VIII.; if the hero of our own times, the motto of whose life has been *duty*, is musical both by nature and inheritance, his antagonist Napoleon at least hummed opera tunes. Oliver Cromwell bade a musician ask of him what favour he pleased. John Wesley remonstrated against leaving all the good tunes to the Devil. Every private family could quote some domestic torment and some domestic treasure, alike in nothing else but in the love for music. There is no forming any system of judgment. There is no looking round in a concert-room and saying in one's heart, these people are all of one way of thinking—they are all intelligent, or all humane, or all poetical. There is no broad mark: young and old, high and low—passionate and meek—wise and foolish—babies, idiots, insane people—all, more or less, like music. At most there are some who are indifferent, or fancy themselves so, as much from want of opportunity as of taste—some who don't care for bad music, and never hear good—if so hard a lot can be imagined—but there is only one class of men who *condemn* it, and those are fanatics; and there is only one order of beings, according to Luther, who *hate* it, and those are devils.

But

‘If Music and sweet Poetry agree,  
As needs they must, the sister and the brother,’

it is among the poets that we shall find the most invariable appreciation of the art of numbers. And what a row of undying names rise at the mere suggestion—all bound up with melodious associations,

associations, who have done due homage to the power of sound; and been in just return linked for ever with her most exquisite productions—thus sending their immortal ideas in double channels to the heart! Shakspeare, whose world-hackneyed mottos come over our minds with freshened power and truth, as we seek to analyse what he at once defined—nowhere with such instinctive truth as in the words he has put into Caliban's mouth—

‘The isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not;’—

Milton—music-descended—who when the chord of sweet sound is struck, dwells upon it with such melting luxuriance of enjoyment, exalts it with such solemn grandeur of feeling, and clothes it with such sounding harmony of verse as makes us feel as if an earlier Handel might have been given to the world, if a previous Milton had not been needful to inspire him;—old Cowley too, who asks the same question all have asked—

‘Tell me, oh Muse! for thou, or none, canst tell  
The mystic powers that in bless'd numbers dwell’—

though he goes on, in the fantastic metaphor of the day, to relate how Chaos first

‘To numbers and fix'd rules was brought  
By the Eternal mind's poetic thought;  
Water and air He for the tenor chose,  
Earth made the bass, the treble flame arose;’—

and Dryden, who overflows with love for the art, and has left in *Alexander's Feast* a manual of musical mesmerism never to be surpassed. Who will not think of Collins—and his death listening to the distant choir of Chichester?

Yet from many poets music receives only that conventional homage which one art pays to another. We need hardly recall Pope's poetry—nor Swift's—nor Goethe's—to know that she had no zealous worshippers in them—all men of better heads than hearts, who understood the feelings more by a process of anatomy than by sympathy. Others again feel the contingent poetry attending particular music too much to be real enthusiasts for the music itself. Byron loved the music that came to him ‘o'er the waters.’ Burns was too much possessed with the ‘tuning of the heart’ to have any cold judgment about that of the voice. Scott loved the hum of the bagpipe, and would have liked the beating of the tom-tom had it been Scotch—though the verse of each has been as much a fund of inspiration to the musician as if, like Moore, they themselves could have sung as well as they have written. We should question Mr. Wordsworth's musical sympathies—direct or indirect. The materials of his poetry  
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are not akin to music. We do not long to set his deep thoughts to melody—they leave nothing unexpressed for the musician to say. No poet who has been so much read has been so little sung. Nor does music in her turn seem to inspire him with poetry :— he tells us, for example, of the *Ranz de Vaches*—

‘I listen, but no faculty of mine  
 Avails those modulations to detect,  
 Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect  
 With tenderest passion.’

A musician might have said this—a mere musician—but, we confess, we are rather puzzled with it from so true a poet.

It is curious to observe in this, as in every other art, how the two extremes combine the greatest number of admirers. Handel and Jullien hold the two ends of the great net which draws all mankind; the one catching the ear with the mere beat of time—the other subduing the heart with the sense of eternity. But it is in the wide territory between them that the surest instincts must be tried. Here, there are amateurs of every shade and grade, some learned in one instrument, others infatuated for one performer—some who listen ignorantly, others intelligently, but both gratefully, to whatever is really music—others again, conspicuous as musical wickedness in high places, who care for none but their own. Doubtless some acquaintance with the principles of the art, and practical skill of hand, greatly enhance the pleasure of the listener; but still it is a sorrowful fact that the class of individuals who contentedly perform that species of self-serenade which goes by the ominous title of ‘playing a little,’ are the last in whom any real love for it is to be found. There is something in the small retailing of the arts, be it music, painting, or poetry, which utterly annihilates all sense of their real beauty. There is a certain pitch of strumming and scraping which must be got over, or they had better never have touched a note.

Apparently the highly-gifted and cultivated amateur, on the other hand, is one of the most enviable creatures in the world. Beauty must always dazzle, and wealth buy; but no disparity in the respective powers of attraction ever strikes us as so great as that which exists between the woman who has only to lift her hand, or open her mouth, to give pleasure, and her who sits by and can do neither. But we know that superiority of all kinds must have its penalties, and none more keenly felt than in the ranks of private musical excellence; and though the first-rate amateur may command all the higher enjoyments of the art, without those concomitants of labour, anxiety, and risk which devolve on the professed artist—though she may be spared all the hardships

hardships and many of the temptations which lie so thick in the path of her professional sisters, yet the draught of excitement is pernicious to all alike, and one which we instinctively shrink from seeing at the lips of those we love. Not that we would disparage such a position. It is, and always will be, an enviable one to be able to confer pleasure at will, and generally a lovely and becoming one in the person of a woman. We know, too, that there are cool heads and pure hearts who can innocuously breathe the incense of admiring crowds, and who walk humble, though unwilling, Juggernauts over every form of adulation—little as it is usually believed of them; but even such, in the universal equalisation of human happiness, have their trials, and keen ones too—and, among them, that of perpetually feeling their better selves overlooked in the homage paid to an adventitious gift, is an unfailing humiliation to a delicate mind.

Upon the whole we are inclined to think that the most really enviable partaker of musical felicity, the one in whom the pleasure is most pure for himself and least selfish for others, is he who has no stake of vanity or anxiety in the matter—but who sits at overture, symphony, or chorus with closed eyes and swimming senses—brightens at major keys, saddens at minors—smiles at modulations, he knows not why,—and then goes forth to his work next morning with steady hand and placid brow, while ever and anon the irrepressible echoes of past sounds break forth over desk or counter into jocund or plaintive hummings, as if the memory were rejoicing too much in her sweet thefts to be able to conceal them. Happy hummings these for wife or sister, to whose voice or piano he is for ever a petitioner for pleasures it is a pleasure to give, and who lead him with ‘that exquisite bit of Beethoven’ as with a silken string.

We should hardly say that an ear for melody is the highest criterion of a taste for music. It sets heads wagging, and feet tapping—sends the ploughman whistling forth, and takes many a stall at the Opera; but we suspect it is rather the love of harmony which is the real divining-rod of the latent treasures of deep musical feeling. Grétry danced when a child to the sound of dropping water, foreshowing perhaps in this the light character of his taste and compositions; but Mozart, it is well known, when an infant of only three years old, would strike thirds on the clavi-chord and incline his little head, smiling to the harmony of the vibrations. Nothing proves more strongly the angelic purity of music than the very tender age at which the mind declares for it. No art has had such early proficient, and such eager volunteers, and no art has so surely performed in manhood what it promised in infancy. All the greatest musicians—Handel, Haydn, Bach, Mozart,

Mozart, Mendelssohn (it seems not Beethoven, however),—were infant prodigies. There seems to be nothing to dread in prematurity of musical development—it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength in natural concord: when we see a child picking out airs on a piano, or silent at a concert, we may rejoice in our hearts.

It is difficult to imagine how a Greek\* child could ever evince its natural predilection for music—those two chief elements of the art which test the highest and the lowest grade of musical inclination, time and harmony, being alike unknown to them. The whole Greek world, it would seem, and many centuries of the Christian, never advanced so far even as the knowledge of those harmonious thirds which the little Mozart instinctively enjoyed. We seek in vain for any indications of that which we feel to be the real nature of music and its purpose as regards the human heart. They either used it outwardly as a mere sing-song enhancement of that luxurious pleasure which all Orientals take in story-telling or verse-reciting, or they sought for it inwardly as an abstract thing on which to try their powers of thought, and not their springs of emotion. They ascertained the existence of a deep science in music before they suspected a deeper instinct. They studied her grammar before they knew her speech. Instead of combining her tones in fulness of harmony, they split them into divisions incognisable to our modern ears. They loaded her with a complex theory in which no indication of a right system can be traced; and then made her over to the study of philosophers and the performance of poets, without suspecting that there was a realm yet undiscovered independent of both. To define what ancient music was, seems, by the confession of all who know anything of modern, to be as hopeless as it is a thankless task. To living ears there is more real music to be found in the first organ tune that strikes up under our windows than in all the fragments of soft Lydian measures that have been deciphered.

It would be absurd, however, to measure the void occasioned among the people of ancient Greece by the absence—even if total—of real music—by that which would ensue under the same circumstances to us. What void could there be with such a language as theirs, which held music, as it were, in too close an embrace for her to have any independent action? Had there been less melody in their speech and verse, there would have been more room for music as a separate art. Music and poetry seem in some combination or proportion to have supplied a certain measure of enjoyment to every cultivated people; but where poetry itself had such power as with the Greeks, it may justly be supposed that what *we* call music would

would not be missed. In the most glowing days of Italian poetic imagination there was, comparatively speaking, no music; and even the best music of modern Italy has never been able to disengage itself from the sweet melody of its language—they have flowed together in natural affinity—the word *Addio* is a song in itself. Only in that nation where the language is hardly musical enough even to be spoken, has music raised her voice independently; and how exquisitely! Whether this theory be true or not, however, it is certain that ‘in the Isles of Greece where Sappho loved and sung,’ that which we now call music was so unknown, that were old Timotheus to rise from the dead we imagine no change or development in modern civilisation could astonish him so much as that in the art of music. He would be delighted with our post-office—interested in our railroads—ashamed of our oratory—horrified at our public buildings, but dumbfounded at our musical festivals.

The most ingenious theory we have met with on the subject of Greek music is that propounded in Dr. Moseley's few pages. Taking into consideration the total disparity between the effect of the ancient specimens of melody, when transposed into our modes of notation and performance, and that so enthusiastically commented on by contemporary writers, this gentleman has sought for an explanation of the riddle in a manner of execution dependent entirely on the rules of rhythm and quantity. The choruses of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* he found, upon examination, to be divisible into lines of seven syllables each. Coupling this with the fact of there being seven notes in the Greek Diatonic Scale, and seven alternate singers of *Strophe* and *Antistrophe*, he has come to the conclusion that the music of the Greek chorus, like that of the Russian horn-band of the present day, might probably be performed on the principle of a note to each person: thus producing an effect of which, under any other circumstances, the meagre skeletons of melody that have been handed down would give no idea. The theory is curious, and might be met by an inquiry into the origin of that peculiar horn-music—belonging as it does to a country where nothing truly national goes back less than a thousand years, and where the earliest form of ritual music is preserved as strictly in the commonest church as it is in the Pope's chapel itself. Many will superficially attribute it to that simple relation of master and slave which may degrade a man to a mere note, or any other form of the cipher it pleases; but we are not disposed to look upon it in that light. Setting aside the circumstance that the idea was too ingenious to have proceeded from any Russian czar or boyar before the time of Catherine the Great, in whose reign  
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the Russian horn-music was well known, we must own that we see no degradation in it at all. The man of one note has as much to do, to say the least, as many a brother horn in our orchestra, who patiently bides his time through intervals of fifty bars, and far more scope for his sense of time and expression—in which the proficiency of the Russian hornist is marvellous. His instrument may have but one note, but so have others, and his note has the merit of being indispensable to the piece. If D or G be ill, all are stopped. The case, however, of the Greek chorister is not strictly parallel. According to this hypothesis he represents not only one note, but one syllable; and, in a people whose instincts for poetical accent were so acute that they compelled even that of music to bow before them, it is difficult to imagine how such a division of labour could produce the requisite effect.

At all events it may safely be accepted that to the development of that art which charms modern ears and hearts, all the labours of Greek musicians never contributed one iota; but on the contrary, greatly clogged its progress—everywhere raising up before the timid gropers after musical truth a wall of false theory which they had not the courage to pull down. We are apt, and no wonder, to look upon the Greeks as more than men in matters of art. It is as well that painted statues and enharmonic intervals remain to prove their fallibility. Mr. Kiesewetter opens his *History* with a decided repudiation of their musical services:—

‘It is a preconceived and deeply-rooted opinion that our present music has been perfected upon that of the Greeks, and that it is only a further continuation of the same. Authors, even of our own times, talk of *the revival of ancient music in the middle ages*. True, there was a period when the music of the Christian West sought counsel with that of the Heathen East, and the decisions of Greek writers were looked upon as the source of all true musical inspiration; but the fact is that the later music only prospered in proportion as she disengaged herself from the earlier, and then first attained a certain degree of perfection when she had succeeded in throwing off the last fetters, real or conventional, of old Hellenic doctrine. There had been long nothing further in common between them but the mere fundamental elements of tone and sound. Even had ancient Greece continued to exist for two thousand years more, no music, in any way analogous to ours, could possibly have proceeded from her. The systems in which the art was bound, the purposes for which she was used, the very laws of the State regarding her, offered unconquerable impediments to her development. The old Greek music perished in its infancy, an interesting child, but one predestined never to arrive at maturity. For the human race her fall was no loss.’

The first few centuries of the Christian era have transmitted no sounds to posterity. We know nothing of the low chanting  
which



which echoed in the catacombs of Rome; which Constantine listened to, and which St. Ambrose reformed. We have no idea on what the beautiful musical tradition of St. Cecilia was founded. There is no proving whether the music of the day was borrowed from the choruses of the idolatrous Greek, or the hymns of the unbelieving Jew, or whether, in the exclusiveness of early Christian feeling, it was independent of both. Not till the end of the sixth century is the silence broken with the Gregorian chants, which rise up from the vast profound of the past like solemn heralds of a dawning world of sound—pure, solemn, and expressionless,—like those awful heads of angels and archangels we discover sometimes in rude fresco beneath the richer colouring and suppler forms of a later day. It was these chants, it may be supposed, given in the thrilling tones of young singing boys, whom the Popes had already trained in their service, that melted the great heart of Charlemagne when on a visit to Hadrian I., and caused the importation of the antiphonal books into the monasteries of middle Europe.

But the course of true music was not to run smooth. It lay too deep at the human heart not to be subjected to every human caprice. Strange theories of concord were propounded and laid down by old monks, themselves probably hard of hearing, which, if ever performed in presence of their brethren, must have made them bless the thickness of their cowls. No convent penance, Mr. Kiesewetter remarks, could have exceeded that ‘sweet commixture of sounds’ compounded of consecutive fourths and fifths, which good Thibaldus, who died 930, so complacently announces in his ‘Organum.’ We listen to the specimens he gives with that contraction of the brow and wincing of the nerves with which we see a child place a pencil upright on a slate, and know what must ensue before we can prevent it. This ingenious discord was partly the result of a revived respect for the doctrines of Boethius—a disciple of the Greek theory of music, in the fourth century, who unfortunately suffered martyrdom after he had written those commentaries which have been the curse of all musicians, instead of before; and also partly from the state of the times. We might be tempted to ask how such a perversion of the common use of what is called *ear* could have occurred; but we must remember that the science we were boasting of a few pages back, has here to be taken into consideration. If music united the double importance of an art and a science too, she had to struggle with the difficulties and vicissitudes of each. As an art she had very little chance till her science was defined, and as a science she had to run the gauntlet of the same tedious scholastic absurdities which accompanied the course of all knowledge in those days.

days. Theories were her bane, as they have been the bane of every system of ethics and physics. Even the celebrated Guido of the eleventh century, whose name has come down to us as one of the early musical fathers, seems to our ears to have done but little towards developing the pleasing properties of the art—for though he invented the sol fa, or the art of solmisation, and is said, like another Mainzer, to have taught Pope John XX. to read music in one lesson, yet the harmonies thus admitted to the pontifical ears were such as any of Mr. Mainzer's fifteen hundred little choristers, if all accounts of them be true, would have repudiated in one grand unison of horror.

The history of music was destined in some measure to be analogous with that of poetry. While learned men, in the silence and abstraction of their closets, were perverting her from a pleasure to a problem, occasionally sending forth some discordant torso of sound, laboriously fabricated all wrong upon the profoundest theories of right, a wild growth of sweet sounds had sprung up spontaneously in the world without, which, casting off all doctrines and trusting only to a native sense of what was pleasing, spoke the vulgar tongue intelligible to all ears. It was the Troubadours who first directed music in the way she should go, as the expression of all those feelings which belong to romance—it was they who released her from the tyranny of schools, from the uncongenial fellowship of chemistry, logic, and the black art, and the tedious homage of pedantic old monks, with cold hearts and cracked voices. It is true they knew nothing of the monochord or tetrachord, save what all musical ears know without being aware of it. They had never studied the law of vibrations—nor looked into Boethius or Thibaldus; but they followed the art with instinct of heart and ear, wooed her with skill of finger and voice, and devoted her to the service of the gentle and fair, who were satisfied with '*des mots bien trouvés et des sons bien chantés*,' and never troubled their heads about any theory of sound. Meagre as is the music of the Troubadours' songs, we feel that they contain the germ of that which the Greeks never sought after, and the convent never suspected. In the specimens Burney gives of the Chanson de Roland and the Complaint of the Châtelain de Courcy, indications both of military fire and lover-like pathos are to be traced; and in a song by Thibaut, king of minstrels and of Navarre, there is a passage upon the words '*et pleurs, et plains, et soupirs*,' which, even at this day, a young lady with long curls would be requested to repeat.

The world was now fairly possessed with the sweet infection. The stream of melody flowed steadily on, to be joined in due time by those mighty tributaries of measure, harmony, invention, modulation,

lation, pathos, and grace, which have swelled it to that fulness of tide all civilized Europe now rejoices in.

The Church, meanwhile, true to her conservative system, took no note of the changes in musical feeling that were going on without her walls—till about a hundred years later, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, she discovered that a nightingale, not a cuckoo, had been surreptitiously fostered in her holy nest—to the great scandal of the venerable fathers, who are shocked at the introduction into the service of such rapid notes as the semi-breve and the minim, and rather ungraciously compare the effect of an *appoggiatura* to that of a hiccup! There was nothing, however, to excite their alarm: far from indulging in any wanderings; Music had sown her wild oats, and was now ready to go to school. She had felt what she could do, and like all children of true promise was anxious to strengthen her powers on the basis of correct knowledge. The sense of harmony, or the mingling together of two or more voices, had given rise to the science of counterpoint, or the art of arranging sounds correctly, and this again developed fresh secrets in harmony, till in the stiff, timid, and ingenious fugues of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, we feel that the art is going through those careful exercises which alone could give her a solid foundation. Kyries, Sanctuses, and Te Deums now rise up before us like the early pictures of the Virgin and Saints, all breathing a certain purity and austere grace, and all marked with that imperfection which naturally belongs to the ecclesiastical modes or keys of the day—and yet an imperfection which gave them a kind of solemn beauty, as if they were too holy to stoop to please. The secular music partook of the same rigidity—invention was held in suspense, whilst principles were being established; any meagre traditional melody serving to arrange in harmony, as any sentence does to decline in grammar, till the music that kings and nobles ‘called for,’ as the old dramatic phrase goes, was such as one wonders how they could possibly take any pleasure in.

Music having thus become again rather an exercise of study and patience, and this time on the right road, than a test of melodious gifts, was more cultivated as a necessary portion of a gentleman’s education than it has ever been since; for though its difficulties were never drier, they were of a kind any head could overcome. There is that too in the nature of correct harmony which suffices to give pleasure to the mind independent of any exertion of invention, as any skilful combination of colours gives delight to the eye independent of all subject. Charles V. studied music, as well as Henry VIII., whose well-known motett ‘*Quam pulcra est*’ is still occasionally performed at Westminster Abbey, and

and is not, as Burney says, 'too masterly or clear for the production of a royal dilettante.' The composers of Queen Elizabeth's time may be considered as the best examples of the use and beauty of the art of counterpoint. Their ideas move easily and naturally within its limits, and as we listen to the sober harmonies, though involved mechanism, of the anthems of that day—presented to us, however, we must remember, with full organ accompaniments and other improvements—our ears are pleased and satisfied, not so much from any real sympathy with this species of composition as from the sense of its being something perfect of its kind. We feel '*l'ingrat chef-d'œuvre d'un bon harmoniste*,' as Rousseau unjustly calls the fugue, to be the *architecture* of music. We follow the streams of sound as they meet and cross in stiff regular forms, as we do the ribs of a groined roof, feeling how each gives equal strength and support while separated, and all return again into the firm tonic chord, as into a massive perpendicular shaft.

The instrumental compositions of that day are not so interesting, in some measure, because we hear them performed more strictly in their original forms; we want 'the pealing organ' and 'full-voiced quire below' to enhance their slender attractions. The pieces for keyed instruments to be found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book show only that habit of complication and contrivance acquired in writing for several voices, which was out of place in a different sphere of expression—overloading the old airs, which they still chose as themes rather than be at the trouble of inventing new ones, with dry unmeaning intricacies—and cramping the fingers with such a crowd of clumsy difficulties as her maiden Majesty could have had no chance of overcoming unless she had abdicated on purpose. And not even then—according to the account of Signora Margarita, wife of Dr. Pepusch, to whom the Virginal Book belonged:—for she, after her own abdication of the English stage, spent great part of her life in trying to master the first piece in the volume, and failed. Whether the disciples of Liszt and Thalberg, who climb the mountains and plunge the deeps with a hardihood and celerity which old Drs. Bull and Bird never dreamt of, even in a nightmare, would find these compositions the same *pièces de résistance*, we know not: but it is more than probable they would; for variety and scope, instead of increasing difficulties, have eased them, and there is no performer who does not know that the navigation of a few close crusty notes is a far greater test of skill than all the voyages to the North and South Poles that can be executed in the open sea of an eight-octaved modern piano.

The Reformation cannot be said in any way to have materially  
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influenced the progress of music, which took the same course in England for about a hundred and fifty after it as in Italy. The preservation of the Church in England saved us from that total degradation of the art and questionable benefit to religion which some Reformers placed among the chief conditions of their worship. The fashion of singing the Psalms prevailed nowhere more than in France; and at the very time that pious people were objecting to the fantastic and inappropriate style of sacred music which had obtained in our church, the Council of Trent were protesting against the same in that of Rome, and—but for the interposition of Palestrina's genius—might have cut off one of her chief sources of edifying enthralment.

In truth, the art of contrapuntal harmony had fulfilled its mission—and in those complicated efforts at effect which at this time pressed it beyond its legitimate powers, a struggling sense of invention may be traced. The only way to keep up the purity of the sacred style was to give the growing feeling for music freedom elsewhere; accordingly, counterpoint stepped out of the church into the world in the form of the madrigal, which was first transplanted from Italy, and immediately fastened itself upon the English taste. From this foreign root sprang up again a number of native varieties in the cheerful race of round, catch, and glee, all exercising real science in their composition, and satisfying at the same time the conceit-loving humour of the times. But we must not overlook the better reason which made this species of music popular among our forefathers, and we trust will keep it so among our descendants. It agreed with the domestic habits which have ever characterized old England. It suited that best of all clubs—a large family party; it was welcome to that best of all earthly abodes—a good old country-house. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, could all take a part in this domestic chorus; and on joyous occasions, when sons returned to the paternal mansion, and married daughters met again beneath the roof from which they had gone forth, the old glee-book was pulled out and spread on their knees, and long-separated voices mingled again in 'hey-down a-down,' or perhaps in a solemn Latin canon. Who has not experienced the beautiful moral of this class of music, when, by the request of some revered elder in the family, the modern Italian trio or quartet—beautiful as it is—has been forsaken for some old English glee, and a voice feeble and low, but sweet and true, has chimed plaintively in; while, in the silence that followed, both age and youth have felt that there was something in such music which 'linked each to each in natural piety'?

It is pleasant to turn over the leaves of such an old collection,  
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and muse on their words of deep national significance. There is a regular declaration of English rights and principles in them, with their sound piety, broad fun, perfect liberty of speech, and capital eating and drinking. One may look upon them as a stronghold of moral as well as musical principles during that gloomy interregnum when the enemy of all sweet sounds—puritanism—triumphed in the land, and when the 'psalms of David were raised by a perverse generation rather as songs of revolutionary ferocity and rebellious self-conceit than as expressions of prayer and praise. The most valuable collections of 'catches, rounds, and canons, for three and four voices,' were cautiously circulated during the Protectorate: and deep in the retirement of many such a house as Woodstock the prayers for the Restoration and the practice of 'profane music' were kept up together.

In this stage there would seem to have been no scope or use for the powers and beauties of a single voice. As the human voice was the first of all instruments, so the early composers appear to have availed themselves of it only as such, performing their pieces literally upon it, without any reference to its intrinsic qualities of expression. But we need not search history to be sure that the gift of an exquisite voice could never have left its errand unfulfilled; that hearts could never have remained deaf to the beauties of a rich bass or liquid soprano, or to the still more moving speech of those two other voices the alto and tenor, which, in their deep pathos and full sweetness, seem each to have stolen their highest charm from the other. We may be sure that Rizzio and Chatelard were both beautiful singers, and that when their voices were silenced in early and bloody graves, there were others who followed to sing their songs, if not their fates. We need only remember Milton to be sure that there were voices then, as now—

'Such as the melting soul do pierce  
In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out'—

voices which, like that of the lady in 'Comus'—

'Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,  
And stole upon the air'—

voices, according to Dryden—

'So great, so small, yet in so sweet a note,  
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.'

What they sung we know not: beautiful things, we are convinced; but which, as the irregular offspring of the art, have found no place in its great genealogical tree.

The human voice only advanced nearer and nearer to its right sphere as the gradual growth of instruments below it drove it out of the subordinate place it had occupied for them. Hitherto the range of musical instruments had been confined to such as only accompanied the voice, and that in strictest unison, as the lute and the viol; or such as drowned it in noise, as the drum and trumpet. But now that wonderful mechanical factotum, which was, above all others, to emulate the gift of the human voice,—to give as much delight and almost as much pain—we mean the violin—was beginning to show promise of its exquisite power of wordless expression. In imitation of Louis XIV., Charles II. had brought over a band of four-and-twenty fiddlers, at the head of which was one Baltzar, a Lubecker, the Paganini of the day who played so wonderfully that sharp Anthony à Wood stooped down and looked at his feet, ‘to see whether he had a huff on’;—though the supernatural consisted in only running a scale up to the finger-board and down again, ‘with great alacritie and in very good time, the like of which had never been heard in England before.’ Altogether the Restoration was a great epoch for the advance of English music. New organs were built, old composers held up their heads, anthems and Te Deums emerged from their hiding-places, and the cathedral service was restored in all its contrapuntal severity. But, in Dr. Tudway’s words, ‘His Majesty, who was a brisk and airy prince, coming to the throne in the flower and vigour of his age, was, if one may so say, tired with the grave and solemn way which had been established by Tallis, Bird, and others;—ordered the composers of his chapel to add symphonies, &c., with instruments to their anthems; and thereupon established a select number of his private music to play the symphony and ritornello which he had appointed. The old masters,’ he adds, ‘hardly knew how to comport themselves to such new-fangled ways,’ and continued to work on in the old fetters; but the number of young and excellent composers who sprang up—the most distinguished of them boys of the Chapel Royal—showed how much the King’s taste was in unison with that of the rising generation. The alteration in chamber music was no less important. His Majesty’s banishment had made him acquainted with the first lisplings of those sounds which were subsequently to mellow into the modern Opera. He loved the music of Lulli; he had acquired a conception of a certain grace and expression in tones befitting the words they were to depict; he wanted something to which he could beat time; in short, the merry monarch loved *a tune*, and small blame to him, but this was the last thing the old school ever thought of. The music of Matthew Locke’s ‘Macbeth’ is an excellent apology for his great patron,

patron, the 'airy prince:' and though it scarcely exceeds the range of two octaves, nor the measure of a minim and crotchet, will still set every grey head or elderly bonnet in a hall wagging with pleasure.

But the real and substantial reasons for this step in music are, as we have hinted, not so much to be found in the schools of composers and ears of princes as in the improvement of instruments. The experiment of doubling the parts by accompanying the voices in a madrigal or glee with an equal number of instruments, each in unison, of course, with its vocal partner, led to the discovery that the instruments expressed the music quite as well without the singers as with them. The song for four voices accordingly became the quartet for four instruments. This opened the way to all concerted music, and concerted music gradually filled the orchestra. But though the close partnership of instrument and voice in unison was thus dissolved, it was formed again immediately on more advantageous principles. Instruments began to be made use of not merely to swell the volume of sound, but to increase the beauty of the harmony. A trio, duet, or even solo, thus sustained, or, as the natural and technical word is, *accompanied*, was found to produce an effect grateful to all musical ears. The voice was thus set free to avail itself of its great human prerogative—the expression of words—and in this lay the germ of all dramatic music. Nor were the severer provinces of the art, which it had been the labour of generations to establish, at all endangered, but, on the contrary, immeasurably benefited by these changes. The improvements on the organ had, indeed, mainly contributed to them, but while, in its own unrivalled majesty of combined and sustained notes, it at once did the work of a whole quire of human voices, it provided a far statelier home, and the only natural one, for the utmost efforts of the fugue.

The first idea of the monody or single accompanied song is said to have originated in the last lingering reverence for the name of Greek music. It was at the house of Giovanni Bardi, Conte di Vernio, in Florence, where the chief literati of the day, about 1590, were accustomed to assemble, that the nature of Greek art, and the possibility of reviving its dramatic effect, were frequently discussed. These conversations made a profound impression on the mind of Vincenzo Galileo, father of the astronomer, and himself a distinguished musician; so much so, that he was induced to arrange a scene from Dante for the compass of his own voice, with an accompaniment for the lute. The experiment was received with great applause; other musicians hailed the idea; some applied it to sacred music—some to secular;



secular ; and in the same year, 1600, the first oratorio, *L' Anima e il Corpo*, composed by Emilio di Cavaliere, was performed at Rome, and the first opera, *Euridice*, by Peri and Caccini, was performed at Florence. Thus after the world had been for centuries misled by the false theory of Greek music, its true *idea*, we are assured, made due atonement by at last pointing the way to the highest intentions of the art. We confess, however, that we have our doubts about giving it all this honour. Music was just then seeking for fresh food, and could hardly have overlooked that which the emotions of every heart suggested. The revival, if any, was just as probably that of the spirit of the Troubadours, which, after having been at a careful school for four centuries or so, now returned endued with all the resources of a sound science. Vincenzio Galileo, we fancy, would have sung a scene from Dante to the music of his lute, whether Greek dramatic art had been discussed in his presence or not, for the time was come for this order of music to arise. At all events the true electric spark was kindled, it matters not from what natural or accidental heat, and that in the passion-charged atmosphere of Italy ; and in Venice alone, between the years 1637 and 1700, according to Mr. Kiesewetter, no less than seven theatres were built, and 357 different operas performed.

But in accepting that magic word *Opera*, we must separate it from most of those accessory ideas which now follow in its train, till the art itself is hardly seen for the halo which surrounds it. There was little of that vocal skill and dramatic power with which rival performers are now competing before rival courts ; there was little of that varied fulness in the music in which every passion of the heart now finds some echo : on the contrary, an old opera, with its '*dialogue psalmodisé*,' as the French describe it, with its airs, few and far between, accompanied solely by a meagre bass, with a so-called ritornell played by violins between the parts, and a chorus at the end, was a kind of thing which required a previous course of counterpoint to give it a relish. As to the dramatic effect, we may guess what that must have been, when, so late as the last century, Italian and English performers repeated their parts in the same opera in their respective languages. Such as the opera was, however, it was as much as the heads of the day could stand. It is not the music but the enthusiasm it excited we must compare, and this was as much in Lulli's time as in Rossini's, and more still, if it be true that the audience used spontaneously to join the performers in singing the choruses.

Music had now begun to feel her own powers. Her whole mission upon earth as an expression of the feelings and the fancy, which

which had hitherto been mysteriously kept in the background till the code of her actual principles had been laid down, was now clear to her comprehension. Hitherto words had been considered as the necessary interpreters of what sounds meant; now sound began to tell its own tale, as the language of the soul itself—something that all nations were to understand alike, ‘*car celle qui sait exprimer la nature est de toutes les nations.*’ Each walk of art now sent forth its musical ambassadors, commissioned to treat with every mood of the human heart. Monteverde, Carissimi, and Stradella, in Italy, opened fresh veins of treasure in dramatic art; Alessandro, Scarlatti, and Lotti improved on their steps; Gasparini and the patrician Marcello added softer graces to church composition; Frescobaldi exalted the organ; Corelli endowed the violin; Lulli, Rameau, and Grétry, with their ballet-like melodies, successively seized upon the national characteristics of French taste; Domenico Scarlatti and Sebastian Bach, with their stern gymnastic exercises, strengthened every joint and muscle of musical invention. The German Hasse was adopted by the Italians—the German Glück was adored by the Parisians—in England Purcell entered through the door which the Restoration had opened, and Handel’s mighty tread took up where his lighter step left off—while, for the whole musical world at large, the coming of Haydn announced that of Mozart, as the song of the redstart shows that the nightingale is near.

It is not our intention to pretend to follow the genealogy of musical progress any further. Its generations tread now too closely on each other. The rulers and vice-rulers of the world of sound, voices and instruments, mingle and cross in too intricate a maze of mutual circulation and imitation; families and countries marry and intermarry too nearly, till, with the same principles to guide it, the same cypher to express it, and the same instruments to interpret it, it may be truly said that the literature of music exhibits some of the subtlest and deepest distinctions between country and country.

In the nationalities of modern music—and by modern we mean the best, for the meridian of the great masters is but just past—we are aware that our own land does not take a distinguished part. But if, since the early death of Purcell, England has produced but few native composers of eminence, we may be satisfied in remembering that she has adopted more than any other country. It may be said without presumption that in no other respect is the national pride and prejudice so utterly forgotten as in our taste for music: nowhere does the public ear embrace a wider range of musical enjoyment and knowledge; nowhere do the various professors of musical art find fairer hearing or  
better

better pay. We have been brought up, as Mr. Rogers says, 'in the religion of Handel.' Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven are household names among us. We have been learning to like the Italian Opera for the last 150 years at an insane cost. The English musical festivals have been the first in the world both in time and in excellence, and in them the finest achievements of Spohr and Mendelssohn have first found a hearing; while at the same time our solemn cathedral services have preserved the worship of the beautiful English anthem, and some faithful club in every provincial town kept alive the practice of our native glee and madrigal. The English, it must be remembered, do that homage to the fire of Italy and the thought of Germany which neither does to the other. An Italian cannot appreciate the intellectual depths of a German symphony: a German cannot follow the impetuous declamation of an Italian recitative. Handel, in the mouths of most Italian singers, is clothed in a false costume; and as for a thorough-paced German female singer interpreting a solo of Rossini's, we would as soon make it over to an English oysterwoman.

We look with most pride on our national appreciation of Handel. We pensioned him as soon as he appeared, and kept him. The French starved poor Mozart, and dismissed him. Why should not the latter have become the same musical benefactor to them as Handel has been to us? Such encouragements are repaid a hundred fold into our bosoms. What adopted stranger ever deserved the gratitude of a whole people more than Handel does ours? What genius ever gave pleasure of a higher and purer kind to a larger number of our countrymen than that of the mighty master has done, and is ever doing?—for here alone his music is played as he intended it to be—here alone the tradition of his teaching has never been lost sight of—here alone, therefore, his power really tells. He lived long enough among us to become acquainted with the religious depths of genuine English feeling, and gave it a rich endowment and true echo. We feel, on returning from hearing the 'Messiah,' as if we had shaken off some of our dirt and dross—as if the world were not so much with us. Our hearts are elevated, and yet subdued, as if the glow of some good action or the grace of some noble principle had passed over them. We are conscious of having indulged in an enthusiasm which cannot lead us astray—of having tasted a pleasure which is not of the forbidden tree, for it is the only one which is distinctly promised to be translated with us from earth to heaven. Who is there of any sound musical taste, or fair musical opportunities, with whom one or more of Handel's solemn sentences of mixed musical and religious

ligious emphasis is not laid by among the sacred treasures of his memory, to refresh himself with when weary? Milton's verse in the 'Christmas Hymn' seems a prophecy Handel was sent to fulfil—

' For if such holy song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold,  
And speckled vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould :  
And hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.'

George III.'s enthusiastic love for Handel seems to us the second best example he set his people—his own righteous life being the first. We almost feel as if Handel's sacred music would have reproved the French of infidelity, and enticed the Scotch from Presbyterianism; though perhaps the French crusade would have proved the more successful of the two, for of all the fancies of a fretful conscience which liberty of opinion has engendered, that which many excellent people entertain on the subject of sacred music seems to us the most perverse. It is useless arguing with those who mistake a total ignorance of the sacred things of art for a higher sense of the proprieties of religion, and who, if they consistently follow up their own line of argument, must class Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and indeed all those whose powers have been of that high order which only the highest themes could expand, as so many delegates of Satan mysteriously permitted to entrap man to his fall through his loftiest instincts of beauty and reverence—as if, alas! he had not enough to ruin him without that. For those who forge the temptation are the real foes. There is no reasoning with those who think it wrong to be edified except when in actual worship, and wicked to praise God in any music but such as is ordinary enough for the whole congregation to join in. Human nature is a strange thing—never a greater puzzle perhaps than when it conscientiously abjures one of the few pure pleasures with which the hands of virtue are strengthened here below.

The mistake consists in ever bringing such matters into the bondage of religious conscience, instead of leaving them to the liberty of mere feeling. At most the objection can be but relative. 'To him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean'—not to others; therefore let him not require the same abstinence from them. But we confess that we are not inclined to be so tolerant with that objection against the private character of the performers, which, in default of all real argument against  
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the music, is so triumphantly brought forward. We do not admit that the work is to be condemned in the workman, or the art in the artist. At the same time, if there be any line of life the members of which invariably give occasion for scandal, it is but natural and right that it should fall into disrepute. But this is not the case with music. Of course, if we employ foreigners, we must expect them to offend our canons of morality as much in the profession of music as in any other calling. But this does not apply to our sacred performances. There the parts are, with rare exceptions, filled up by our own countrymen and countrywomen, who, as far as human judgment can decide, are as blameless in their lives and conduct as those who hear them, or those who do not.

As regards the composers, we are unwilling to believe that any ever attempted to express the awful truths of sacred subjects without hearts attuned to the task they had undertaken. Handel was jealous when the bishops sent him words for anthems, as he felt it implied his ignorance of the Holy Scriptures. 'I have read my Bible'—said he,—'I shall choose for myself;' and his selection was better than theirs. Haydn wrote at the commencement of all his scores 'In nomine Domini,' or 'Soli Deo Gloria;' and at the end of them, 'Laus Deo.' 'When I was occupied upon the Creation,' he says, 'always before I sat down to the piano I prayed to God with earnestness that he would enable me to praise Him worthily.' We may perhaps damage this anecdote by adding that whenever he felt the ardour of his imagination decline, or was stopped by some insuperable difficulty, he rose from the pianoforte and began to run over his rosary—but it was a method, he says, which he never found to fail. Mozart composed his Requiem with the shadow of death upon him, feeling it to be a solemn duty which he must work while there was still life to fulfil; and who is there that can hear it without the sense of its sublimity being enhanced by the remembrance of its being the work of the dying for the dead?

It is not possible to conceive that any religious compositions should exceed those of Handel in true sublimity. There is something which tells us that a majesty of music surpassing his is not to be heard in the flesh. We feel that the sculptured grandeur of his recitative fulfils our highest conception of Divine utterance—that there is that in some of his choruses which is almost too mighty for the weakness of man to express,—as if those stupendous words 'Wonderful! Counsellor! The Prince of Peace!' could hardly be done justice to till the lips of angels and archangels had shouted them through the vast Profound in his tremendous salvos of sound: and yet that, though the power of such passages might

might be magnified by heaven's millions, their beauty could hardly be exalted. We feel in that awful chorus 'And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,' that those three magical notes which announce in claps of thunder 'That all flesh—shall see—it, toge—ther,' might better belong to an order of ethereal beings, with *wings*, that they might rise spontaneously with the sounds, than to a miserable race who are merged in clay and chained to earth, though they feel they hardly stand upon it when they hear them.

Mozart brings no such overpowering sensations. His music man can sing and listen to, and none but man. It is the very voice of humanity—poor, prayerful, supplicating, wretched humanity, with folded hands and uplifted eyes—'Dona eis requiem—salve nos'—the words have not more intensity of prayer than the music. His *Agnus Dei's* are wrung from full hearts, unable of themselves to help themselves. We feel it is music in sympathy with beings who know themselves to be fallen, and yet the heirs of immortality—that he has invented for his fellow-creatures another medium of appeal against the trials and temptations of this life—nay, that his music might be turned into an argument for purgatory itself, and tempt many to believe that it could help them beyond it. The distinction between Mozart and Handel is that given in Dryden's ode: the one raises a mortal up to heaven, the other brings an angel down.

A whole Bridgewater treatise might have been not unworthily devoted to the wonderful varieties of keys alone, and their providential adaptation, as we may say without presumption, to the various moods of humanity. A composer is now helped so far forward on his road; the ground-colour is ready laid which is to pervade his whole work. It is for him to choose between the daylight of a major key, or the soft twilight or murky gloom of the minor: to feel whether he wants the earnest, honest, grand matter of fact of the natural key, or the happy, fearless, youthful brightness of the key of G, or the soft luxuriant complaint, yet loving its sorrow, of A flat. He knows whether he requires the character of triumphant praise given by two sharps, as in the Hallelujah Chorus by Handel, or the Sanctus and Hosanna of Mozart's Requiem;—or the wild demoniacal defiance of C minor, as in the allegro of the Freischütz overture; or the enthusiastic gladness of four sharps, as in the song of *Di Piacere*;—or the heart-chilling horror of G minor, as in Schubert's Erl King and all the Erl Kings that we have known. He knows what he is to choose for anxious fears, or lovers' entreaties, or songs of liberty, or dead marches, or any occasion, in short, which lies within the province of music—though exceptions to these rules must occur  
to

to every amateur, in which the intense feeling of the composer seems to triumph over the natural expression of the key. That most solemn of all human compositions, the Dead March in Saul, is not only in the full common chord of the natural key, but modulates through the lively keys of G and D—a magnificent device for implying the depth of the sorrow by the triumphant strength of the consolation. The andante to the Freischütz overture, too, has a deep shade of melancholy over it, which we could hardly have supposed reconcilable with the natural key it is in.

A change of key is the most powerful engine in the hands of a musician; it is the lifting of a curtain, or the overshadowing of a cloud; it is the coolness of a deep forest after the heat of the plain; it is the sudden hurling from the throne to the dungeon; it is the hope of life after the sentence of death; every modulation is a surprise, a warning, a tantalising to the heart. We cannot bear the monotony of one key long, even the most joyful—

‘Prithee weep, May Lilian;  
Gaiety without eclipse  
Wearieth me, May Lilian.’—

We long for ‘a mournful muse, soft pity to infuse.’ Nor can we bear perpetual modulation; every mind instinctively feels this when, after following a restless recitative from key to key, touching many but resting in none, till the ear seems to have lost all compass and rudder, the full dominant and tonic chord comes gratefully to the rescue, and leads us slowly and majestically into safe harbour.

The varieties of time too, as far as they go, are as magical in their influence: we look upon those mysterious cyphers standing at the entrance-door of every five-seated gallery of notes as so many constellations presiding over the tide of musical affairs—either a solid matronly figure, of an antique cast, raised on a square pedestal, and dealing out the measure of common time, or a fantastic elf, with high spiral cap, nodding good humouredly to  $\frac{3}{4}$ , or a mischievous urchin, with bright eyes, snapping his fingers and cracking his whip, as he hurries on the restless merriment of  $\frac{4}{4}$ , or a dejected nymph with downcast looks, who drags her heavy robes along to the mournful tread of  $\frac{3}{8}$ . A sudden change of one of these signs of the musical zodiac must act electrically upon all nerves; every piece of dramatic imitation abounds with them. Our own Purcell was one of the earliest to avail himself of this resource, as he did of all which gave expression to music. The frequent change of time in his song of Mad Bess describes the unconnected thoughts of a mind unhinged, and Russell has adopted the same in his Maniac.

Properly

Properly speaking, the whole science of music is a storehouse hung round with materials of expression and imitation, for the use of the composer. It depends upon his instinctive feelings whether the object to which he devotes them lie within the legitimate province of music. Delusion in music, as in painting, is only the delight of the vulgar. We love the idea of the dance conveyed in a light tripping measure, or the sense of the fresh echoing greenwood given by prolonged bugle-like tones; but when a man expressly imitates the nightingale, we say with King Agesilaus, 'we have heard the nightingale herself.' The mind feels the exceeding sorrowfulness of the 'Lacrymosa' in the Requiem, the faltering tones of 'quare-sur-get,' which seem to remind the hearer that here the dying Mozart burst into tears; our hearts sink as we hear how 'the children of Israel sighed!—sighed!—sighed!—by reason of the bondage;' but we care not for the closest imitation of a sob given in the duet of the *Gazza Ladra*.

The broad humour of the catch and glee family, as well as the practical buffoonery of the time, led to a great deal of burlesque imitative music, both in Germany and Italy, in the seventeenth century. The cackling of hens all on one note and ending with a fifth above, the mewing of rival cats in nice chromatic order, with a staccato, of course, by way of a *spit*, were favourite pastimes of the severest German contrapuntists; and even Marcello, the Pindar of Music, as he was called, has left two elaborate choruses, one for soprani, the other for contr'alti, which *baa* like sheep and *mou* like oxen. These were the avowed absurdities of men who liked occasionally to drop their robes of dignity; but at all times the close power of imitation which music affords has been a dangerous rock for the musician. Haydn in his finest music did not steer clear of it: one feels that the servile representations of the tiger's leaps, of the stag's branching horns, of the pattering hail—(why he gave a pert staccato triplet accompaniment to the rolling of 'awful thunders' is not so easily accounted for)—are so many blots on his glorious Creation. The verdure-clad fields, the purling of the 'limpid brook,' the mild light of the moon as she 'glides through silent night,' delight us not so much from the correctness of the musical image, for the same music would express other words, as from the intrinsic sweetness of the melody, the exquisite *song* with which Haydn always overflows. But his 'rising sun with darting rays' is an utter failure: it is a watchman's lantern striking down a dark alley, not the orb of day illuminating the earth. There is nothing in it of that 'majestic *crescendo* of Nature,' as Carl Maria von Weber has so musician-like expressed himself, and which he himself has rendered in his  
little



little-known music of the *Preciosa*, where we feel pile upon pile of heavy cloud to be slowly heaving and dispersing, while the majestic luminary ascends, almost laboriously, here and there tearing a rent through a veil of vapour with a thunderbolt bass note, till the whole earth is full of his glory.

All dramatic music must be full of imitation; herein lies its greatest charm and greatest snare. The notes must tell the incident as well as the text, often instead of it. The composer must give us his definite thoughts; his skill lies between defining them over much or over little; it is his art so to treat the subject that you feel it is subservient to him, not he to that—making you forget even the thing imitated in the resources it has developed. What grander example in the world is there than Handel's Hailstone Chorus? It begins with the closest imitation. There are the single decided ominous notes, like the first heavy lumps of ice striking the earth in separate shots. They fall faster, yet still detached, when from a battery which we have felt hanging suspended above our heads, 'down comes the deluge of sonorous hail,' shattering everything before it; and having thus raised the idea, he sustains it with such wonderful simplicity of means—the electric shouting of the choruses 'Fire! Hailstones!' only in strict unison—the burst of the storm changing only from quavers into semiquavers—the awful smashing of the elements only the common chord of the key, and that the natural key—till we feel astonished how the mere representation of the rage of the elements should have given occasion for one of the grandest themes that musician ever composed.

There is a sense of sublimity conveyed by storms and tempests which, however frequently vulgarized by the mere tricks of performers, must ever make them favourite subjects for audiences and composers. Even our old favourite, Steibelt's Storm, in spite of strutting schoolroom associations, when the lightning used to break time, and come in at the wrong place, and then have to begin all over again, has a moral as well as a dramatic meaning which justifies our youthful predilections. It was not the noise and din of two handfuls of notes with all the pedals down, which juvenile amateurs declare to be 'just like thunder,' but at which we felt inclined to stop our ears with an instinct of the profaneness of the likeness, and yet the contemptibility of the attempt; but it was the gradual lulling of the winds and hushing of all nature which preceded the crash, and then the clearing of the air after it, the tinkling of the rain-drops all sparkling with the light that is bursting out in the west, and finally that happy chorus of birds in the return of that gay chirping ritornel, in four sharps, which tells you that all is over and no harm done to any one. Beethoven's  
 Tempest

Tempest also, in his Pastoral Symphony—which, by-the-bye, is like Thomson's Seasons set to music—is the grandest and most fearful of all storms, as M. Oulibichef says, 'which ever thundered in the basses, whistled in the flutes, bellowed and blustered in the trumpets, and lightened and hailed in the violins;' but who can resist the sweet enchantment of those modulations, when the thunder is heard retreating in the distance, and timid sounds of inquiry rise up from leaf and flower, and birds answer, and steps emerge, and in a moment 'tis beauty all, and grateful song around!' The sternest conductor smiles involuntarily on his platform, and we grin to ourselves at our lonely piano. We should like every great musician to leave to the world his definition of a storm.

At the same time we own that it is not from any walk of imitative music, however enchanting, that the highest musical pleasure can be derived. It is not in the likeness of anything in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, that the highest musical capacity can be tried. It is not the dipping passage like a crested wave in 'The floods stood upright as an heap,' or the wandering of the notes in 'All we like sheep have gone astray,' in which Handel's intensest musical instinct is displayed; for beautiful as are these passages, and full of imagery to eye and ear, they smack of a certain mechanical contrivance; but it is in the simple soothing power of the first four bars of the first song in the 'Messiah' which descend like heavenly dew upon the heart, telling us that those divine words 'Comfort ye,' are at hand. This we feel to be the indefinable province of *expression*, in which the composer has to draw solely upon his own intense sympathies for the outward likeness of a thing which is felt and judged of only in the innermost depths of every heart.

Not but what much of the truth of dramatic musical expression is copied from the natural declamation of the human voice, and never was true till Glück adopted this as a model. This is why the Italian recitative, derived as it is from a people of so much violent passion, and pathos of articulation, must ever be an uncongenial thing to most ears unlearned in this land of quiet speech. Most English minds dislike violent declamation; we object to it in our dwellings and in our pulpits; we shrink from it even in the mouths of those foreigners to whom it is native; it stuns our ears and shocks our habits; we disapprove of such an outlay of passion on small occasions; but let us hear it where the subject is commensurate with the vehemence—let us see Rachel in her Corinne or Phædre,—and we at once understand the true source of all musical expression. We feel that ~~this is~~   
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the *musica parlante* that founded the opera—that every passion in the mouth of the true interpreter has its key and its time—that many of her passages only require a note struck here and there by the orchestra to convert them into recitative. Her ‘*Donne moi ton cœur, barbare,*’ pitched at the highest tones of her voice (in answer to her brother, who urges her not to forget that she is a Roman), though it rends our hearts, does not take us by surprise, for we know it at once to be the natural music of such feelings. Her ‘*implacable Vénus !*’ hissed out pianissimo in the lowest alto tones (in adjuration of the goddess who is persecuting her), comes home to us so closely in the truth of its expostulating despair that we forget even the falseness of the power to whom it is addressed. The very name of Venus cannot disturb our sympathy. Intonation like this teaches us to follow the varied passions of such music as the *Scena* in the *Freischütz* with greater intelligence of its matchless truth ; we feel that the *cantabile* of all Mozart’s opera airs is amenable to this standard, and their immortality of beauty, their hold over our hearts through every various fashion of music, only to be understood by it.

But in all this the art has had a stated object to fulfil, and we have sought for definite causes to account for definite effects. Let us now turn to those pure musical ideas which give no account of their meaning or origin, and need not to do it—to that delicious *German Ocean* of the symphony and the sonata—to those songs without words which we find in every adagio and andante of Mozart and Beethoven—far more, we must say, than in those dreamy creations, beautiful as they are, expressly composed as such by Mendelssohn. These are the true independent forms of music, which adhere to no given subject, and require us to approach them in no particular frame of feeling, but rather show the essential capacities of the muse by having no object but her, and her alone. We do not want to know what a composer thought of when he conceived a symphony. It pins us down to one train of pleasure—whereas, if he is allowed the free range of our fancy without any preconceived idea which he must satisfy, he gives us a hundred. There is a great pleasure in merely watching Beethoven’s art of conversation—how he wanders and strays, Coleridge like, from the path, loses himself apparently in strange subjects and irrelevant ideas, till you wonder how he will ever find his way back to the original argument. There is a peculiar delight in letting the scenery of one of his symphonies merely pass before us, studying the dim Turner-like landscape from which objects and landmarks gradually emerge, feeling a strange modulation passing over the scene like a heavy cloud, the distant sunlight melodies still keeping their places, and showing the  
breadth

breadth of the ground by the slow pace at which they shift towards us. There is an infinite interest in following the mere wayward mechanism of his ideas—how they dart up a flight of steps, like children on forbidden ground, each time gaining a step higher and each time slung back—how they run the gauntlet of the whole orchestra, chased farther and farther by each instrument in turn; are jostled, entangled, separated, and dispersed, and at length flung pitilessly beyond the confines of the musical scene. But wait: one soft bassoon link holds the cable, a timid clarionet fastens on, other voices beckon, more hands are held out, and in a moment the whole fleet of melody is brought back in triumph and received with huzzas. It is sufficiently amusing, too, to watch how he treats his instruments, how he at first gives them all fair play, then alternately seizes, torments, and disappoints them, till they wax impatient, and one peeps in here and another tries to get a footing there, and at first they are timid and then bold, and some grow fretful and others coquettish, and at length all deafen you with the clamour of their rival claims. There is varied pleasure in these and many other fantastic ideas which he conjures up—but there is quite as much in sitting a passive recipient and giving yourself no account of your enjoyment at all.

It is very interesting to know that in that magical symphony of C minor, where those three mysterious notes compose the ever-recurring theme, Beethoven was possessed by the idea of 'Fate knocking at the door,' but we are not sure that we should wish to have that black figure with its skeleton-hand always filling up the foreground of our thoughts. We never enjoyed that symphony more, than once under the impression that it represented a military subject, and those inquiring notes seemed the outposts reconnoitring. The mere leading idea of the composer is often utterly incommensurate with the beauty of the composition. If, like the Frenchman, we ask Beethoven's Sonata in G, 'Sonate, que veux-tu?' it does not satisfy us to hear that it means a quarrel between husband and wife; that the plaintive, coquettish *repartee* of the passages is all recrimination and retort, and those naïve three notes which end the last bar, the last word! No, pure wordless music has too mysterious and unlimited a range for us to know precisely what it means. The actual idea from which it may have sprung is like the single seed at the root of a luxuriant many-headed flower, curious when found, but worthless. The ideas of the composer, like himself, often disappoint us. Rameau declared that he could set a Dutch newspaper to music. Haydn cared not how commonplace the idea might be which was given him to compose to. It matters not whether the depths of musical inspiration be stirred by a common pebble or a precious jewel;

jewel ; at most, we can but judge of the gloom or sunshine that is reflected on their surface.

There is that in Beethoven's works which might well give credibility to the report of his being the son of Frederick the Great, and probably led to it. This grand genius and crabbed eccentric man never loved or trusted. He shut himself up with his music to be out of the way of his fellow-creatures. His deafness only gave him the excuse of being more morose. We hear this to a certain degree in his music. His instruments speak, but they do not speak like men. We listen to their discourse with exquisite delight, but not with that high and complete sympathy which Mozart's wordless speech gives. High as he is above us, Mozart is still always what we want and what we expect. There is a sense and method in all he does, a system pursued, a dominion over himself, an adaptation to others, which our minds can comprehend. He is as intensely human in his instrumental as in his vocal music, and therefore always intelligible. Beethoven is perpetually taking us by surprise. We do not know that we have such sympathies till he appeals to them—he creates them first, and then satisfies them. He keeps our fancy in a perpetual flutter of wonder and ecstasy, but he rarely speaks direct to the common humanity between us. More delicious musical odes than his *Longing Waltz*, *Hope Waltz*, and *Sorrow Waltz* there cannot be, but they were so named for him. It may be questioned whether he ever expressly thought of these subjects. We never feel that he inspires the highest idea of all—the idea of religion. His '*Mount of Olives*' is exquisite ; we are grateful for it as it is, but it might have been composed for an emperor's name's-day, only Beethoven would never have done such a civil thing. His grand '*Missa Solennis*' is the most wonderful moving *tableau* of musical painting that was ever presented to outward ear and inward eye. Each part is appropriate in expression. The '*Kyrie Eleison*' is a sweet Babel of supplications ; the '*Gloria in Excelsis Deo*' is a rapturous cry ; the quartette '*Et in terrâ pax—hominibus bonæ voluntatis*' is meant for beings little lower than the angels ; the '*Credo*' is the grand declamatory march of every voice in unison, tramping in one consent like the simultaneous steps of an approaching army ; the '*Ante omnia secula*' is an awful self-sustainment of the music in regions separated in time and space from all we ever conceived in heaven or earth. Beethoven out-Beethovens himself in a sublimity of imagery no musician ever before attempted ; but as to the pure religious feeling, we neither fall on our knees as with Mozart, nor rise on wings as with Handel.

Where

Where will the flight of musical inspiration next soar? It has been cleverly said by Reichardt that Haydn built himself a lovely villa, Mozart erected a stately palace over it, but Beethoven raised a tower on the top of that, and whoever should venture to build higher would break his neck. There is no fear of such temerity at present. Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn have each added a porch in their various styles of beauty, but otherwise there are no signs of further structure. The music of the day has a beauty and tenderness of colouring which was never surpassed, but all distinction of form seems crumbling away. It is like fair visions in dreams, or studies of shifting clouds, or one of Tennyson's rhapsodies; the strain delicate, the touches brilliant, but the subject nothing if the finish were taken away. They cannot be stripped to the level of a child's exercise and still show their beauty of form, like a chorus of Handel or an air of Mozart.

It is impossible to say what resources remain still undeveloped in the progress of music. Fresh forms of nationality may arise. The Italians may form a grand instrumental school; the father or grandfather of some sublime English composer may be now fiddling waltzes in one of our ball-rooms; the Greek church in Russia may foster some Palestrina of its own; new instruments may be invented; the possibility of this may be conceived, but the probability not hoped in, for earthly music must share the mortality of all things here, and Mozart's 'Requiem' is above fifty years old.

We have not mentioned the modern opera—the subject has been too well treated but the other day in a contemporary journal\* for us to venture on the same ground. Nor does it square with our endeavour to prove the exclusive value of music as the only one of the arts exempt from the trail of the serpent. There are few recent operas that do not give this theory somewhat the lie; not only in the pomp and vanity of their luxurious accessories, but in a suspicious fascination in the music itself, leaving impressions on the mind that we have been rather listening to the Syrens of the 'isle perilous' than the Muses of snow-peaked Olympus.

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\* 'A Few Words on the Opera,' in Fraser's Magazine for October, 1847—which whoever has not read, may anticipate a rare pleasure—second only to that of hearing the many-gifted writer sing.

ART. VIII.—*Jérôme Paturot à la Recherche de la meilleure des Républiques*. Par Louis Reybaud. 2 vols. Paris, 1848.

HERE is serious matter in a light form. M. Louis Reybaud, the son of a merchant of Marseilles, is now forty-nine years of age. After some literary attempts in his native town he came to Paris in 1829, and associated himself to the liberal press—in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and in the *Tribune*, the *Constitutionnel*, and at last the *National* newspapers. He also published several novels, and one or two graver works, with considerable success. His political principles and literary reputation obtained for him at the general election of 1846 the representation of his native town; and at the late election of the National Assembly he was again chosen for Marseilles. While yet engaged with the opposition press, and even when writing in the *National*, he was remarked not less for talent than for a degree of moderation and good sense in his political views that contrasted rather oddly with the usual tone of his associates; and, for the short time he sat in the late Chamber, though he never spoke, his votes inclined to the *juste milieu*—with even a leaning towards Conservatism. These few details are necessary for the due appreciation of the work before us, which is in fact a satirical history of the social and political condition of France during the first three months of the Republic, and derives much of its poignancy, its interest, and, we may venture to add, its importance, from the personal circumstances of the author, whose history, character, and station are a guarantee of the sincerity of his opinions and the accuracy of his picture.

The most celebrated of M. Reybaud's productions was a novel called 'Jérôme Paturot in Search of a Social Position.' Its plan and scope were very similar to and probably suggested by Picard's *Gil Blas de la Révolution*. It professes to be the autobiography of a certain type of *La Jeune France* in whom a smattering of education had generated a contempt for the humble industry of his uncle and guardian—an honest haberdasher in the cotton line—and a confidence that he is destined to make his fortune in the higher exertions of intellect. 'Alas,' he tells us, 'this ambition was my ruin!' He abandoned the shop, broke with his uncle, was soon reduced to live by his wits, and found it very precarious living. We cannot pursue the amusing details of his early story, or his metempsychosis through various social shapes—none very creditable to his judgment, and some hardly reconcilable to nice morality. But at last the uncle died, leaving him the shop and its lucrative good-will, which Jérôme, grown wiser, adopted with gratitude and followed up with industry:  
and

and here closed the first portion of the 'Search after a Social Position.'

Its success led to a continuation in the same style. Our hero had at the dawn of his adventures associated to his fortunes, and subsequently married, a little artificial-flower maker, by name Malvina, whose gaiety and good nature, mother-wit, and active courage, made her a great contrast, and consequently a most useful guide and helpmate, to the indolent and credulous Jérôme. Under her management the shop prospered even beyond its former reputation—the *Maison Paturot* became eminent, and M. Paturot himself grew into consideration as one of the most intelligent as well as one of the most successful tradesmen of Paris. Around these, other characters group themselves: St. Ernest, a young doctor—Valmont, a law student—Max, a journalist—Oscar, a painter—all hirsute heroes of the '*chevelue*,' or hairy school, who wear dishevelled locks and shaggy beards, once thought the costume of barbarous times, but now the insignia of superior civilization and intellectual progress. Of these, Oscar—vain, busy, and adventurous—plays the most prominent part, and is a fine specimen of the literary and artistic *gamin de Paris*. He has blustered and intrigued himself into the rank of serjeant-major of a battalion of the National Guard; and by a combination of similar means raises Jérôme to the dignity of Captain in the same corps.

After some years of this tradesman's life, the shop enables Jérôme to buy an estate; and the access to the Tuileries, which the Revolution of July opens to the *Captain of the National Guard*, inspires him with the ambition of being a Deputy. These projects succeed but too well. Jérôme's light head is easily turned: even Malvina's good sense gives way to the intoxication of jewels and balls at court. They begin to despise the old shop, and set about building another in a more fashionable quarter and in the middle-age style of architecture, then coming into vogue: but here the tide turns. The Deputy is fully occupied with the business of the nation—Malvina gives dinners, *soirées*, balls—the old customers will not come to the new shop—business dwindles—the clerks to whom it is abandoned cheat—Jérôme himself becomes a dupe, deeply in purse and not a little in morals, to a gang of sharpers—difficulties ensue—and, in due succession, accommodation bills—insolvency—the debtors' prison—expulsion from the Chamber—utter ruin!

The first symptom of these reverses brought the good-hearted and strong-minded Malvina to her sober senses: her affection—her zeal—her judgment, though they failed to prevent the catastrophe, at least softened the affliction and almost consoled Jérôme; and at last, by the extraordinary kindness of the minister with whom



whom he had voted in his better days, the ex-Deputy was provided with a little office of 40*l.* a-year in a remote Department.

Here concluded the second portion, which was far better received than is usual with continuations. These *livraisons*, taken together, gave a lively and, as we are assured, accurate picture of the state of society at that period—the wild pretensions, the infinite vanities, the incredible speculations of cupidity and ambition which seem to have seized and agitated all classes, and which it was alike impossible to control or to satisfy. The book had, indeed, when critically examined, the inherent fault—from which even that most nearly perfect of such works, Le Sage's 'Gil Blas,' is not wholly exempt—that the shrewdness and cleverness of the autobiographist are somewhat inconsistent with the simplicity and gullibility exhibited in many circumstances of his conduct. M. Reybaud endeavoured to mitigate this improbability by supposing in the preface to the first part that Jérôme dictated his history to a friend, who gave it its literary form. This machinery, however, was too cumbrous for long use, and Jérôme was allowed to fall into telling his story in *propreâ personâ*; but still with a sagacity, good sense, and satirical pleasantry which contrasts too strongly with the credulity of his temper and the silliness of his proceedings. This slight defect (inherent, as we said, in the nature of such works) becomes less perceptible in this new livraison, because poor Jérôme has paid dearly for a right to pronounce sounder and severer judgments on the follies of others, and has had, moreover, in this latter period, less opportunity for any personal weaknesses of his own.

Though, therefore, the personages of the former series are still kept up, we must now look at Jérôme as only a mask uttering the words and sentiments of the author; and we must confess that, in the general prostration of the whole French nation before the despotism of the Republic, we think that this little work does as much honour to the candour and the courage of M. Louis Reybaud as to his talents: he has given us in a playful shape truths which no one else has yet ventured to do, not even in the Assembly—nay, for a distant approach to which M. Emile Girardin has been put into jail and his property and that of many other journalists invaded, contrary to law, and not merely without reason, but without even a plausible excuse—for the *Presse* and the *Assemblée Nationale*, both of which were suppressed with a despotism that Constantinople would hardly bear, were as strenuous for the maintenance of order as General Cavaignac himself professes to be. But General Cavaignac, whose father was a regicide\* and

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\* It is General Cavaignac himself that will not permit us to forget his father. He reminded the Assembly the other day that 'he was the son of the Conventionalist, and was happy and proud to be the son of such a man.' Now, that man was not only a regicide,

and whose elder brother was a notorious conspirator and émeutier, is still, we suspect, under the influence of his Jacobinical connexions, and had not either the good sense or spirit to suppress the journals of his quondam friends of the Red Republic (which we admit he ought to have done even more decidedly than he did) without sacrificing—by a cowardly compromise—two journals which had never ceased to inculcate submission to the existing state of things, and at worst only expressed some want of confi-

a regicide, but one of the bloodiest of the pro-consuls that desolated the south of France. Of him is told the horrible anecdote of having forced a young lady (Mlle. de Labarrère), remarkable for her beauty, to purchase by her own dishonour the life of her father, whom, notwithstanding the cruel sacrifice, Cavaignac is said to have executed! Of this charge Godfrey Cavaignac, the elder brother, published in 1844, and the General has just reprinted, in the 'Moniteur' of the 15th September, what is meant for a refutation, but which seems to us by no means to disprove the fact; and indeed, by the tardiness of the attempt, and the total absence of anything like evidence, rather to confirm it. But this was only *one* (though perhaps the greatest) of *many* atrocities charged upon Cavaignac, and of which the General prudently takes no notice, because we have in the early *Moniteurs* Cavaignac's own boasts of his having perpetrated them. We select a couple of instances. The insane fury of other revolutionists sent both sexes indiscriminately to the scaffold, but he is, we suppose, the only monster who invoked murder on the heads of women *as women*. In a report to the Convention ('Moniteur,' 11th February, 1793) on the capture of Verdun, he says—we give his original words—'*Jusqu'ici le sexe en général a hautement insulté à la liberté. Si vous laissez impuiss l'incivisme des mères, elles inspireront à leurs enfans la haine de la liberté et l'amour de l'esclavage. Il faut donc que la loi cesse de les épargner, et que des exemples de sévérité les avertissent que l'œil du magistrat les surveille, et que le glaive de la loi est levé pour les frapper si elles se rendent coupables.*' '*Couppables*' of the lessons they may give their children in the nursery! One of the consequences of this report was the celebrated massacre, by the Revolutionary Tribunal, of the young ladies of Verdun, whose crime, as stated by Cavaignac himself, was '*d'avoir offert de bon-bons au Roi de Prusse.*' In the 'Moniteur' of the 7th of May, 1794, he writes from the army of the Pyrenees, that he had made seventeen emigrants prisoners; and adds, '*Ils arrivent dans ce moment, et le soleil ne se couchera qu'après avoir vu ces monstres expier leurs forfaits sur l'échafaud.*' An auxiliary of General Cavaignac's in the 'Moniteur' of the 19th of September last, thinks to help the General by stating that several other charges against Cavaignac were really applicable to a colleague, D \* \*, and that Cavaignac '*n'approuva jamais les propositions atroces faites par D \* \* à la Société Populaire d'Auch.*' Now nothing could be more unlucky than this allusion of the General and his advocate to the colleague D \* \*, for it reminds us of the following facts. This D \* \*, whose infamous name they are ashamed to give, was Dartigoyte; and so far was Cavaignac from disapproving his *propositions atroces* (as they confess them to have been), that Cavaignac writes from Auch 23rd of November: '*Notre collègue Dartigoyte par ses prédications civiques avait électrisé tous les esprits—avait entraîné tous les cœurs. Je l'avais secondé de tous mes moyens.*' Then follows a long account of blasphemies and sacrileges committed by these wretches which we have not room to copy; but we must add a terrible proof of the sympathy and similarity between them. While Dartigoyte was haranguing the popular assembly at Auch, some one from an obscure part of the hall threw a *brickbat*, aimed, it was said, at him, but which did not hit him. On this insult to his '*brave et digne ami Dartigoyte,*' Cavaignac writes to the Convention, '*Pénétrés d'horreur et d'indignation, nous primes sur-le-champ un arrêté pour ordonner à la Commission Extraordinaire*' (a local revolutionary tribunal which with its ambulatory guillotine followed Cavaignac about) '*de s'y transporter. Dix scélérats ont porté leurs têtes sur l'échafaud.*' Ten heads for one brickbat which touched no one! He concludes: '*Les monstres! ils périront tous! et la terre de la liberté sera purgée de ces esclaves qui veulent des rois.*' (*Moniteur*, 30th of April, 1794.) And General Cavaignac is *proud* of being the son of such a man, and appeals to the *Moniteur* for a vindication of such a character!

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dence in that same government which the Assembly and Cavaignac had united to overthrow. We therefore both thank and felicitate M. Louis Reybaud for having given the world this social history of the first three months of the Republic just before the accession of the new 'child and champion' of liberty had gagged and manacled France with a tyranny more impudent and undisguised than that of Buonaparte, but pregnant like it with this important lesson—that Jacobinism cannot be otherwise governed, and that democracy is despotism.

We left Jérôme and Malvina in their humble retirement. She bore the change with her usual good humour and good sense; but Jérôme, soured by so great a reverse, instead of being grateful to the Government for his office, which, little as it was, was more than he had deserved, became at first a *froudeur*—then talked broad opposition—and at last, to Malvina's wonder and alarm, joined the cry which the journals were raising, and declared himself a decided Republican. Malvina feared that her imprudent spouse was only preparing for himself a fresh and final catastrophe, when the 24th of February brought another revolution and the triumph of Jérôme's new principles. Malvina doubted whether the Republic was not all a farce, and seems never to have got rid of that doubt; but Jérôme accepted it as the blessing of a political providence which he had been long expecting:—he welcomed with enthusiasm the Commissioners whom M. Ledru-Rollin sent into the departments to supersede the former authorities, and his zeal was the more remarkable, because, of the whole town, *he was almost the only one of these opinions*; and he had especially to undergo all manner of opposition from the *employé* next under him, who was an ardent Royalist. But we must allow him to tell this portion of his own story.\*

'In the remote department in which we lived there were strong prejudices against the Republic. The good folks were still under antiquated impressions, and puerile traditions little favourable to republicanism. Such was the general opinion; my wife partook it, and saw my conversion at first with wonder, and at last with some suspicions of my mental sanity. You may judge, therefore, of the astonishment of our town at hearing—first confusedly, and then by degrees more distinctly, the successive news of a change of ministry—an abdication—a regency—a republic! The Commissioner of the Provisional  
\* Government harangued the people from the steps of the Town-house

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\* We beg leave, at the outset, and once for all, to state that in order to bring within any reasonable limits a fair summary of Jérôme's colloquial narrative, our quotations from it will sometimes be *abstracts* rather than *extracts*, and that though we shall nowhere make any substantial change in his expression, nor any at all in his meaning, we shall be obliged to collect and condense passages which are spread over a larger surface.

—announced the proclamation of the Republic at Paris, and invited the audience to join in the patriot cry of *Vive la République!* The people hesitated—they were more surprised than pleased. It became necessary to excite them—to give them a spur, an example. I rushed forward to the support of the Republican missionary—to protect him, if necessary, with my own body—to be the first to take up and re-echo his patriotic cry. But, alas! there was one person who anticipated me; he reached the Commissioner first, and vociferated with greater energy, and a louder voice even than mine—*Vive la République!* Who should this be, but my own *employé*, who was, till that moment, the most extravagant royalist in the town; with whom I used to have daily contests—I for the democratic, and he for the monarchical principle! I was struck dumb with surprise.—i. 23.

Nobody but Jérôme had thought of, much less wished for, the Republic; but all submitted to it as a dictation from the great dictator—Paris; and, with the exception of the change of a few functionaries, and some demonstrations got up with difficulty by the new authorities, the Republic was really a dead letter in that happy department. To be sure, it happened to have a good-humoured Commissioner. Ledru-Rollin had, by mistake, sent them two—one plump and easy-going—the other lean and energetic—and there was for a moment a struggle which should occupy the place; but the Cassius had commissions to three other places in his pocket, and one luckily with larger powers, so that he easily resigned the less ostensible station, and left his good-natured competitor in possession of the Department.

We have in a former number given our readers a glimpse of the mode and motives by which these commissioners were selected. M. Reybaud more than confirms all that we had heard of this disgraceful jobbery:—

‘In prospect of the elections the whole surface of France was covered with a swarm of political bagmen: sometimes three or four arrived at the same point, all missionaries of different ministers or clubs at Paris, but all with the common object of managing and mastering the elections. The Monarchy, no doubt, had pushed far enough the exertion of influence, but how soon and how shamelessly the Republic outstripped it! There was no ambition, great or small, that did not flare up. Those latent geniuses whom an ill-judging world had hitherto neglected, now took their ample revenge. Everybody had a right to be everything: there was no lawyer without clients—no doctor without patients—no unhired journalist—no bankrupt tradesman—that did not aspire—and as far as the places could be found, with success—to lucrative office; a formidable number of them were accordingly invested with tri-coloured scarfs, and sent down to exercise a proconsular tyranny on the astonished and terrified provinces.’—i. 48.

We can have no doubt of the general accuracy of M. Reybaud’s picture, and indeed we have M. Ledru-Rollin’s own tardy confession that his selections were sometimes even worse than thus described.

described. His commissioner to the Department of the Lower Seine turned out to be a convict condemned to the galleys, of accumulated crimes, but who, having made his escape, became a prominent patriot in the February revolution. As we are convinced that Jérôme's account of the commissioners and their proceedings is copied *from the life*, we are tempted to copy the portrait of his Commissioner, as a not unfavourable specimen of the class of men who made and have profited by the revolution. He had had, we are told, some little patrimony in one of the provinces, which he had spent in low dissipation, and had come to Paris to repair his fortunes by his rather scanty literature. Here he struggled on for fifteen years in the obscure and ill-paid labour of a *peuny-a-liner*. His personal advantages, which were not great, for he was short and squab, were further obscured, before the last fortunate February, by a hat which had become rather angular in its form, and boots, the toes of which revealed the respectable fact that their owner wore stockings; and his general mode of life was (to use the prescribed phrase) of the most *modest* description. An author without readers, a journalist without subscribers, he had fallen into all the habits of his class—became a patriot—an *émeutier*—and had ventured and suffered in the cause of liberty. When the Revolution exploded, all these untoward circumstances—his failures of all sorts—his obscurity—the very defects of his apparel, became claims and merits. He was a model Republican—almost a *sans culotte*—and was immediately appointed one of the missionaries of the new government. No inquiry was made as to his ability and fitness—all that was required was zeal. On the other hand, *La Nation* did not expect to be served for nothing—she does things handsomely—fixed allowance, incidental expenses, carriage, table. What dew on a soil so long dry! Our friend accepted the place with joy in his heart and a smile on his lips—he was once more reconciled with fate—the Republic was paradise:—to do him justice, he exercised his new authority with a good humour and hospitality which were natural to him, and which prosperity had but increased. He was joyous and happy, and his Department so contented and quiet, that there was hardly any sign of the Revolution. This came to the ears of authority and displeased, and the lean and energetic colleague soon re-appeared in the terrors of an inquisitorial visitation. He unluckily arrived in the midst of a splendid banquet which the Resident Commissioner was giving to some of the inhabitants of the town. The sight of this luxury, and especially of a dish of forced asparagus (in March), offended additionally the republican austerity of the official visitor.

"Citizen," says he, "I will be frank with you. I am not at all  
satisfied

satisfied with the appearance of your town. I have been full a quarter of an hour here in the capital of a department, and what have I seen?—a town with all the air of the old *régime*—streets in the most perfect quiet—people going about their business as if there had been no Revolution !”

“But it seems to me—” said the other, offended at this reproach,—

“Citizens, citizens,” (exclaimed the first, addressing the company) “I turn to you. Let us see—what have you done here? Have you established clubs—as in Paris?”—“No,” answered the assembly, “we confess we have no clubs.”—“Have you had processions of the authorities and public bodies to inaugurate the Republic—as in Paris?”—“Not exactly processions.”—“What, neither processions nor clubs! This becomes very serious. You have, at least, had illuminations—as in Paris?”—The assembly looked at each other in mute dismay; the consciousness of their guilty tranquillity confounded them; they bent down before this overwhelming interrogatory, and at last brought forth another timid negative.—“No illuminations!—no clubs!—no processions!—and you call that a Republic! Come, I should not wonder if you had not so much as planted a tree of liberty with tricoloured cockades and a salute of *petards*.”—Silence confirmed the imputation. “I thought so,” continued he; “I thought so. No demonstration of any kind—the great example of Paris wholly disregarded. No great idea—no splendid *spectacle*! Is it thus, O venerated Republic, that we inaugurate your advent? Where are your *fascès*, your trophies, and your antique draperies?—where?”—i. 33.

After this general lesson he again turns more particularly to his colleague:—

“Now, citizen, what excuse can you give for not having agitated the Department?”—“Agitated! for what? The Department did all we could desire.”—“In appearance, perhaps—but I know better; it is essentially refractory. You have, of course, made a clean sweep of all the old functionaries.”—“Why should I? Everybody hastened to adhere to the new order of things.”—“All farce! they laugh at you, brother. What, no recalls—no dismissals!”—“Two or three only; but if you knew how obedient the whole department is!”—“That’s it!—the old story; obedient—obedient—yes, obedient to their ancient influences and attachments. Pure hypocrisy!”—i. 39.

The conference concluded with a severe reprimand to the weak indulgence of the Resident Commissioner, and a positive order to *agitate* the department with frequent processions, proclamations, trees of liberty, *petards*, and cockades. And for a higher order of public exhibitions—still ‘in imitation of Paris—young girls dressed in white robes’—emblems of purity—‘and oxen with gilt horns’—types of the splendour and strength of the Republic—allegories which, the man of energy said, ‘enlarge the minds and elevate the souls of the people.’ After this lesson to the intimidated assembly ‘he took a haughty leave, attended to his carriage by the authorities, with obsequious respect and all the ceremonies that used

used to be practised towards princes of the blood royal' (i. 41). And thus it was that the Republic was imposed on the wondering country.

This, we believe, is the first time that any French writer has ventured even a smile at the long series of gewgaw allegories and frippery farces of either the old or the new Republic. M. Reybaud has the honour of being the first to hint, what every rational man must, we presume, have felt, that such puerile and paltry *charlatanerie* is in truth an insult to the character and understanding of a nation that can be supposed so childish as to be influenced by such silly toys, such tinsel splendour, such pasteboard trophies.

The result of the lecture thus administered to the over-indulgent Commissioner was to alarm him into more active measures; and he at last succeeded in revolutionizing the Department. At first the good people adhered to their ancient tranquillity and content; and when some missionaries of the Red Republic came in the costume of 1793 to canvass the electors, they rose indignantly and expelled the anarchical intruders from the town, not without some danger to their patriot persons. But by degrees the popular spirit began to take a different turn; and, under the instigation of the authorities, and the excitement of finding themselves their own masters, the population gradually became as wild as their neighbours:—

'A club was opened; the idle and turbulent flocked to it; and we found ourselves much richer in republicans than we had thought for; we also imported some from the adjoining departments: in short, there was no longer any deficiency of that staple article. There were some whose republicanism was not merely of *yesterday*, but of so ancient a date as to be lost in the night of time; the more modest dated back for seven years. Those who could not boast any length of conviction made up for it by the loudness of their professions, and over-acted violence in order not to be suspected of weakness. No one confessed even to himself the secret motives of this general conversion. In one it was fear; in another, a vague ambition; in another, shame of appearing singular; in all, deplorable hypocrisy. Indeed, the Republic, that affects for herself a character of such purity and grandeur, set out by exacting from her votaries an utter prostration and abdication of individual conscience before the influences of cupidity and fear.'

—i. 56.

The Commissioner, equally surprised and vexed at the success of his revolutionary agitation, found himself obliged to take some corresponding steps. Individuals wanted places, public opinion required victims; and by the insidious suggestion of the ex-Royalist *employé*, who thirsted after the vacancy, his reluctant severity fell on the only real Republican, *de la veille*, in the whole town—in short, he dismissed our poor friend Jérôme! Malvina had expected it—she saw through the Commissioner's weakness, and the low personal greediness of the rest, and she sent her obedient Jérôme

rome to Paris to plead his own cause; hinting to him that he might offer his tried abilities and old Republicanism 'to set matters right *up there*.' This separation of his principal personages enables M. Reybaud to keep his readers *au fait* of the contemporaneous progress of the Revolution in Paris and the provinces.

Jérôme arrives in Paris and hastens to visit several of his old humble acquaintance whom this new turn of Fortune's wheel had raised into 'some sort of notoriety.' He found them all so full of their own ambition, or so absorbed in their dignity, that they could not even listen to his petty grievance.

'Each of them had done it all: "He had taken the Tuileries—he had stormed the Chamber of Deputies—no barricade to which he had not added a paving-stone—not a gun was fired which he had not pointed; if the Monarchy had melted like April snow, it was owing to his eloquent exposures—if a Republic had been established, it was by his philosophical and victorious proof of the superiority of that form of government." Then how he treated the Provisional Government!—"the men that I myself had raised to power! They are *ten*, with the capacity of *one*. The cabinet is a game at blind-man's buff—no plan, no views—nothing solid, nothing great. God only knows what would happen if it were not that they have some one to help them. Luckily I am at hand." Then he would proceed to characterize them individually: one [no doubt Lamartine] was "nothing but an *Æolian* harp discoursing music to every breeze;" another [perhaps Albert] was "nothing but a mask;" a third [Arago] "had been so long studying the heavens that he knew nothing of the earth;" "another [Dupont] was a dotard, who refused to submit to the laws of nature, and pretended to rule the country at an age when the people of Sumatra entomb in their own stomachs their superannuated predecessors." Some he vilipended as ridiculously diminutive in stature; others as intolerably ugly in the face; but "all were incapable."

'These pictures, *drawn from the life*, would have interested and my friend's egotism and vanity would have amused me, if my own condition had not been too serious. But I saw enough to satisfy my mind—that *these men had scrambled into power, but could not maintain it. They were quite unequal to their parts, and had really nothing—but the empty vanities of sudden exaltation and a temporary power.*"—i. 75.

This, we now see, was prophetic.

At last, wearied with the impotent vanity of these second-rate pretenders, Jérôme plucks up resolution to see the minister. France was a republic—the minister was only a public servant—Jérôme had a right, even as one of the public, to be admitted to explain his grievance; but he had some additional claims—his name was not unknown, and he was an old republican labouring under a gross injustice; he resolved, therefore, to see the minister in whose department he had been.

'On my way to the hotel I was struck with the aspect of the town.  
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The great city had not recovered its equilibrium, and still retained its revolutionary attitude. At the corner of every street the pavement had been broken up for barricades, and was irregularly and imperfectly replaced. The line of the Boulevard was like a wood cut clean down. Every window had its flag, and every lamp was broken. The aspect of the people was equally singular. Every twenty paces there were groups gathered round street-orators, and frequent processions of workmen with banners and drums paraded the streets. Here and there you saw groups of men, irregularly armed, wandering about, as if the city had been just stormed by undisciplined guerillas. All this did not surprise me: I expected to see waves after such a storm. But what astonished me was the air of security that accompanied all this disorder. These strange scenes excited neither enthusiasm nor terror—not even curiosity; no one, except the actual paraders, seemed to mind them. The most general and only real feeling visible in the great majority of the inhabitants was that of the most profound indifference to the whole affair. “Oh my dear Republic!” I exclaimed, “are you then only on men’s lips and not in their hearts?”—i. 78.

He at last reached the minister’s sumptuous hotel just in time to see him arrive in one of the splendid carriages of his exiled predecessors—magnificent horses—gaudy harness—a brace of lackeys—brilliant liveries—the guard turned out—and all the aristocratic honours of the fallen court. ‘Ministers are expelled,’ exclaims Jérôme; ‘paving-stones rise in judgment!—thrones are overturned—kings exiled—but the pomps and vanities of etiquette survive even in the Republic!’ In vain, however, does he solicit an audience from the citizen minister—he and a hundred others waste their days in assiduous attendance, with no result but renewed disappointment; he punctually observed the appointed hour, followed exactly all prescribed forms, but with no success; and what was even more offensive, he saw, while he was respectfully waiting the minister’s pleasure, the men of the mob—half-armed, grotesquely and even sordidly dressed, with perhaps a cigar in their mouths which they would take out to utter an oath—force their way into the minister’s closet—neither he nor his door-keepers venturing to resist *this class* of visitors. “At last one of his fellow-sufferers of the ante-room suggested a project for getting at the secluded functionary—by hiring a drum and getting a tri-coloured flag, with half-a-dozen blackguards to follow it, and storming the closet as a delegation from the *People*. They had seen many such make their way—why should they not try it? This inaccessibility of the republican minister, like many others of Jérôme’s anecdotes, has received a remarkable confirmation since the publication of his book. We find (as we write) a similar complaint against the new Minister of Justice. It is stated, that whereas the old minister had three audience days a-week, and observed them—the new one has reduced them to two, and

and does not observe them. Even if he himself were regular at his audiences, it would take at least a fortnight before one's turn could arrive—but here is a specimen of his regularity:—On Monday, 21st August, the appointed morning, the messenger announced the minister had business elsewhere, and that it was doubtful at what hour he might be visible. The visitors waited till evening—the minister did not appear. August 26—similar notice—the minister being fatigued with last night's debate: people wait—no minister visible. The 31st was not the minister's day, but that of the under-secretary—*his* visitors were equally disappointed, for he and his minister had gone out together for all day. On the 1st of September—there was to be, not an audience, but a grand evening reception in the minister's *salons*. Various visitors—judges, lawyers, diplomatists, everybody—came—except the minister, who had gone to attend the opening of a railroad. On the 2nd, another audience-day—no audience nor explanation of the disappointed company. On Monday, the 4th, another audience-day: the accumulation of all the preceding disappointments collected a crowd at an early hour—but they waited in vain till evening. No minister! This reality—which we extract from one of the daily papers—surpasses the novelist!

Jérôme's attendance, however, was not wholly barren. In the eternal ante-room he falls in with Oscar, the painter, who had made a prominent figure in his earlier history. Oscar is, of course, a Republican—nay, a founder of the Republic—a *vainqueur de Février*—and as such the familiar of all the ministers, and he offers Jérôme his patronage; 'but,' says Paturot, 'how does all this tally with your former office of Painter in ordinary to the King?'

"Bah," says Oscar; "consult the annals of mankind—you will find that kings may fall, but painters—never! I am no longer Painter in ordinary to the King—true; but I am Painter in ordinary to the Republic."

Jérôme expressed some surprise at Oscar's professions of Republicanism:—

"Yes," exclaimed the painter, "I was a Republican—before, during, after, always—a Republican by birth, by feeling, by—all that is Republican."—"You concealed it well then."—"Strong convictions are always deep—they baffle observation."—"You—so gay, so careless! I no more suspected you of having any political opinions than I should a madman."—"Mine was the madness of Brutus—the stratagem of a deep-rooted passion of the soul. I see *you* never were a conspirator."—"And were you?"—"Was I?" asked the painter, with the attitude and accent of a tragedian. "He asks me whether I conspired! Conspired!—why, Jérôme, it was my element, my business, my honour, and my glory—I could not have lived without conspiring."—i. 90.

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This boast, strange as it may appear, is no exaggeration—every newspaper affords instances of persons claiming the honour of having for eighteen years *conspired* against the Government; and the ‘*Moniteur*’ contains frequent announcements of appointments to offices of all ranks and classes for no other visible or assigned merit than that the personage had been tried, or condemned, and imprisoned for sedition during the last reign. Nay, it is stated that M. Ledru-Rollin gave a compensation in money to the family of the wretch Alibaud, who was executed for an attempt to assassinate the King; and that the celebrated Minister of Public Instruction gave a Government scholarship to the son of Pepin, the execrable accomplice of Fieschi’s massacre.

The good-humoured impudence and intrepid vanity of Oscar are quite in measure with the passing scenes—indeed rather beyond them. It is another instance of M. Reybaud’s prophetic (we may almost call it) appreciation of the characters he describes, that in the invasion of the Assembly on the 15th of May the most remarkable of the assailants was a *painter* of the name of Degré, from whom the character of Oscar might have been drawn. He had assumed the dress of a *fireman*, and his bright helmet and fantastical costume were not without some picturesque terror when he ascended the tribune and pronounced the dissolution of the Assembly. This man is now in gaol awaiting his trial; and wanting for his defence the evidence of one of the deputies with whom he had interchanged a few words during the tumult, but whose name he does not know, he has painted his picture and has had it hung up in the lobby of the Assembly, with a written notice requesting the original to appear as a witness at the trial. All this is perfect *Oscar*.

He and Jérôme meet on the Boulevard a procession of workmen, with drum and trumpets, colours and choruses!

“There they are,” says the painter, in a burst of enthusiasm which seemed to give additional lustre to the redness of his beard; “there they are—my people—my great, my noble people!”—“*Your* people, Oscar!”—“Yes, *my* people. Whose else should they be? To whom should they belong but to the glory of art? They are the creation of art. Observe their march—how picturesque!—*my people*! What a glorious air!—what a grand attitude! O my people, my great and beautiful people! You are great because you are good, and good because you are great. You have the vigour of heroism and the graces of infancy.”—i. 94.

This, our readers know, was the style in which not merely subaltern agitators like Oscar, but the Government itself, endeavoured to excite and flatter and propitiate the wild, ragged, and reckless mob which they had made their masters.

Every day new exhibitions were made to keep alive these popular emotions:

emotions: at one time it would be the people surprising the government with a sudden demonstration; at another it would be the government inviting the people to a public festival—to enjoy their own intoxication and modestly celebrate their own virtues and happiness. There was no end to these exhibitions: processions of statues and trophies by day—fire-works and illuminations by night. But the favourite one with the rulers was to collect a hundred thousand bayonets around them—to admire on a fine day the sun-beams glittering on these masses of polished steel, and to celebrate next morning in *poetical* bulletins, and picturesque proclamations, the grandeur and glory of these sublime demonstrations.—i. 97.

In the midst of this eternal round of festival, or, as sober men thought it, of foolery, Jérôme soon saw reason to suspect that all was not quite so prosperous as it appeared in the parades and proclamations of the Government. He inquires from all classes of society the real state of the case. Rich and poor—proprietor and *prolétaire*—master and workman—wholesale and retail—are all of one practical opinion—that they are ruined!\* He at first suspected the wealthy of exaggerating their losses from disaffection to the new order of things, but he found the purest republicans in the same story—only that the latter laid all the blame of the general calamity on the ‘late infamous Government which had caused all the confusion and misery that the Republic was suffering’—

‘Three thousand aristocrats that for twenty years had been gorging themselves with the sweat and the gold of the people, and when driven away had *carried with them to London all the money of the savings banks*—’Tis abominable. Ah! ’twas a famous heap of corruption and rottenness, that same *ci-devant* Government.’—i. 100.

Jérôme fully admits the existing misery, and exhibits it in a variety of views and in very sombre colours; but still, however reluctant to blame his beloved Republic, he seems not quite satisfied that the late Government had robbed the savings-banks, or

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\* ‘The Chamber of Commerce of Paris estimates that in that city alone there have been from 6500 to 7000 failures of mercantile houses, great and small, since the Revolution.’—*Journal des Débats*, 14 Août, 1848. In the discussion in the Assembly, 17th August, the number of insolvencies was carried up to 8000; and the *Réforme* adds, that ‘it was but too true.’ We find in more recent Paris papers a case that shows practically the effect of the Revolution on property. A young man who had just received the fortune of his wife, bought a fine house in the Faubourg St. Honoré, in the month of December last, for 500,000*fr.* (20,000*l.*) To await the completion of legal formalities, he placed that sum in Treasury Bills. The Revolution of February arrived, and caused Treasury Bills to fall forty per cent., reducing his capital to 300,000*fr.* (12,000*l.*), which he paid on account; thinking he could obtain time for the remainder. But some ~~marriage~~ creditors commenced an action against him, and in virtue of a *seizis immobilière* the house was sold on Wednesday, 30th August, at the auction of the Civil Tribunal, for the sum of 200,000*fr.*, which only cleared the debt and costs. So that after having paid in cash for a house the sum of 500,000*fr.*, he finds himself ruined, without the slightest fault or even indiscretion on his part..

that it could be held altogether responsible for misfortunes which not only happened after its overthrow, but had gone on increasing ever since.

In pursuing his inquiries into the new condition of matters, the most remarkable novelties—next to the patriotic fêtes and processions—were the clubs. There were a couple of hundred clubs in Paris with several thousands of members, and there was, says Jérôme, no extravagance of theory as to the organization of society, no wildness of political democracy, which was not professed and taught in these assemblies. We gave in our last Number a sketch of the Icarian Utopia, which dispenses us from quoting Jérôme's clever description of the Socialist clubs in which the reveries of Fourier, Cabet, and Louis Blanc were inculcated as the practical rights and duties of mankind. Suffice to say, that he divides the proceedings of these formidable associations into two great classes—dull and dreamy extravagances, which no one understood; and hot provocations to plunder and murder, in which every body seemed but too willing to have a hand. If here and there a stray voice was heard to hint any doubt as to either the preaching or the practice, the republican freedom of discussion was exemplified in the immediate expulsion of the dissentient, not without some peril to his person and even to his life. We wish we had room for some more of Jérôme's amusing and, we believe, strictly historical details of this anomalous phasis of civilization, and of the effect of these clubs, and of the wild decrees of the Provisional Government on all subjects of finance, credit, commerce, and work. We can only abstract a few points of his sketch of the reign of Louis Blanc, 'the *Napoléon du Travail*,' at the Luxembourg, where that trivial jackanapes succeeded, not by any intrinsic talent or power of his own, but through the intestine intrigues and cowardly connivance of the rest of the Provisional Government, in precluding to a most deplorable tragedy by a most ridiculous farce.

Our *Napoléon du Travail*, says Jérôme, had written a book—all his speeches were pages of his book—his answers to all objections, references to his book—his book was everything, and out of his book there was nothing. Now, the object of the book was to teach us the *rights* and *duties* of men in society, and its principle was that the *duties* of the rich are in the direct proportion of their *means*, and the *rights* of the poor in the direct proportion of their *wants*. This doctrine—of which the only possible result would be to bring the wants and the means of all mankind to the same level of misery—turned the heads of the workmen, and in practice it became a problem 'how to obtain the

the least possible quantity of work from the greatest possible number of hands.' To this pretended organization of labour—a real organization of sloth, idleness, and incapacity—the Provisional Government gave, by a most absurd decree, its sanction, reluctantly indeed, but according to M. Lamartine's humiliating confession, not daring, in presence of an angry mob, to resist the influences which had created it. The best that M. Lamartine can now say for himself is that the Government meant to cheat the workmen, and hoped to evade and stifle the active principle by a profusion of fine words and flattering forms, and so to tide over the difficulty which they had adopted and increased :—

'The Organization of Labour, therefore, its Professor, and its followers were translated to the magnificent seclusion of the Luxembourg, in whose gardens and bowers the Professor moulded the pages of his book into the speeches which he delivered to a select audience of workmen seated on the velvet *siuteuils* of the *ci-devant* pcegrage. In taking possession of this ancient palace of the Medici, peopled with historical recollections, the undaunted Professor had but one scruple—as he had but one idea—his book!—and his book, not foreseeing that he should ever find himself in the Luxembourg, had said nothing about it. "But, no matter," said he, "it will make a supplemental chapter."—The Duke Decazes, so long the official guardian of the edifice, had had nothing so much at heart as to keep it and its decorations in full harmony with its historical character. The *salons* were fit for the reception of the Queen-Mother; the chambers and *boudoirs* would have satisfied the mistresses of Barras. All the accessories were in perfect keeping. Indian tissues and brocades beaming a rich and sober splendour; the finest tapestries of the Gobelins; carpets that seemed pictures to the eye, and moss to the tread. Any one not born of a princess might be forgiven for feeling in the midst of this antique magnificence a certain uneasiness mingling itself with his pride. There might also arise a kind of scruple—Were not these gorgeous trappings of a monarchy somewhat too fine for republican simplicity? A less venturesome spirit might have hesitated to negative that home-question; but our Professor was above such derogatory considerations. "He looked at the affair as one of principle—he was not vain of these distinctions on his own personal account—by no means; but he prized them as a homage paid to the *Rights of Labour*, of which he was the humble personification. Labour had hitherto been suffocated in dark and unwholesome hovels: the day of justice had come, and Labour was, as a natural retaliation, transplanted into delicious gardens and lodged in a sumptuous palace." It was under this impression that he heroically resigned himself to his dignity, and that, turning to the train of servants in state liveries, he said—

"*Call up my carriage.*"

'For the honour and dignity of labour he submitted to still greater sacrifices. He consented to make use of all the personal accommodation of the last inhabitants of the Palace of the Peers—the larder, the

pantry, and the cellar. So the story ran. Labour had been hitherto starved; it was now to be feasted. Would the Republic grudge the special representative of the laborious classes a few bottles of Champagne—a little game somewhat later, and a few other delicacies somewhat earlier than the course of the season? Was she to be sparing 'to those who never spared themselves in her service? The fatigues they had to undergo were immense, and required frequent and invigorating refreshment. The table therefore of the Commission of Labour was served and the cellar furnished by the grateful nation in the best style—no personal excess, indeed—no irregularities that could cause public animadversion, but an establishment and mode of living decent, liberal, even sumptuous—worthy of a great people and its favourite minister'!—4. 192.

When the Government had thus *affiché* that the *organisation of work* was their first duty, they might naturally expect to be made the depositaries of all the *doléances* of every particular craft, and accordingly they were for the first month besieged, not by deputations merely, but by whole trades *en masse*, marching with drums and colours, and shouting the *Marseillaise* and the somewhat inappropriate chorus of *Mourons pour la Patrie*—which we see M. Thiers has just recovered courage enough to laugh at. At first the members of the Government received and replied to these popular addresses with all the eloquence and unction they could muster; but their stock was soon exhausted, and they at last were forced to hand over the task to sub-secretaries and *adjoints*, who got through the task by having their own '*labour organized*' into certain easy forms.

To a deputation of market-gardeners—

'Citizens!—there is no business more respectable or more deserving the paternal care of the Government than that of the market-gardeners.'

To the bricklayers' labourers—

'Citizens!—there is no business more respectable or more deserving the paternal care of the Government than that of the bricklayers' labourers.'

To the journeymen carpenters—

'Citizens!—there is no business more respectable or more deserving the paternal care of the Government than that of the journeymen carpenters.'

These smooth words enchanted each of the trades—they fancied they had shaken hands with the Government in person, and retired with cries of '*Vive la République!*' These favourable receptions awakened even the smallest corporations to a sense of the necessity of looking after their own interests, and the walls of Paris were papered with invitations such as the following—copied, as Jérôme assures us, from the veritable originals:—

'The

‘*The Citizens waiters at Taverns and Coffee-houses* are requested to meet to-morrow at the Riding-House to deliberate on their special interests.

‘*The Citizens employed in the Choruses of the several Theatres* are apprised that they are to meet on Monday next to come to an understanding on the means of advancing the interests of Chorus-singers.

‘*The Porters and Housekeepers employed in Lodging-houses* feel the necessity of coming to some new arrangements with their *ex-masters* and *ex-landlords*. They therefore propose to meet, &c.’—p. 298.

These special reunions were seldom satisfied with advancing their own claims: they generally ended in an attack upon some other collateral branch of industry. A deputation of Pastry-cooks represented to the Provisional Government the injury they sustained from the Bakers, who, obviously entitled to bake *bread* only, had irregularly taken to baking of *pies*. A serious complaint was made by dealers in *cream*—‘citizens having,’ as they alleged, ‘established shops—paying rent and taxes, taking out a licence, and moreover doing duty in the National Guard’—that they were undersold by certain itinerant milkwomen, who had neither shop nor licence, and never mounted guard for the defence of the country. ‘I tell you, Sir,’ said the leader of the deputation to Jérôme, who stood by wondering at these processions, ‘I am one of those who made the Revolution, but I shall change my hand and make short work with this government, and throw myself into the arms of one of the Pretenders, if these milkwomen are to be tolerated.’

‘But these pretensions were not all of so absurd a character—some assumed a more serious and more odious aspect. The sober, industrious, and trustworthy Savoyards—the English mechanics and mechanicians employed on our railways; even German tailors—all were proscribed and violently extruded from a country that used to boast of its hospitality, and had so lately proclaimed itself as the land of *Fraternity*. O what lies are our devices! Of fraternity we had nothing but the empty name—every day afforded a new proof of this impudent delusion. In the name of Fraternity we persecuted our brothers; in the name of Fraternity we armed classes against each other; in the name of Fraternity—but it really seems the inconsistency of a frightful dream.’—i. 285.

Poor Jérôme had leisure enough to contemplate all these follies and crimes. His own affair was at a complete stand-still. He found the minister of the people inaccessible, and could not help regretting the old *régime*, when even as a poor bankrupt he was received with decency and dispatched without delay. Malvina, who still remained in her country town, saw the affair much clearer than Jérôme on the spot. She was aware that her easy-tempered spouse was but an indifferent solicitor; and she knew



knew Oscar too well to have any confidence in his influence—she did not believe that the Revolution had changed human nature—nay, she had seen enough of it already to be assured that the success of any affair had never been less likely to be determined by the mere justice of the cause. She resolved, distant as she was, to influence the Government in a way that poor Jérôme, amidst all these projects and reveries, had never dreamed of. The general election was announced. The name of ‘*Albert—ouvrier*’ in the Provisional Government, and citizen Carnot’s celebrated circular recommending *ignorance* as the first quality for a representative, struck Malvina with the possibility of starting a candidate whose success, should she accomplish it, would ensure at least justice, perhaps favour, to Jérôme. The little woman set about it with her usual tact and activity. She first exerted her personal coquetterie on the Commissioner, and propitiated him by her sweetest smiles from under her rose-coloured bonnet; she then looked about for a candidate, at once presentable and manageable, and fixed on a rustic friend, an honest farmer and miller of the name of Simon, as illiterate as M. Carnot could desire—but of a tolerable figure, good-humoured countenance, some shrewdness, and above all a sonorous voice. While she was yet doubtful whether Jérôme might be able to get Simon’s name on the list to be transmitted by the Government or the clubs of Paris, she easily got up a kind of agitation against any wholesale dictation on the part of the capital, and suggested and obtained a resolution of the electors to have at least two deputies of the agricultural class. ‘I asked for two,’ she tells Jérôme, ‘to make sure of one.’ Jérôme, as we shall see, succeeded in getting Simon’s name on the Paris list; but Malvina could have done without it, and the success of her candidate, first on the return, rewarded her sagacity and exertions. The choice of the candidate—the canvass—and the moulding of her fat *meunier* into a shape fit to be exhibited to the Department, are told in two or three letters to Jérôme in the peculiar style and picturesque vulgarity of the Parisian grisette. Her greatest difficulty was to overcome the reluctance of the too modest miller; but the Republic had furnished her with a powerful argument that overcame his diffidence. *Twenty-five francs per diem* was a fortune to her protégé. ‘He was,’ says Malvina, with more confidence in her friend’s disinterestedness than she really felt, ‘an honest creature and quite above *that* ;’ but, nevertheless, *that* clinched the affair.

This point of the 25 francs is thus, and again in one or two other places, lightly touched; but instead of complaining that he has said so little about it, we wonder at M. Reybaud’s venturing to allude to it at all. It required, we think, considering his own position and all the circumstances of the case,  
a good

a good deal of moral courage to have exposed, even in the imaginary case of Simon, the real design and certain effect of this salary to the representatives—namely, to fill the National Assembly with the neediest and greediest mediocrities. We do not deny that it is perfectly consistent with the *principle* on which the new Republic was founded—it is indeed almost, if not absolutely, the only result of the Revolution that has kept anything like consistency with its origin. When a Government affecting to include workmen, and really composed of hungry journalists, proclaimed a right of universal suffrage, and officially recommended to the constituencies the choice *par préférence* of the poor and ignorant, the salary became a logical as well as a political consequence; but it is impossible not to admit the justice of M. Reybaud's gentle satire, or to deny that, under a system of direct popular government, there needed no additional incentive and encouragement to low demagogues. At the outset this was not likely to have had much influence. The matter was, in fact, not well understood nor finally settled, and its influence at the last elections, though it produced some *Simons*, had not been thoroughly developed. If the Republic should last two or three elections more, the mischief of this system of wages to legislators, as if they were really mere *workmen*, will become serious. In the United States of America, spread as they are over a surface larger than all Europe together, there is a kind of reason for paying representatives sent to a remote and desolate capital where there is no business but legislation, no inhabitants but legislators, and where the social dignity of being a member of the legislature would hardly repay the time, trouble, and expense of such a distant exile from a man's natural residence, business, and habits. But in such countries as France and England, and such capitals as London and Paris, it is, we think, clear, as a general rule, that for the class of persons who ought to be entrusted with the *ardua regni*, the high duties of legislation, and in fact of administration—there need not and ought not to be any other recompense—in addition to whatever satisfaction and amusement may attend upon discharge of duty and presence at debates—than 'the dignity of the mission and the confidence of the constituencies;' or—to put it more plainly—the sweets of patronage if one supports the government, or the joys of popularity if in opposition. It would be, in our opinion, not merely derogatory, but absolutely unreasonable, to superadd a guinea a day. If such a system should be established amongst us, we suspect that we should have a vast accession to the political adventurers we already possess; and that the prayer for the High Court of Parliament, if not previously abolished as a remnant of superstition, would have to be repeated the whole year round.

It is a remarkable feature of the present state of France that  
this

this election of the miller, which we might otherwise have thought too bold a fiction of the novelist, has little or nothing to surprise any one at all acquainted with the details of the recent elections. There have *already* been many choices much less respectable than Simon the miller, and produced by less probable combinations. Jérôme proceeds with his story:—

‘The Republic had been now two months established, but men’s minds seemed as disordered as ever—the streets had resumed something of their ordinary appearance; but the brains of the inhabitants seemed wilder than before. Paris, like one of those demented cities that we have read of in antiquity, seemed a great madhouse. The government was mad—the population was mad. Of course there were some few exceptions, but they hid themselves, and are hardly worth mentioning. The chief extravagances turned on Finance. The insane projects of the government gave all the other insanities the same direction. . . . The most general and popular of these schemes were attacks in various forms on the purses of the rich—how to empty them at once into the pockets of the people—forced loans—sumptuary laws—the lapse of all legacies to collaterals to the use of the State—income tax—and at last graduated assessments—nothing was too sweeping for our bewildered financiers. One day a capitalist, one at least who pretended to be a capitalist, offered to abandon his dividends to the tune of 10,000 francs to the Exchequer, and collected around him a mob of workmen to give weight to the offer and to enforce the precedent—the riot that he occasioned was more real than the dividends he proposed to abandon. Another remembered that thirty years ago an indemnity had been voted to the emigrants, and he proposed that it should be now refunded to the people, *principal and interest*. Another proposed that all the vanities and superfluities of the rich should be tariffed and specifically taxed. Another, that every man should give day by day an account of his fortune and his profits, and that, like the victims of Procrustes, as much should be lopped off as exceeded the general size. Others even went so far as to publish lists of persons supposed to be wealthy—lists in fact of proscription—which held up individual names like a target to all the worst passions of the populace. All, from the Minister to the mob orator, had but one leading idea, to get at the chests of the rich and to subject them to deep and frequent evacuations.’—ii. 22-26.

Jérôme goes on to show that this was merely the repetition of an old delusion—that an attempt at arbitrary and exclusive taxation on what is called Riches must always fail.—

‘Riches exist only where there is credit and security, and when you attempt to grasp it by violence it melts away like ice, under your handling; and the only equality that you will at length arrive at, will be a level of universal poverty. And let us not deceive ourselves;—any scheme for *progressive taxation* must inevitably come to that ultimate and fatal result.’—ii. 28.

Jérôme Paturot, we see, is not of the school of the writer of the *Elbing Letter*.

After

After many details of the various follies and consequent misfortunes that ensued, he concludes:—

‘The aspect of society was melancholy, and showed the disorder of men’s minds—disorder in their ideas—disorder in all their acts—everywhere disorder and confusion—and then no hope in prospect—no dawn on the horizon. At the end of two months things look worse than ever. What is to rescue us?—is it to be a *System*—or *is it to be Man*? Whether man or system, it is time that it should show itself. We can wait no longer—delay will be fatal!’—ii. 39.

This, we again observe, was published in May—but we hardly think that Jérôme, weary as he was of the first eleven mountebanks, will have been altogether satisfied with *the Man* that the 23rd of June has produced as a stop-gap to anarchy.

Meanwhile the preparations for the elections had advanced, and Jérôme found no difficulty in getting Malvina’s candidate placed on the list of the directing club at Paris; he was a miller—that enlisted the democratic feeling; he was unknown—that stifled all personal objection. The best passport—next to being a writer in or protected by the two revolution-making journals (the *National* and the *Réforme*)—was to be utterly obscure—‘like loves like,’ and nothing could be more obscure than the persons who were permitted if not employed by the Provisional Government to direct the formation of the National Assembly:—

‘Thus were prepared those celebrated lists of candidates which the capital was kind enough to indulge the Departments with permission to copy. A few dozens of friends in Paris, collected in the evening round a writing-table, made, as it were, a *partition* of France. They began of course with inscribing each of their own names on eight or ten different lists. They distributed themselves, north, east, south, west—some by choice, most by chance, so as to ensure their being returned somewhere: and why not? They had had all the labour—who more entitled to the fruits? After themselves came—first their friends—then their friends’ friends—then the category of solicitations, barter, and compromise. Bad hats and shaggy beards were in much favour. There were also some choice frequenters of billiard-tables and smoking-rooms; nor were there wanting to complete the assortment, clusters of lawyers, strong doses of doctors, and bundles of periodical pens of about the eighth order of merit—a brilliant collection of *ci-devant* failures in their respective callings—to whom the Republic was now to make reparation for the disappointments of all their former lives.’

We beg our readers to remember that this is the picture of a well-informed observer, who saw the process, and who is himself one of the Assembly whose concoction he thus describes.

Oscar, imperturbable in his confidence of his own merit, was of course a candidate for Paris, and his progress through the clubs, his addresses, and his various electioneering devices are  
amusingly

amusingly told. We preserve some fac-similes of the kind of placards with which the walls of Paris were clothed in a profusion of yellow, blue, red, and green—more colours than the rainbow. We can only exhibit the forms:—

NOMMONS OSCAR,  
ARTISTE PEINTRE.

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*Ouvriers !*

N O M M O N S O S C A R !!  
LE PÈRE DU PEUPLE !!!

---

*Gardes Nationaux !*

N O M M O N S O S C A R,  
L'ENNEMI DE L'ÉMEUTE.

The author and subject of all these picturesque and highly coloured recommendations calculated that they must produce at least 400,000 votes; and was mortified to find that they produced only 584—'scanty lint,' says Jérôme, 'for so deep a wound!'

At last the Assembly is convened—Malvina and her member arrive in Paris. She suitably dresses and carefully instructs her big puppet to play his new rôle. *Vive la République!* is at once the shortest and most pregnant expression of opinion, and the best suited to the extent of Simon's faculties and the peculiar power of his lungs. We now know historically the precarious and problematical position of the Assembly on the first day of meeting. We have seen (*Quarterly Review*, last Number, p. 274) General Courtais haughtily summon or rather command the astonished Assembly to *come forth* to do homage to its constituents. We have seen the Assembly crouching and hesitating under this summons till there arose from the body of the hall a cry of *Vive la République!* We know that the enthusiasm or terror of the Assembly caught up this cry, and under its influence pro-

ceeded to make its obeisances to its sovereign lord the Mob ; but we did not know, till we read these volumes, that that sonorous and electrical *Vive la République !* had been first exhaled from the powerful lungs of Malvina's member. Jérôme indeed does not give all the details—he even leaves us in some doubt as to the particular moment of the sitting in which this important exclamation was made, but by comparing his account with the ‘Moniteur,’ it is impossible not to appropriate the anonymous but contagious cry of *Vive la République !* to Simon the Miller.

But what are the hopes of man or of woman ? The success of her meal-man was the ruin of all Malvina's projects—the apropos—the significance—the results of Simon's intonation, of which Simon himself was utterly unconscious, raised him at once to a high position in an assembly in which nobody knew anybody, and where the opportune and decisive expression of republican sentiment, uttered, as was soon discovered, ‘by the citizen Simon, *cultivateur et meunier*,’ designated him as one of the first-born of the Republic—one of those sound and practical intellects which were to do honour to the principle of universal suffrage as expounded by M. Carnot's circular. Simon became a power, and by not venturing on any other efforts of oratory, he did not lose the character he had gained. All parties courted him after their various fashions—the Ministers took notice of him—Lamartine invited him to dinner—and Simon was lost to Malvina and Jérôme ! She made several efforts to recover her influence—all in vain. The rupture was complete. ‘Come,’ says Malvina, shooting, like a Parthian, her last arrow, ‘tell us at least *how much* you have got.’ Jérôme's reproach was more direct, and, as he thought, more severe. ‘Simon,’ said he, ‘you are another Esau ! You have sold us for a mess of pottage.’

It was too true, and Jérôme had no more to expect from the alienated Simon than from the impostor Oscar ; he therefore set about studying the new Ministry, and gives us sketches of the Cabinet, true, no doubt, in the *ensemble*, though perhaps caricatured in the detail :—

‘It is but justice to the Revolution to say that none of the ministers which it has placed at the head of affairs would be influenced by antecedent prejudices—for none of them had the slightest acquaintance with any of the duties to which they were called. The majority were tradesmen who had given up business, or veterinary doctors who had little business to give up. . . . The first days of such an administration were high comedy—but alas ! who can paint it ?—those who could, will not. Let us, however, try to sketch a scene or two. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was one of the retired tradesmen. [M. Jules Bastide had been a timber-merchant.] Behold him introduced to his official desk, garnished with several well-filled boxes and portfolios,

portfolios, over which he cast an alarmed and inquisitive eye—the whole policy of Europe, the peace of the world lie in those portfolios. It is a formidable prospect even to a retired tradesman. He looks at them with awe, and does not even venture to open these Pandorean boxes. At last a tap at the door announces the *Chef de division*, or chief clerk, of one of the departments of the office, with another importation of portfolios, who comes to receive the orders of the new minister. The following dialogue ensues:—

'*Chef*. Sir, have you been pleased to look at the paper about the Teheran affair? I have drawn up a dispatch for your signature if you should approve the view I have taken of it.—*Minister*. Teheran?—*Chef*. Teheran. It is now near four months that it has been under consideration. There have been two commissions (one of them *mixed*) to inquire into the matter, and they have made three reports, which are in the portfolio. There are some serious interests involved, and I would venture to say that it is time that we should settle this question of Teheran.—*Minister*. Of Teheran?—*Chef*. Of Teheran.'

'So far,' adds Jérôme, 'the Minister had parried the attack, and escaped a confession that he knew nothing about Teheran or its affairs; he waited to catch from the *Chef* some thread to conduct him through the labyrinth. After some pause, the *Chef* requests his Excellency's final decision:—

'*Minister*.—The affair of Teheran—— *Chef*. Yes, of Teheran; though, indeed, in strictness, as your Excellency seems to hint, we might consider it in connexion with the incident that occurred at Trebisonde.—*Minister*. Between Teheran and Trebisonde.—*Chef*. Just so. The incident is of later date, and I am not sure that we have yet had all the details; but still, if his Excellency wishes to settle the two affairs at once, I can collect the additional papers and prepare a dispatch which shall include both. 'Tis for your decision.—*Minister*. Of course; but you think that the affair of Teheran may be annexed to that of Trebisonde.—*Chef*. I beg pardon, Sir, Trebisonde to Teheran; the principal matter taking place of the incidental. The order must be—— *Minister*. True! Teheran and Trebisonde.—*Chef*. Exactly so, Sir; but since your Excellency wishes to simplify the business, and to dispatch at once this class of affairs, I would venture to suggest that there has for this good while existed a little difficulty at Tiflis. 'Tis of no great moment, and does not press; but as we are settling affairs in that direction, we might very conveniently include that; and if, Sir, you should so determine, I can prepare one dispatch for all.—*Minister*. For Tiflis?—*Chef*. Tiflis and the others. I should propose to take them altogether.—*Minister*. I mean so: Tiflis, Teheran, and Trebisonde.—*Chef*. I should rather say Trebisonde and Teheran. The distinction is this: there is a difficulty at Tiflis, an incident at Trebisonde, but the *serious affair* is at Teheran.—*Minister* (*adopting the view of the subordinate*). No doubt, a *very serious* affair. And as to Tiflis—— *Chef*. Trebisonde first. The circumstance at Trebisonde must precede that of Tiflis. I—— *Minister*. No doubt, no doubt!

doubt!—*Chef*. In fact the whole correspondence—and not our own dispatches only, but (*with a firmer tone*) those of the other powers—all come to the same point. It is clear that we have but one course to take—unless (*lowering his voice*) you, Sir, should see the matter in another point of view.—*Minister*. Not at all; not at all. I have all along considered the affair of Tiflis as very serious.—*Chef*. Of Teheran.—*Minister*. Of Teheran, I mean, as well as of Trebisond.—*Chef*. I beg leave to add that any longer delay may be fatal to the interests at stake.—*Minister*. It cannot be denied—*fatal* is the word.—*Chef*. You will be pleased, then, to favour me with your directions.—*Minister*. As to Trebisond, you mean.—*Chef*. First as to Teheran.—*Minister*. First Teheran; then, if my recollection serves me, Tiflis.—*Chef*. Tiflis—conveniently, but not necessarily.—*Minister*. Just so. Now, Citizen, I am, as you see, quite *au courant* of the affair, or rather I should say affairs; but before I come to a final decision, I would wish you to draw up a short statement of your views on the subject, which you will be pleased to send into me—in a portfolio. I would not give you the trouble of coming again upon a subject you have so clearly explained; and I shall, therefore, give you my final directions in writing.

This extract may seem somewhat long, but we were unwilling to lose a line of the first lesson of a Minister of Foreign Affairs called by the Republic to efface Chateaubriand, Molé, Thiers, and Guizot.

Arago—who, as Lord Norbury said when the astronomer Brinckly was made an Irish Bishop, might *thank his stars* for his elevation—Arago had two ministries to manage, War and Marine—which, says Jérôme, he endeavoured to keep distinct by two sets of official portfolios: one *red*, for the War department; the other *green*, in honour, we suppose, of Amphitrite.

Jérôme gives a pleasant description of the ministerial audiences, in which the philosopher imitated Molière's *Maitre Jacques*, who was alternately cook and coachman, and assumed by turns the attributes of each office. A visitor is introduced; he has something of a military air; Arago at first sight makes ready for him with the red box; the conversation proceeds; it turns out that the personage belongs to one of the dockyards. 'Why did you not say so at first?' cries Arago, pettishly; 'you would have saved both yourself and me some trouble. One should proceed analytically, and begin by stating clearly the problem that is to be solved. But go on,' (taking up a green box) 'you now address the Minister of Marine.' 'But,' says the visitor, 'I came to complain that the general officer commanding —.' 'Stop,' exclaims the Minister; 'you are diverging again; that belongs to the Minister at War.' So he again changes boxes. It turns out, however, that the complaint is that some stores intended for the navy have



have been intercepted and appropriated to the army. ‘Oh! ho!’ says the double functionary, ‘the problem is binomial;’ and taking the red box in one hand and the green in the other—in *utrumque paratus*—he listens to a detail of which he does not understand a word, and finally leaves, as he found, the matter in *equilibrio*, or rather in *nubibus*.

A medical gentleman—we gather from the *Moniteur* that Dr. Trelat is meant—whose chief practice had been amongst what Science elegantly denominates the *chevaline race*—in short, a veterinary surgeon—became Minister of Public Works, and was transplanted from his humble lodging in the Faubourg St. Antoine to the magnificent hotel of the Rue St. Dominique. He is bewildered at the change: instead of his usual visitors, grooms and coachmen, he is beset by civil and military engineers; the official table is covered with a species of unintelligible drawings called *plans*, *sections*, *elevations*, and the like. If he opens a case, he finds every paper covered with such cabalistic figures as

$$a z + b y + c 2 = d.$$

He is encompassed on every side by these incomprehensible phantoms. He sees nothing, hears nothing, that he had ever heard before; he lives amongst cubes and polygons, without knowing what they are. He is persecuted by such absurd inconsistencies as—*volumes of air*—*columns of water*—and cannot sleep anights for thinking of sines, cosines, tangents, ellipses, hyperbolas, and parabolas. He becomes weary of this Parisian Laputa, and longs, like Captain Gulliver, to be again amongst his horses. We cannot find room for his dialogue with one of his engineers; and, in truth, it is, *mutatis mutandis*, the same mixture of ignorance of what he was talking of, and of endeavours to conceal it, that we have seen in the Minister for Foreign Affairs. We must equally omit a scene with the *Ignorantin* Minister of Public Instruction—of course, Citizen Carnot—in which he exhibits an example, very rare amongst the revolutionists, of consistency between his opinions and his practice—being himself as ignorant and incapable a puppet as was ever moved by an auxiliary hand.

The author concludes this chapter with remarking, rather in his own character than that of Jérôme, that the scenes thus presented, though looking like the *fictions of a novelist*, are in truth *realities*; and that it was the same in all the departments. In the War Office they had been within an ace of making a sergeant of dragoons [Clement Thomas] minister: our friend the astronomer supplied his place for the moment. The Department of Trade [Marie] was groping through a thick fog of theories for the terrestrial paradise of wages without work and life without labour. The Colonies were abandoned to a certain anti-slavery book-

book-maker [Schœlcher] as a *corpus vile* on which he might try what experiments he pleased. The Finances changed hands two or three times without changing their tendencies to spoliation and insolvency, and without producing to the exchequer anything but disappointment. The Minister of Justice [Crémieux] tried to keep himself in office by dismissing everybody else—even the judges. In the Home Department the minister [Ledru-Rollin] ‘saw *émeute* follow *émeute* with *incredible resignation*, and no more surprise than he would the succession of clouds in the sky or waves in the sea.’

‘In short, in this universal disorder no one was in his place; they were not Ministers, bdt stop-gaps. France had become a great political workshop, and was endeavouring to carry on the business by a dozen apprentices.’—ii. 200.

This makeshift Government—without having realized any of its pledges, kept any of its promises, or—omnipotent as it was—done any kind of good to the country or to individuals, except—a considerable exception indeed—many scandalous jobs for personal friends and flatterers—was dissolved by the advent of the Assembly; and five of them were selected to form a new Directory—located like the old one in the palace of the Luxembourg, from which Louis Blanc and the *ouvriers*-commission were unceremoniously ejected. These Pentarchs, however, were soon as unpopular in their new character as they had been in the former—a fact of which they themselves seemed not to entertain the most remote suspicion—indicating, on the contrary, in the arrangement of their new residence, a clear and comfortable prospect of making it their permanent home.

The distribution of apartments was at first no slight concern. Here the ladies intervened, and each endeavoured to carry out her own little conveniences and preferences. All would have desired the exclusive use of gardens from which the Duke Decazes had excluded the vulgar public—some had a particular liking for the flowers of his rich conservatories—and others again had a taste for the elegant dairy with which his Excellency’s taste had pastoralized the old palace. At last, however, a compromise was made between those rival pretensions, and, more or less satisfied, the ladies took possession of their respective allotments. Here and there portions of the furniture seeming—to the taste of ladies not much affected by historical traditions—somewhat antiquated, they were easily replaced in a more modern style from other residences of the ex-royalty. In short, the palace was brilliant with ultramonarchical splendour, and its inhabitants seemed to affect the air of sovereigns. The old Directory had been celebrated for its fêtes; the new Directory was resolved not to be eclipsed in that point.

point. The principle of political economy that seemed uppermost in their minds was that 'luxury not only became the dignity of a great State, but was the readiest and most effectual means of creating and encouraging national industry'—they adopted, therefore, the high policy of sideboards and fiddles. This, some prudent or envious persons suggested, might be taken as a departure from the Spartan precedent; and the men of the black broth school—the hungry *proletaires*—were not to be despised. There was a moment's hesitation—but the system of sideboards and fiddles prevailed; and as every mouth in Paris was singing or shouting *Mourons* for something or other—the new Directors were prepared to *mourir*, if necessary, *pour ses buffets et ses violons*. These great principles of the Government being thus laid down, the choice of a cook became of course a matter of the first importance: a cook is not, like a minister, made in a day; he must know something of his business. But here was a difficulty. It was with cookery as with politics—the best heads and hands had been employed by the ex-monarchy and all the ex-aristocracies, whether of rank, wealth, or taste. The Pentarchs could not venture on a dynastic, still less on a legitimist *chef de cuisine*—luckily they escaped from this dilemma, which had become embarrassing, by taking one recommended by the *Jockey Club*—the severest republican could not be jealous of the aristocracy of the stable!

Then arose another grave, very grave, question—the Government, though furnished with five mouths, was the single and indivisible head of the State. Was the Directorial household to be regulated by this unity of the head or this plurality of mouths—one table or five tables? The Quinquévirs themselves leaned at first towards unity. It seemed that in the daily exercise of the triple duties of reigning, governing, and sustaining nature, an economy of time might be effected by amalgamating seven cabinet councils with the seven cabinet dinners of every week. No great dispatch of political business could indeed be expected in the first course, or perhaps the second; but at or after the dessert, the Burgundy and Bordeaux would naturally improve the cordiality and confidence of which the soup and fish had laid the foundations, and the *wants of a hungry people* would be likely to receive a more good-humoured, if not effective, discussion from a cabinet which had, at the moment, no such wants of its own. But the ladies, who came again into play, demurred to all this: they denied the unity of the Government—they even denied the unity of each individual Director.<sup>9</sup> They alleged with great force that he had a wife more identified with him than he could possibly be with his colleagues, and she in her turn might have friends with whom she was identified—he had children too, and they

they had tutors and governesses—what was to become of them? The complications and inconsistencies that would arise out of this false principle were, they alleged, gross even to immorality. These considerations were serious. The good sense of the ladies, not unmixed with some little jealousy as to who might be the mistress and manager of a single establishment, prevailed, and each Director—left in possession of his personal and domestic identity—had a cook and kitchen of his own at the expense of the Republic.

Having settled these important domestic concerns, the Government was at leisure to give some of its thoughts to public affairs. Jérôme very early suspected that they were in what is commonly called a Fool's Paradise, and thought of little but the happy state in which they found themselves.

‘To complete the comfort of their position, they had persuaded the Assembly to relieve them from the annoyance of attending its sittings. Except on grand occasions, when they condescended to appear in the tribune like Roman consuls, they shut themselves up in their delicious retreat. There, amidst the beauties of nature, they meditated on the development of the great principles of social improvement of which they were to be the guardians and the examples. But while the Government was thus wrapped in Elysium, the city, on the contrary, was in feverish agitation and growing alarm. The clubs, increasing in numbers and violence, talked of nothing but cutting the unconscious and sybarite Government to pieces. Every night, in every corner of the town, the most furious appeals were made to the populace to rise and burst the chains with which this new tyranny had loaded them. These awful indications of a popular storm reached not the Luxembourg. There time ran smoothly on, without anxiety for the present or fear of the future. Some renewed their astronomical studies in the Observatory so conveniently at hand. Some took the opportunity of studying botany. When the day was fine, the children played about in the private gardens, and the ladies took the air in the *carriages of the Government*—escorted like princesses—and the guards as they passed turned out to salute them with military honours.’—ii. 215.

These sketches of the Pentarchy are certainly not flattering, nor is the picture of the National Assembly itself more favourable. The very building in which it meets was a blunder. Having determined on a number of representatives too great for sober and useful deliberation, the Provisional Government doubled the inconvenience, not to say mischief, of such a multitude of councillors by the most inconsiderate and absurd shape and distribution which could be given to the locality. No one could be heard who had not the voice of a Stentor or a *Simon*, and no one could hear but the favoured few who gather round the tribune as folks do in winter round the fire—all the rest was

either inattention or disorder—frequently tumult—sometimes chaos. The liberality of the Republic furnishes each of its representatives with a stout paper-knife, and these paper-knives play almost as important a part in debate as swords used to do in the Polish Diet. By clattering them against their desks members express either their assent to or more frequently dissent from any stray words that they may happen to hear, or, more frequently still, their impatience at hearing nothing at all. To remedy this, the President's chair and the tribune of the speakers were by a subsequent amendment advanced bodily towards the centre of the hall, boarded up behind, and adorned with a kind of canopy and frontispiece that 'look for all the world like a stage at a fair whence mountebanks gesticulate before a crowd, of whom a few of the nearest listen, while all the rest are busy about anything else.' This inconvenience, however, though serious at first, cannot be permanent,—it will no doubt be soon remedied; but the *personnel* of the Assembly seems to prove quite as little satisfactory as the *locale*. The election of Simon had prepared us for a new *Parliamentum indoctum*, but we did not expect to find that some of M. Reybaud's colleagues cannot so much as articulate intelligible French. One of them apostrophised an antagonist—

'J'ai eu le bonheur de voir l'auteur de la proposition manquer de cœur et se rendre à l'argument de la pur:—'  
to which the other replied—

'Ces gens sortent de la breume des révolutions et ils en sont l'écume,' &c.  
while a deputy of Alsace thus addresses the Assembly—

'Ché fiens témanter à l'Asemblé guelgues moments d'adenzion avinté lui zoumedre un brochet té loi té la blus crante imbordance.'

Men of very good sense may have a faulty pronunciation, and some orators of our own parliament (particularly since the Reform Bill) remind us more strongly than is usual in good society of the Shannon and the Tweed; but by Jérôme's account, vouched by so intelligent an eye and ear witness as M. Reybaud, it appears that in the new Assembly the quantity of *patois* is so much out of proportion as to countenance the conclusion that of all the measures of the Provisional Government, the circular of citizen Carnot has been the most successful.

We need not give any specimens of the turbulence of the debates—every newspaper furnishes examples quite as striking as the few at which Jérôme and Malvina assisted. We will only observe, seriously, that the great number of spectators of both sexes admitted to the galleries must inevitably have a tendency to promote disorder, and has certainly, in our opinion, encouraged the frequent aggressions of the mob on the various Legislatures,  
from

from the invasion of the first National Assembly on the 5th of October, 1789, down to that of the present National Assembly on the 15th of May, 1848.

It is just prior to this latter *attentat* that Jérôme Paturot closes; or, we rather hope, suspends his serio-comic sketches of, what he evidently does not think, *la meilleure des Républiques*.

In ordinary circumstances we should not have attached any importance to the scenes, however clever, of a mere novelist; but M. Reybaud is here, in truth, rather the historian—nay, we may say the *sole* historian—of a most important period. His antecedent character and present position stamp a very peculiar authenticity on his sketches; and we have not seen nor heard, since the February Revolution, of any other writer, gay or grave, who has ventured to publish in France one word of unfavourable truth (and there is no other truth) about it. The very few who ever hazarded the slightest attempt to criticise it in the public press have been silenced by the summary processes of confiscation and imprisonment. In fact, this *novel* form seems the only one in which anything like truth can venture to appear. Under the old régime it used to be said that the Government of France was a *monarchie absolue tempérée par la chanson*—and the *ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* used to be reckoned the real charter of French liberty; but that, like all the other charters, vanishes under a reign of terror. It was lost during the short tyranny of Robespierre and the long one of Buonaparte. It revived during the constitutional reigns of the three Bourbons—with an important addition: *ridentem dicere FALSUM quid vetat?* Never assuredly was falsehood more identified with the freedom of the press than in the indefatigable and exterminating war which was made on the monarchy from 1815 to 1848. The Revolution of February maintains the *latter* reading in its fullest plenitude; but the *dicere verum* has been now formally, impudently, but perhaps necessarily, abolished by the dictator and the terrified Assembly which crouches for its existence under his sword. While the *state of siege* lasts, we shall have, we presume, no continuation of Jérôme Paturot, even though M. Reybaud's senatorial character might be expected to give him a kind of protection. The old French Revolution was full of most extravagant contradictions—the bloodiest massacres in the name of Fraternity, the most extensive and cruel tyranny under the profession of Liberty; but there was nothing in the old Revolution that comes up to the audacious absurdity and falsehood of the new one, which is proceeding to vote its Constitution—the solemn foundation of national liberty—under the immediate, instant, and acknowledged pressure of military despotism—nay, of *martial law* covering the capital as with

a shroud, and stifling even the supreme legislative body in its folds. The accounts received from Paris as we write these lines announce three important steps in this march of tyranny: first, that the Assembly has voted (529 to 140) that it will proceed to discuss and pass the Republican Constitution under the *state of siege*—a resolution perhaps defensible on the ground that if not voted under violence, a republican constitution would never be voted at all; secondly, they have voted (543 to 180) that they will not submit the new constitution to the ratification of the people—a sanction, or at least a form, from which Buonaparte did not venture to absolve any of his Constitutions; and thirdly, they have resolved (586 to 156) that they will not limit, as their original convocation supposed, their own existence to the voting the Constitution, but will continue in power till they shall have perfected what they call the *Organic Laws supplementary to the Constitution*. What they may choose to call Organic Laws, and consequently what duration they may thus attempt to give to their own authority, we cannot venture to guess; but Malvina, on whose sagacity we have much reliance, leads us to suppose that the 25 francs a-day may have had a considerable influence on that vote, and will ensure to the organic laws a very deliberate discussion. However that may be, it is evident that this proceeding is in principle the same illegal and unconstitutional usurpation by which the Convention twice over suspended the Constitution which it had made, and protracted by its own *ipse dixit* its infamous existence. But whatever the Dictator and his half-trembling half-mutinious Assembly at 25 francs a-head may for the moment enforce, we have no doubt that if ever they vote a Civil Constitution—no matter what—and can subtract themselves from the impending Sword of Damocles-Cavaignac, there will be new disorders, with—perhaps the same results that we have already seen—an alternation of anarchy and despotism; till at last—*de guerre lasse*—the Nation shall resume the good sense, courage, and self-respect which it seems to have lost in February, and which, whenever they shall return, will lead them to seek in the only permanent principle which we can imagine—a legitimate and hereditary monarchy—a refuge from a state so abject, so disgraceful to a great people, as to be obliged to invite the despotism of a Cavaignac to save them from the anarchy of a Louis Blanc. Such, we are satisfied, must be—after more or less intermediate delay, more or less national degradation, more or less material and personal suffering—the ultimate result. The fate of this ridiculous Republic, which even the Jérôme Paturots laugh at, and in which nobody—no, not one rational man in France—seriously believes—its fate, we say, is certain, though

its agony may be protracted. Sooner or later a great nation must throw off the vile trammels which a couple of dozen of low agitators were allowed by a strange concurrence of circumstances to impose upon her.

The Report of the Enquête, or inquiry into the *attentat* of the 15th of May, cannot fail, we think, to have a great, lasting, and beneficial effect on the public mind. It lets us incidentally into a portion—a small indeed but an important one—of the secret history of the February Revolution, and of the character and motives of some of the principal actors in that conspiracy. Not only does it confirm in a remarkable degree all the facts, and even the conjectures, of the articles in our two last numbers on the Revolution—but it reveals a degree of folly, cowardice, treachery, and in short of every species of political absurdity and turpitude which has surprised even us—put the Revolutionists to what looks like shame—and made the rest of France still more disgusted with a Republic nursed in so filthy a cradle by such despicable fosterers. It was already certain that the Revolution was anything but popular in the country, or even in Paris; but it is every day becoming more apparent that a vast majority of all interests regret the calamitous experiment—that there is a strong and increasing inclination to retrace—if they only knew how—all the steps of the Revolution, and after six months' experience of almost every form of despotism—

To fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

By what combination of circumstances this result is to be brought about after two such convulsions as those of 1830 and 1848, it would be idle at present to speculate. We can only repeat our confirmed opinion that nothing else can give stability to Government in France, and that it is therefore inevitable.

As we are writing these lines we have received a letter, of which the following is an extract, from an intelligent English gentleman in Paris. It gives the latest account we have seen of the real state of that city:—

‘I dare say my impressions of Paris, which I left this morning after a stay there of nearly three weeks, may be not unacceptable. Paris, though more interesting than ever, and deriving a certain charm from a slight sense of insecurity, is very *triste*; the hotels, *cafés*, and *pensions* are absolutely deserted; though the streets are as crowded as ever, the smart equipages have disappeared, and all the forms of female beauty that used to display so many *nuances* of taste and elegance are replaced by a tribe of unwashed idlers *en blouse*. We now see, and the Parisians are beginning to feel, for how much of her gay appearance Paris was indebted to the English. As regards the personal  
safety



safety of foreigners, the place is really as safe as ever ; indeed, as long as there is a Government, and the *état de siège* is maintained, there is no great likelihood of any disturbance.

‘The state of politics is very remarkable, chiefly so from the general absence of sincerity in public men ; there are, in truth, only two opinions now in France, one of which is never even mentioned in public, and the other is represented in the National Assembly by only a feeble minority of avowed supporters. The people that one meets with, down to the cab-drivers, are, without a single exception, *monarchical*, and take no pains to conceal their opinions, which I should say are four-fifths for Henry V., the remaining one-fifth being about equally divided between Louis-Napoleon and the Prince de Joinville ; but there is a surging tide of Red Republicans whom the traveller never sees, though he sometimes hears the noise of the breakers.

‘The latter certainly took the proper course for the success of their candidates at the late election for the Seine, by concentrating all their votes on three names, whilst the other party divided themselves amongst some twenty-seven. The tactic is to distribute far and wide, sometimes literally *rapidis ludibria ventis*, polling-papers, with the name of the particular candidate to be supported, coupled in every variety of combinations with the names of the other candidates ; *e. g.* Louis-Napoleon’s friends circulated papers in which his name was joined with every possible combination of two names of substantial candidates ; and so on as regards the other candidates. Emile de Girardin and young Delessert in their own persons, and the *Constitutionnel* and *Journal des Débats* by their incomprehensible support of one Adam, a Government candidate, spoiled the game of two of the Conservative candidates, Roger du Nord and Maréchal Bugeaud.

‘The latter was very warmly supported for the very reason that I should have supposed the least likely to have produced such an effect—I mean the urgency with which he pressed Louis-Philippe to let him put down the insurrection of February, which he undertook to do in four hours at the cost of 10,000 lives of the *émeutiers*. The shopkeepers accuse the King as having been “a *bête*, never sufficiently to be blamed and even despised for his ill-timed clemency towards a *canaille* that the interests of Europe required to be swept away.” *Non meus hic sermo*, but that of respectable tradesmen in different parts. They always add that next to the King they have nobody to blame but themselves, *i. e.* the National Guard. One of my friends had his house converted *en ambulance* for the wounded of both parties, so that neither party fired upon it—rather a pleasing trait ;—but he says that there is no conceivable crime of which his own eyes did not witness the perpetration. Talk of political hatred ! there is nothing that the *Bourgeoisie* would hail with so much delight as the instantaneous annihilation of the Red Republicans, who, doubtless, waste no unrequited love on the *Bourgeoisie*. The conversation at table having turned one day on the disturbed state of other nations, the lady of the house suddenly exclaimed with undissembled bitterness,

bitterness, "And it is these accursed French that have caused all this—these accursed French!" There is a *sortie* for a Frenchwoman! To be sure, the *reliquia Danaüm*, the scanty wrecks of a fortune saved out of the first Revolution, have been entirely swept away by the second. And so it is with all of them.

Personal adventures an unobtrusive foreigner does not fall in with: to be sure, I have shaken hands with a chimpanzee, and heard both Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin in the National Assembly; the latter is at present in better odour than the former, chiefly on account of his greater energy. They are both of them much disliked by the respectable party. Lamartine is not an agreeable speaker to listen to: he runs on in a monotonous chant, broken by long theatrical *ahs*! The speech which I heard, though of considerable length, raised only three cheers even from the *gauche*, and sent the President, Thiers, and Napoleon Fitz-Jérôme to sleep.

'I have seen Cavaignac only at too great a distance to distinguish him from Lamoricière, both being mounted on white horses, at a grand review of 80,000 men. When I first arrived he was in high favour, but he is now sneered at by the *Bourgeoisie* as a "républicain forcené." In fact, we were very near a counter-revolution on Saturday [16th Sept.], and still nearer an *émeute* on Sunday, the moderate temper displayed by the Assembly on Saturday having caused Cavaignac to be on the very point of resigning: this would have been an appeal on his part to the Red Republicans; but, instead of that, he was prevailed upon to retain his post, and the incipient masses were dispersed without much noise.

'The moderate Republicans, even if the present Government is to be classed with them, are insignificant in point of numbers; they are, however, powerful in respect of their position. One of the most characteristic features of the times is the manner in which everybody courts the *ouvriers*; the mode in which candidates are nominated is by the posting of bills commencing "*Nommons*"—with the name of the candidate and a statement of his pretensions; then the signatures of the parties making the nominations: at the elections which have just taken place, these were almost universally *ouvriers*. It is generally expected that there will be another crisis before December is passed; my impression is, that the *Henriquinquistes* will not succeed, that the constitution will be as moderately republican as one which rests on universal suffrage and vote by ballot can be, but that the Red Republicans will have it all their own way at the second election, if not at the first.'

We have heard a curious and we believe authentic anecdote connected with the grand review mentioned in this letter. It was obvious to all the world that General Cavaignac had been very coldly received—particularly by the National Guard, of which four or five legions were especially sullen. After the review was over, Cavaignac complained sharply to General Changarnier (commander

(commander in chief of the National Guard) of the apathy of those legions which he enumerated, and added, that he would have them to know, that if they continued to show such disaffection he would *mitrailler* them without hesitation. Changarnier, piqued at this, replied, that, if he believed that Cavaignac was serious, he would that instant resign his command, and state publicly why he did so. Both the Generals were warm, when Lamoricière, the Minister of War, interposed, and said 'It was idle to quarrel about such a phrase; for I tell you,' said he, turning to Cavaignac, 'there is not a regiment in the army that would obey your order to fire on the National Guard.' We cannot think that Cavaignac—of such a temper, and '*happy and proud of such a father*' as it is his misfortune to have had, and his folly to boast of—is likely to have a long reign.

As for Henry V., we quite agree with our friend that the time for him is not yet come, though his cause seems to advance more rapidly than we expected. We venture to conclude this topic with a *bon mot* of no trivial import attributed to Alexander Dumas. Some one was discussing—as everybody seems to be doing—the prospects of Henry V. 'Ah!' he said, 'it is not *Henri Cinque* we want, but *Henri-Quatre—the Second*.'

ART. IX.—*Italy in the Nineteenth Century, contrasted with its past Condition.* By James Whiteside, Esq., Q.C. London. 3 vols. 8vo. 1848.

FEW countries are so often visited as Italy—none so frequently described. All who can command a short period of leisure have spent part of a winter at Rome and of a spring at Naples;—a large proportion of this host of visitors keep note-books and journals—and not a few have afterwards yielded to the persuasion of friends and have published them. German and French tourists have contributed their share to the general information. We have some learned and some lively descriptions; we have also many flippant and many insipid volumes on the same attractive subject; we have the valuable compilations of Mr. Murray, and the brilliant 'remarks' of the fastidious Forsyth. Yet no country so much visited is so little known. There is scarcely a town through which the traveller hurries in his eagerness to reach the principal points of attraction, that does not boast objects of interest and beauty which would form the chief ornaments of an ultra-montane capital; and there are various districts possessing equal claims to notice which lie out of the ordinary road and

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are often altogether neglected. We entirely agree with Mr. Whiteside that there is ample room for another work on Italy. He is severe if not contemptuous in his remarks on those of his fellow-labourers who have confined themselves to the safer ground of scenery and the fine arts, and have left the subject of laws, manners, and social institutions untouched. It is this deficiency he engages with better intentions, we think, than success to supply. His own title-page does indeed announce a vast undertaking! To pass in review a country possessing the many claims to attention we have just enumerated, divided into various sovereignties, differing in climate, productions, customs and laws, each of them consisting of an aggregate of small states, once enjoying independence, and boasting their days of grandeur and decline, their statesmen, their warriors, and their schools of art—all this does he undertake, and not only this, but to compare and contrast their actual with their past condition—their present aspect with their history. He dwells with complacency on the length of his stay in Italy (amounting to two years), and the necessary familiarity with the subject which it implies. Alas, we should have thought it just long enough to convince him of his incompetency for the task! Such an undertaking as he proposes to himself could not be accomplished without giving more time to each state than he has bestowed on the whole peninsula.

When Lord Byron, after a residence of some years there, was asked by the late Mr. Murray to furnish a volume on Modern Italy, he flatly refused. 'Perhaps,' he writes from Ravenna, 'I am in case to know more than most Englishmen, but there are many reasons why I do not choose to treat in print on such a subject: besides you would not understand—their moral is not your moral; their life is not your life—it is not French, nor German, nor English, which you all understand. The conventual education, the cavalier-servitude, the habits of thought and living are so entirely different, and the difference becomes so much more striking the more you live intimately with them, that I know not how to make you comprehend a people who are at once temperate and profligate, serious in their characters and buffoons in their amusements, who have no society, as you understand the word, for their *conversazioni* are no society at all; they go to the theatre to talk, and into company to hold their tongues. Their system has its rules and its fitnesses and its decorums; they exact fidelity from a lover as a debt of honour, while they pay a husband like a tradesman, that is, not at all. You hear a person's character, male or female, canvassed not as depending on their conduct to their husbands or wives, but to their mistress or lover. If I wrote a quarto I do not know that I could do more than  
amplify

amplify what I have noted here.' We do not think the Italian character much changed since Lord Byron wrote. They are courteous undoubtedly when thrown in the way of strangers ; but, if possible, they avoid their company. They are vain and proud and exclusive in their habits ; they feel an uneasy consciousness that their mode of life seems ridiculous to foreigners, that their feelings are not understood, their manners often misrepresented. They neither like the trouble nor the expense of entertaining in their own houses, and they feel more mortification than gratitude in accepting hospitality. The contact of strangers forces upon them a strong sense of social inferiority which struggles painfully with intense national vanity and a traditionary contempt for the understandings and accomplishments of all foreign nations. The Italian is constitutionally good-humoured ; he dislikes to witness pain or to inflict mortification ; nay more, he is benevolent and charitable. He is religious, and not, in our sense of the word, superstitious ; his temperament is peculiarly susceptible, and the great undertakings which dazzle his fancy, his nerves and energies do not enable him to execute. Macchiavelli, who has devoted so many pages to the elucidation of the national character, accuses his countrymen of sensuality and vanity, 'vices,' he observes, 'which would hurry them into excesses if not checked by constitutional caution and a tendency to avarice.'

To encounter the difficulties of his task, Mr. Whiteside does not bring any peculiar talents or advantages. As a lawyer he has attained considerable reputation at the Irish bar, and cannot therefore be supposed to have devoted much previous attention to the particular walk of literature he has proposed to illustrate, nor, judging from the number of his mistakes (mistakes which we have neither the time nor the inclination to single out), both in facts and in language, can we congratulate him on great proficiency in his more recent studies. But the greatest disqualification in our eyes is the stock of ready-formed opinions with which he commenced his journey—opinions against which, we must in fairness admit, he puts the reader on his guard by announcing them at the very onset. He is too candid to misstate what falls under his own observation, and too logical not to draw the legitimate inference from it ; but he is determined to be *liberal*, and liberality can be shown only by adopting and upholding the fashionable cant on the subject of Austria (vol. i. p. 39). When passing through the Tyrol, he is struck by the fertility and cheapness of the country, and the appearance of industry and comfort among its inhabitants. He eulogises the good faith with which the Government has from the earliest times maintained the constitutional privileges of this favoured province, and notices the entire  
satisfaction

satisfaction which that constitution diffuses among the community. He extols, in a passage that aspires to the eloquent, the devotion of this primitive race to their native princes, and their loyal exertions under the heroic Hofer. The page of history is confirmed in every point by the observation of his own eyes; but unluckily in his way from Italy he had slept at Trent, and there had 'chatted with an Italian' who had assured him that the Tyrolese had been wholly cheated of their political freedom, and their constitution was 'all a farce' (p. 33)\*.

In passing through Lombardy he observes the cleanliness of the towns, the high cultivation of the soil, the industry of the people, the absence of mendicancy, and all the other symptoms of material happiness and good government. 'It has been wisely said,' he observes, 'if in any country the ground be well cultivated and the markets well supplied, we may conclude the people to be happy and well governed.' In defiance of this test and the evidence of his own senses, he continues through the whole of his pages to declaim against the Austrian government. In Piedmont, Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, he finds less of industry, prosperity, and civilization; but he does not dwell the less constantly on the misery of all countries not ruled by native princes. In Modena he observes the same air of plenty as in Austrian Lombardy; but he finds a tyranny, though the 'existing tyrant is said to be a somewhat better man than his father was,'\*—discoveries which he is fortunate enough to make while traversing the diminutive duchy, and passing a single night in its capital (p. 27). The Modenese clergy (as a matter of course) he supposes to be luxuriating in extravagant wealth; though had he applied for confirmation to any man whom he chanced to meet, he would have found that it is paid in the same proportion as in Austrian Lombardy—that is to say, at a rate just sufficient to afford a decent maintenance, and to hold out no lure for either avarice or ambition.

At Florence, where his stay is longer, he pays some attention to its past history, and gives his readers the result of his studies in a synopsis, drawn chiefly, we believe, from M. Sismondi's compendium—at least we think we trace in it the peculiar prejudices of that writer. In this sketch (vol. i. p. 217 *et seq.*) Mr. White-

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\* The late Duke of Modena was the object of peculiar hatred to the *liberal* party. For the sake of truth, however, we must observe that his personal conduct was so correct as to lie open to no charge unless it were that of *hypocrisy*. In politics certainly he was no hypocrite—he openly professed his opinions, and in that profession was uncompromising. He was the only sovereign in Europe who never acknowledged Louis-Philippe, and he dropped diplomatic relations with England rather than consent to a meanness; when our government, with that remarkable susceptibility which ministers of free states often exhibit, exacted an apology for an article which appeared in the Modenese newspaper, the 'Bocca della Verità,' he flatly refused, and all intercourse between the courts for some time ceased.

side has adopted the affected simplicity and half-concealed banter of the child's story-book—a style equally injudicious in its conception and clumsy in execution, and eminently ill adapted to such a subject. Like many far deeper historians, he confounds civil liberty with national independence; and while he justly applauds the Florentines for the zeal with which they maintained the latter, he takes it for granted they possessed the former. We shall not at present dilate on the subject of Florentine history, as to which Capt. Napier's extensive work will require a separate Article in an early Number; but we must remind our readers in passing that at no period did civil liberty, as we understand the term, exist at Florence—at no period was opposition to the ruling government tolerated if there existed the power of suppressing it. Freedom of discussion and liberty of speech might as soon be found in Turkey. The successful faction maintained themselves by the banishment of their opponents, and there was a continual struggle between those possessed of office to perpetuate their power, and those who placed them there to withdraw it. From this unceasing turmoil, which grew insupportable as increasing wealth furnished the means of peaceable enjoyment, the community was glad to take shelter under the usurped authority of the Guelphic oligarchy, or the equally powerful but better concealed domination of the Medici. For this distinguished family Mr. Whiteside entertains a special aversion, excited chiefly, if we understand him, or at least greatly embittered, by their imputed patronage of the fine arts. We are not among their worshippers; but amongst them were many men remarkable for talents; nor were the vices of the reigning princes, as he asserts, unredeemed by any single virtue;—but we are obliged to admit the general fidelity of his picture, which we do with the more reluctance, as we would willingly, if we could, support the honour of the most intensely *national* race of princes that ever ruled in Italy. We cannot deny they were often dissolute and unscrupulous; but we will not allow that it was by the fine arts that they spread corruption. They built magnificent palaces and villas, and had a vanity in decorating their capital; but their collections (if this is to be claimed as a merit) were made in the true exclusive spirit of the miser, and were jealously removed from public observation. The vices of their government were enormous, inferior only to those of the republic which they overthrew. We respect no less than our author the character of the Grand-Duke Peter-Leopold. He was among the most benevolent of sovereigns, and the wisest of reformers;—in time he might have fitted his subjects for self-government. We rate very highly the debt of gratitude Tuscany owes its Austrian  
princes,

princes, and regret the more that the reigning sovereign has shown a weakness and vacillation unworthy the race from which he springs.

In pursuance of the plan announced in his title-page, Mr. Whiteside follows up his historical sketch with details derived from the conversation of 'a very intelligent priest' whom he met at a coffee-house. This friend, we are told, 'was a good linguist' (vol. i. p. 98): if, therefore, we are not to suppose that he failed to make himself understood, we must conclude that he had a facetious propensity (and we hold many 'an intelligent priest' accountable for as great a sin) to mystify the 'stranger.' We cannot otherwise account for the assertion, among many others of equal absurdity, that only sixteen of the ancient historical families exist at present in Florence. Had the traveller applied to 'any man at the corner of the street' (in this case a sufficient authority), he would have learnt that nearly all the dark monumental palaces of the old Republicans are inhabited by their lineal descendants. At the theatre or the *cascine* he would have discovered from the same authority that most of the ancient nobles through all the letters of the alphabet, from Alberti to Zucchi, are still existing—some in opulent, many in easy circumstances, and almost all enabled to indulge in the indispensable luxury of an equipage and an opera-box.

As a lawyer, his attention is naturally drawn to Italian jurisprudence, and the state of the courts of law. He confirms the melancholy truth of the observations we made in a former Number on the administration of justice; but we have failed to convey our meaning if he conceives us (*Preface*, p. xv.) to have implied a sweeping condemnation of the learned profession in Italy. We intended to express only a small part of that censure which he pronounces with fuller details and with the authority of a brother of the robe, and we are far indeed from underrating those remarkable men who have illustrated the science of legislation and have toiled to construct the mighty fabric of international law. We only wish their successors were more strongly imbued with the spirit of their pages; we should not then be pained by the anomalous spectacle of princes at peace and their subjects at war—the open violation of existing treaties and the invasion of neutral territories by licensed banditti. He is mistaken, we think, in censuring the tribunals for over-severity—we should rather complain of too great a sympathy with crime—even in political cases the decisions, though often unaccountably delayed, are rarely cruel or unjust. The want of dignity in the judge is the necessary consequence of the little consideration in



in which the profession is held—a defect not likely to be mended by the conduct of its learned members during the recent disturbances.

In illustration of the criminal justice of former days, Mr. Whiteside gives at great length the story of the Cenci family (vol. ii. p. 128), which, he says, had never appeared in an English dress. This is a mistake: it has appeared in the language of every country, we believe, in Europe. It is told with great accuracy of detail in the ‘Riccordi’ preserved in the archives of the Roman families; and all the original documents connected with the trial were deposited in the library of the convent of S. Maria sopra Minerva. Mr. Shelley, in his play, has scrupulously followed history, except in the single instance where a regard to dramatic decorum obliges him to soften the horrors of his story and conceal the full extent of his heroine’s injuries. Mr. Whiteside has adopted the version of a romance which does not even pretend to historical accuracy, and from which all probability is banished. On the details of this tale of crime and sorrow it is hateful to dwell. The enormous wickedness of the husband and father, and the guilt and misery of his murderers, freeze our sympathy. Of the guilt of the unhappy Beatrice there can be no doubt: her own confession is full and ample. The interest of the story lies in the wonderful courage and presence of mind which she displayed in her defence, and the almost superhuman influence she exercised over the partners of her crime. The story of her sitting for her picture to Guido is, we regret to say it, a fiction of modern days. The painter did not visit Rome till some years after her execution. The portrait which bears her name—a sketch of surpassing beauty—represents the same head that appears in several of his pictures, and is probably the idealised resemblance of some favourite model.

Mr. Whiteside’s first visit to Rome took place at the close of the pontificate of Gregory XVI., a period of discontent and misgovernment which justifies much severity in his remarks. It is not true, however, that even this unpopular sovereign had paralysed all exertion and checked all improvement. Extensive tracts in the Campagna had been brought into cultivation, the Lake of Gabii had been drained by Prince Borghese, numerous essays of experimental farming had been made by wealthy proprietors in that unhealthy district:—the population of Rome had increased, its streets were paved, and gas-lights and omnibuses—those never-failing signs of modern civilization—had been introduced. Compared with the present state of the country it was a paradise of industry and social comfort. A general desire for improvement, however,

however, had certainly been spread abroad—the old system of government had become odious, and a change was inevitable; but the new Pope Pius IX. promised what it was not in the power of man to realise. He attempted no administrative reforms, but introduced great constitutional changes—that is to say, he did not diminish the burdens of his subjects, but he suddenly armed them with powers by which they were enabled to overturn his government and to obstruct the formation of any other. Mr. Whiteside gives this unfortunate prince credit for good sense as well as good intentions; but it was precisely in the former homely quality that he was deficient. Intoxicated with popularity, he indulged his subjects in all their demands, till they had learnt to exact what he no longer retained the power to refuse. When he ceased to show himself a willing instrument in their resentments he became an object of suspicion to the Republican party, who extorted from his weakness compliances which his conscience condemned. He soon learnt the error of his policy, and lives to repent it, but not to retrace his steps. He has outlived his popular favour, has been accused of the basest duplicity,\* is virtually dethroned, and vegetates in his palace surrounded by rebellious subjects, at whose mercy he lies, unprotected and unarmed.

It may be pleaded, perhaps, that the Pope could not foresee the French revolution, and that without that impelling cause he could not have been precipitated into the abyss which nevertheless his own hands were preparing. No doubt the French revolution changed in a moment the aspect of affairs throughout Europe. The long conspiracy of French Republicanism had had active correspondences in other countries—and the tocsin of its outbreak told far and wide with instantaneous effect. In Italy not only the most extravagant expectations of effective French agency were entertained, but in a struggle of opinions the example of one country acts with electric influence on another, especially of the stronger on the weaker. Even in France it is possible that the spur lent to the ‘movement’ by the Pope may have added audacity and strength to the revolutionary party. But it is obvious from the first that the Pope did not see the tendency of his own measures; that he over-estimated the powers he reserved to himself of checking or guiding the impulse he had given, and that he calculated on the strength of motives such as love, respect, and gratitude, which never yet had any influence in a time of revolution. His example, followed as it

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\* It was generally believed in Rome that the invasion of the Papal territory by General Welden was undertaken with the connivance and by the desire of the Pope himself. The press gave encouragement to the report, while affecting coldly and *officially* to deny it.

was by the Italian priesthood, who were eager to recover an influence fast escaping from them, raised a flame which would hardly have been quenched had no French revolution occurred. We are surprised that Mr. Whiteside (*Preface*, p. xv.) quarrels with our assertion that Pius IX. was the cause of the Italian movement, with all its consequences, good and evil, inasmuch as this opinion is confirmed by his own statements, and it is also maintained in M. Azeglio's pamphlet, which he quotes with unmeasured applause.

In fact Mr. Whiteside is misled by high-sounding words, and is seduced by them from the plain road of matter-of-fact into the flowery paths of vague declamation, whither we shall not attempt to follow him. We can assure him he does us no more than justice when he supposes we would gladly see free and liberal constitutions established in every state in Italy (*Preface*). We verily believe amongst Englishmen of all classes there would be but one voice on such a subject; but we protest against the notion that we show hostility to a cause if we do not discard all the rules of prudence in calculating its chances of success, and all those of morality in judging the conduct of its supporters. We repeat we do not condemn the advocates of the recent changes, because we are of opinion that the Italians are unfitted for the coveted constitutions by habit, by temperament, by education, by their present social condition (all which we do devoutly believe), but because their leaders scarcely deign to conceal that they are not in earnest. They neither admire nor wish for a mixed constitution—they accept it only as an *instalment*, and on all occasions they have shown their real intentions by their actions. The liberal party in Italy is *socialist*, *communist*, and *infidel*—among its ranks there are doubtless many well-meaning men who are so blind that they cannot see the designs of their associates, so weak that they cannot understand them, or so vain that they think they can counteract them; but to those who are not proof against conviction, the intentions of the party, as a party, are as notorious as their choice of means is unscrupulous. This party had long existed in activity, but it was not till Pius published his indiscriminate amnesty that its head-quarters were removed to Italy and established at Rome. We pointed out the object of these patriots before the revolution of France had precipitated that of Italy, and while the King of Sardinia yet masked his designs with prudent hypocrisy.

The English constitution, dimly seen in the remote ages of the Heptarchy, has gradually attained shape and consistency—at once forming and in turn adapting itself to the habits and wants of the people. The *charters* of the Continent, hastily composed without  
reference

reference to the circumstances of the country to which they are applied, have been granted by the sovereign or imposed upon him by the mob. In neither case have they given satisfaction—nor even been allowed a trial. That which the sovereign *grants* he is apt to think he has the power to recall, and that which is extorted from him he thinks he has the right to evade. The people on the other hand, dissatisfied with their easy victory, repent the moderation of their demands, and wish their bargain annulled—they suspect the crown of encroachment, and in the struggle to obtain further securities, that balance of power is destroyed which is essential to the existence of a free constitution. Certain it is that the balanced constitution which, notwithstanding recent inroads on it, secures to England a degree of prosperity and happiness unattainable, we firmly believe, under any other form of government, has not as yet been introduced with happy results in any part of the Continent. In France, after repeated trials, the scheme is abandoned; Spain and Portugal, once opulent and powerful states, are sunk in the scale of nations, and, under the constitutional system, are plunged in civil war, without as yet a glimpse of its cessation. There may be, we admit, some ground for saying that many of the German states had been unwisely, nay, unfairly dealt with by their rulers: no one can defend the long trifling with promises of constitutions—no one can affect to maintain that when a constitution had been granted, however injudiciously it might have been framed, its total and summary abrogation, on a mere change in the occupancy of a throne, could well fail of producing deep-seated resentment. But even in Germany how unfortunate has been the grand recent experiment, as far as we can yet trace its effects! That nation, so long honoured as the type of sobriety, seems to have at once gone mad—and while, as in Italy, the sloth and cowardice of the upper classes must be contemplated with worse than mere pity, the use made by the representatives of *the People*, all over their boasted and berhymed fatherland, seems as if designed expressly to account for and justify the reluctance of monarchs and real statesmen to trust them to themselves. We are ashamed of the spectacle. The parliaments of Germany have belied the good opinion Europe was willing to entertain of German sense, and it must now be confessed, at all events, that dulness is compatible with frivolity, and that talents which are not shining are not necessarily solid.

Buonaparte, in discussing the French constitution at St. Helena, predicted its certain failure; a republic or a military despotism he thought practicable, but in remarking the absence of that class on the support of which a balanced constitution depends, he observes that 'an aristocracy, here-

ditary, wealthy, and respected, cannot be created'—no such class exists in France, and without it a constitution like that of England cannot be maintained. In Italy, it may be argued, the experiment has not yet been fairly tried. We are unwilling to despair; but the results have hitherto been most discouraging: those concessions which at first have been hailed by acclamation, have soon been scornfully rejected even before their efficacy has been tried. Those ministers whose accession to office was received with the applause of the people and the press, have no sooner entered on their duties than they become objects of censure and dislike, and are obliged to yield their places to fresh empirics, who promise more largely, but are doomed to experience the same fate. In Rome and in Tuscany the legislative chambers have been invaded by furious mobs, and the members compelled to pass edicts under this disgraceful coercion; these concessions have degraded them in the eyes of their constituents, and destroyed all prospect of their utility. In still more abject subserviency to popular folly, the Senate of Rome, headed by the 'Senator,' marched in procession to the Milvian Bridge to do honour to the discomfited volunteers who capitulated in Lombardy, and who returned to be the terror of the country which they had disgraced by their misconduct before the enemy and by the licence and brigandage of their retreat—not one of whom probably would have returned at all but for the better conduct of the few Swiss mercenaries brigaded among them. The fatal effects on public prosperity are everywhere visible. The grand-duchy of Tuscany, so lately prosperous and happy, is now overrun with banditti, its population rendered discontented and dissolute by idleness, its finances ruined, and the state on the verge of bankruptcy. At Rome a population, naturally idle and licentious, has become clamorous and dangerous. Sturdy beggars enrolled and organised in idleness are pensioned as state 'workmen,' and accept with scowling ingratitude those wages which the country can ill afford to pay, as a small instalment of the property which they are taught to believe their right, and which they only wait the opportunity to seize. With a menaced schism, a starving and rebellious population, an empty exchequer, an inept and perfidious ministry, the Pope sighs over his past weakness, and weeps over the ingratitude of mankind. We are surprised Mr. Whiteside himself should hope to find so much capacity for self-government in a country of the *upper* classes of which he expresses so bad an opinion. On the authority of 'a friend devoted to literature' (vol. iii. p. 277), a sweeping censure is passed on the Roman nobles, with the strange exception of some individuals, whose exclusive claims to esteem are certainly not unanimously admitted,

admitted, and none of whom are Romans. Mr. Whiteside can know very little of any of the classes of society on whose conflicting claims he undertakes to decide, least of all, we must say, that middle class, from which he expected so much and which has produced so little, and his opinion of his friend's sagacity must now, we think, be staggered, since he cannot but have observed that where no bar has been placed against the display of any kind of talent, each candidate that has presented himself before the public has been dismissed after a short trial with contempt and often with indignation. We are, we own, surprised at the total want of talent in the speakers that have appeared in the various legislative assemblies. In a country where a facility of flowing diction is a frequent gift, no speaker, even in the estimation of partial contemporaries, has established any claim to eloquence—nor can we at all agree with Mr. Whiteside (*ibid.* p. 276), in admiring that specimen of the Marchese Dragonetti's powers which he selects for translation—at all events it would not suit by any means the meridian of the English House of Commons, nor can we think its flowery and metaphoric style likely to have pleased the taste of the gentleman (Mr. Cobden) to whom it was addressed (supposing him to have understood a syllable of it), and to whose 'unadorned eloquence' (in the Parliamentary department at least) it presents but little resemblance.

At Naples, to which the revolutionary contagion spread at last, the amplest concessions had been made by the crown:—the character of the King, however, encouraged the arrogant spirit of the republican party, which was still further strengthened by the presence of the French fleet and the secret promises of the perfidious Government at Paris. Fresh inroads were made on the regal authority which no concessions could avert, but which the fidelity of the troops and the loyalty of the people resisted; and the unfortunate King was defended against his expectations and almost contrary to his wishes. The Italian republicans in whose hands the licentious press is held, as well as those of other countries, were driven almost to frenzy by this unexpected termination: hence the abuse of the King, his army, and his people. It could not be borne that while the three great military monarchies of France, Prussia, and Austria had succumbed before a street riot, the first instance of successful resistance should be offered at Naples. The King\* was denounced as a traitor because he had  
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\* The common epithets by which he was designated were 'the Borbonic wild beast—the perjured butcher—the bloody apostate;' an indecency which would alone prove how premature was the liberty of the press in a country where it could be tolerated! We are not surprised, however, that Mr. Whiteside does not condemn it as we do, since he condescends to imitate it: his name for the same persecuted Prince is the

not fallen a victim to the conspiracy that was levelled against him, and every epithet of insult was heaped upon him in the language of persons frantic with rage, who are no longer able to weigh the meaning or application of their words. Nor, while the King was thus treated, were his subjects spared—the populace of the capital, which in every other country has been termed emphatically *the people*, was always designated by the offensive term ‘lazzaroni.’ We have endeavoured already to explain the real meaning of this term, which Mr. Whiteside extends to all the rural population of the environs—to the fishermen on the Chiaja, the porters and working journeymen, and in fact to all persons who are not as well dressed as himself. Mr. Whiteside (*Preface*, p. xvi.) is angry with us for our defence of this *people*—which, alone of all in Europe, it should seem, is to be excluded from general favour, and to justify his own opinion, he appeals to that of the ‘tourists’ to confute us. We have neither time nor inclination to enter on so wide a field of discussion, but few candid tourists we are persuaded would consider themselves qualified to arbitrate on such a difficult point. We must premise that the genial and salubrious air of Naples makes it a luxury to dispense with much of the clothing which in other less favoured climates it is a luxury to wear, and that the light dress of the Neapolitan populace proves them neither poorer nor less polished than their Roman neighbours. They are abstemious and frugal, and are not addicted to intoxication, a vice very frequent at Rome. Their language is uncouth certainly, and quite unintelligible to the *tourists* accustomed to the *lingua franca* of the valets-de-place; but we suspect that greater crimes would have been forgiven them, even by Mr. Whiteside, if they had shown themselves as disloyal as they were active and courageous in the defence of an indulgent Prince. For the superior cultivation of the Terra di Lavoro we may appeal to his own pages; and he will remember that while he has represented assassination as fatally common in the Papal states (vol. iii. p. 300), it *is*, or *was*, almost unknown at Naples. Mr. Whiteside on the authority of his Neapolitan friend is not less unreasonably severe on the nobles of Naples, who are suspected of a *reactionary* tendency, in the slang phrase of the day; but he utterly destroys the value of his friend’s testimony when he makes him assert that it is a common occurrence to find persons among the nobility who cannot sign their name to a legal document (*ibid.* p. 104). This assertion

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‘bloated Bourbon.’ He has not, however, traced the course of the King’s reign with much accuracy, or bestowed much attention on the history of Naples, since he supposes the reigning Prince to be the son and successor of Ferdinand, skipping the reign of his father Francisco I., which lasted from 1821 to 1830.

is just as true as similar stories of our English House of Lords, which are put forth for the benefit of the poor by their Chartist patrons. We can assure Mr. Whiteside that the education of the upper classes at Naples, far as it may be from the best, is by no means neglected; and if he had formed any acquaintance with its members, he would have found them as well able to discuss the ordinary topics of conversation as the polished society of most other capitals of Europe.

Mr. Whiteside is justly shocked at the superstitious belief in the periodical miracle of the liquefaction of S. Januarius's blood; but he is far too hasty in attributing this to an acknowledged compact between the Government and the priests to deceive the populace (vol. iii. p. 112). His 'liberal friend' might answer for his own belief, but was certainly over bold in placing limits to that of his countrymen; we even have strong reasons for suspecting that many a philosopher who is willing to be considered sceptical in matters of religion, still secretly cherishes this point of national faith. Each district Mr. Whiteside ought to know has its own saint and patron, whose superior sanctity it would be want of patriotism to doubt, and whose distinguished place among the celestial hierarchy the Pope himself dared not deny. We have ourselves seen the miracle of S. Januarius wrought in his own cathedral; the juggle is by no means clumsily performed, and we must admit that we were totally at a loss to guess in what manner the change was brought about: we were glad to find our simplicity shared by the late Sir Humphry Davy, who has not hesitated to declare himself unable to explain the prodigy: it is not therefore wonderful that those should be deceived who are predisposed to the belief by every feeling of habit and association. We should have expected a lawyer of Mr. Whiteside's experience to have been more cautious in pronouncing what it is 'impossible for a man of education to believe.' He can hardly have forgotten that the miracles of Prince Hohenlohe had many believers in France, and that in England a nobleman of very liberal principles has published a pamphlet to attest the supernatural condition of the ecstatic votaress of the Tyrol.

Mr. Whiteside, who professes throughout his volumes the most laudable attachment to the Protestant faith, and a proportionate aversion to that of Rome, is just when he censures the popular Pope for the intolerant and bigoted tendency of his ecclesiastical government: in this we entirely agree; but we cannot blame the Pope severely for remaining a Roman Catholic, as Mr. Whiteside seems inclined to do. He was in Rome when the Pope visited the Massimo Palace in state, on the anniversary of the festival of S. Filippo



S. Filippo Neri, and he is extremely disgusted with the whole ceremony (vol. iii. p. 243). He forgets that saint-worship is not permitted only, but enjoined by the Roman Catholic faith,—that the canonization of every saint takes place only on the evidence of a certain number of miracles—and that to deny their existence, when once solemnly admitted by the Church, would be a heresy such as in former times would have sent a recusant to the stake. Were the Pope to follow the liberal and rational advice on religious matters which Mr. Whiteside is inclined to offer him, he would infallibly create a new schism in his church, deprive himself of the greater part of his flock, and most probably fall a victim to his enlightened ecclesiastical policy. Most devoutly do we wish that continental Europe would become converted to that pure and spiritualised form of Christianity professed in these kingdoms. That we shall all be of one faith, under one Shepherd, is the ultimate hope of the Christian; but we cannot agree with Mr. Whiteside in thinking that the republication of several religious and political tracts (which he selects somewhat capriciously) is likely to bring about so desirable a consummation in Italy (vol. i. p. 403). If Mr. Whiteside had examined the religious confessions of the virtuous Bishop Ricci, whose Life is on his list, he would find, assuredly, much that as a sound Protestant he could not approve; and if he were acquainted with the works of Savonarola, which he also destines for disinterment, we cannot think he could derive much hope from the promulgation of those mystic and arrogant pages, which repudiate no one objectionable dogma of the Romish church to conciliate the Protestant, and contain much questionable matter of his own to disgust the Romanist. Yet by such like means Mr. Whiteside thinks the ‘successor of St. Peter’ might himself be convinced of the errors with which his religion is clogged, and be brought to amend them; he hopes much from a spiritual alliance between his Holiness and England, and the encouragement the head of the Romish Church would receive from Downing Street or Lambeth in his religious reformation: we own we think this scheme a benevolent delusion on the part of Mr. Whiteside, and not a jot more hopeful than that of the orthodox politician in Foote’s farce, who proposed to purchase the favour of the Pope by the cession of the Scilly Islands and *both* the Needles, on which consideration he was to proclaim himself bishop of Greenland and a convert to the doctrines of the Church of England, and, availing himself of his acknowledged infallibility, to command his *Catholic* clients to follow his example.

We were at first startled and then amused to find *ourselves* called upon to answer a charge, in Mr. Whiteside’s Preface, of partiality

tiality for the Jesuits and the Church of Rome. There is much of confusion in his reasoning on this subject; he does not seem to see that the conduct of men must be judged according to the principles they profess. Mr. Whiteside, as a staunch Protestant, may rejoice in measures which, considered with reference to the Pope's position and duties, must appear unwise and ruinous. In our observations we were assuming the Pope to be anxious to strengthen his church, and not to destroy it; and we were judging the Jesuits, not as Christian clergymen, but with respect to their relations with the Pope, of whom they may say with Isabella in Southern's fine tragedy:—

‘ Oh! we have sins to Heaven, but none to *him*.’

To judge the religious question in Italy as mere Protestants would, we think, resemble the attorneys' clerks in the coffee-house, recorded by the ‘Spectator,’ who were for settling the Spanish succession according to the common law of England. We said that the Jesuits were zealous and obedient sons of the Church of Rome, and as such should have found protection from the Pope; and we repeat, that their persecution had a political rather than a religious motive, and that they were obnoxious to the democratic party on account of the very zeal, learning, and intelligence which rendered them the most effective servants of the tiara. This is not the reason given by Mr. Whiteside for their unpopularity, and we are at a loss to understand upon what principle so warm an advocate of religious toleration can defend the persecution of any order or sect. For our own parts, we detest cruelty and oppression, and we are not reconciled to them because they are committed in the name of civil and religious liberty. We protest against the dragonnades of Louis XIV., and not less against the oppression of aged religionists of both sexes, expelled illegally from their habitations, deprived of their subsistence, and exposed to popular insult and injury. The Jesuits, whatever were their faults, were frequently men of piety and learning; and they have spread the lights of education and Christianity in districts to which less zealous missionaries did not penetrate. We do not admire Papists, but we prefer Papists who are dutiful to their Pope, to those who are seditious—those who preach peace to those who propagate rebellion—those who instruct the poor to those who mislead them. We prefer a Baronius and a Bellarmin to a MacHale and an O'Higgins.

Mr. Whiteside is very sanguine in his anticipations of the improvement that is to spring from the ruin of the priesthood, and the secularisation of their benefices. Since he wrote his notes the political face of the country has changed—his wishes are all gratified—the free press has been established, of which the  
result

result is that the life and possessions of no individual in the state are safe from attack—a national guard has been formed, which has placed the government in the power of an armed population—the legislative chambers have met and debated, and been prorogued, having voted taxes that no one will pay, having declared a war which there are no soldiers to wage, having completed the ruin of the finances, reduced the state to bankruptcy, and driven men of property into voluntary exile. It is of little consequence, certainly, whether Mr. Whiteside recognises his error, or retains his preconceived prejudices in all their integrity; but we do earnestly hope that men of more importance, who have fallen into the same errors, and whose opinions are influential in the government of their country, will now be aware how injudicious all interference must be in the affairs of a people so little understood, and who have shown themselves so little amenable to reason. Mr. Whiteside was flattered by the professions of admiration addressed to his country and its institutions, but he did not discover the feeling that dictated them. He misunderstood the flattering reception given to Mr. Cobden in Italy, nearly as much as that gentleman himself, who, with a very excusable vanity, attributed it to esteem for his character and public services. He was never more deceived in his life; the principles of free trade, which he had advocated, were as little understood by the masses in Italy as their practice is likely to be adopted by statesmen in any part of the Continent. It was merely circulated and accepted that Mr. Cobden had been the chief advocate of a measure believed and designed to be injurious to the landed interests of his country, framed and expected to embarrass and impoverish the aristocracies both of wealth and rank, and so, in a word, likely to forward the cause of democracy—of which, in fact, he was welcomed as the champion; such a recommendation secured him a favourable reception by the liberal party in France, at that time organising an active opposition to the Orleans monarchy; his journey to Italy was telegraphed by the Republican committee of Paris, and his reception was prepared accordingly. Hence the deputations—invitations and feasts—the speeches, the toasts, and the reciprocal compliments. Before his arrival his name was as little known as his principles were appreciated, and in one of the most brilliant and enlightened capitals of the north of Italy, the chief magistrate, who presided with great distinction at the public dinner given to the stranger, begged a friend of our own to tell him in confidence who the gentleman was and what he had done that all men were delighted to honour.

As little has Mr. Whiteside understood the way in which the  
Italians

Italians of different states regard each other; their interests are not so much opposed as their feelings, and if the antagonism of class, climate, and habits could be reconciled, but a very small part of the difficulty would be overcome. National vanity inclined them towards the dream of unity and independence, but the progress of the struggle has only tended to increase intestine animosity and to promote still further divisions. The real and enlightened patriots of Italy are aware of this fact, and deplore the fatal blunder which it must be owned they did little to correct; but it is ever the case that the prudent and cautious are too apt to tolerate in indolence those errors and mistakes which at first they could oppose, till their resistance is no longer possible. Again, our traveller (true to the foible of liberalism) exhibits his knowledge of the Italians in nothing less than in his aspirations for a free press—those who knew them better deprecated it as the greatest of evils—and to this free press more than to any other cause their present misfortunes must be attributed. By its disregard of truth, its tone of *braggadocio*, its atrocious calumnies, the press has thrown contempt and ridicule on the popular cause, and has alienated the sympathy of many of its former admirers. But far more mischievous has been the injury it has done to the moral feeling of the country. On every convenient occasion it has been ready by its sophistry to weaken the restraints of moral obligation, and to sanction the infraction of those international laws which never can be violated with impunity, and which even tyrants are obliged to respect. Instead of attempting to guide the enthusiasm of the people, it has inflamed their passions till they would no longer obey their own rulers or listen to the voice of their best counsellors. The facts which it was most important should be publicly known were studiously concealed. It was in utter ignorance of the truth, that the idle and disorderly youth of Rome and Florence rushed forth to encumber Charles Albert with their help, and to disgrace their country and the cause by their pusillanimity. They were taught to believe that a cheap reputation and lasting laurels were to be gained in Lombardy, that the Austrians were everywhere flying, and the only fear was lest the timid Germans should escape before the infidel *crusaders* could flesh their maiden swords. As the struggle went on delusions multiplied. In no case was the public mind prepared by knowledge of the truth to display the energies the occasion required. In no case did the press give the warning to adopt the measures which circumstances rendered indispensable. The best excuse for all that the Italian patriots have done, or have failed to do, is to be found in the deliberate, systematic deceptions of their utterly unprincipled and profligate newspapers.

Private atrocities, too, have been recommended or suggested. At Rome a newspaper called 'Il Labaro' (the Holy Standard), written with some talent, was accused of a reactionary tendency (the bugbear of the day)—its editors were stigmatised as spies of Austria, and true patriots were admonished that such wretches should not be suffered to live. A very few days after this denunciation had appeared in the 'Contemporaneo,' one of the proscribed editors, a priest and a man of excellent character, was found murdered in the streets; if our readers have any curiosity to verify the fact, and will refer to the liberal journal just named of July 30, they will find a blundering apology for the crime, for which, nevertheless, its writers are entirely responsible. In the same print of a few days' later date, the soldiers who capitulated at Vicenza and Treviso are urged to rush to the defence of the frontier, as their engagement not to bear arms against the enemy only implied their evacuation of the Austrian territory. In the Venetian papers stories are told of persons torn to pieces in the streets for their imputed partiality to Austria, and these atrocities are applauded as 'merited chastisements.' The 'Patria' of Florence announced the defeat of the Neapolitan General Nunziante at Cosenza, and the capture of that commander, who had been sent by the Calabrese as a present to their Sicilian allies, and by whom he had been torn to pieces in the streets of Messina; yet the whole was a fabrication. The General had performed the service entrusted to him, the Provisional Government had fled at his approach, and he had been received with loyal acclamations. At Milan the government itself systematically deceived the people. It taxed the Austrian General with crimes of which he was utterly guiltless and incapable,—and while it published the accusation in the official gazette, it suppressed the temperate and conclusive refutation. More positive evils accrued from the same system. While those skirmishes continued which led to the capitulation of the Piedmontese army, a bulletin from Milan announced a victory with a loss to the enemy of six thousand slain, eight thousand prisoners, and the capture of forty guns; and when on the following day the head-quarters of the royal army arrived at Cremona, faint, exhausted, and breathless with their hasty flight, they found no preparation made, the city empty, and the government dissolved—for such was the immediate result when the truth burst on them. The Mayor, in reply to the remonstrances of the royal commissaries, argued he could not be expected to be ready to receive an army of fugitives, since the previous night the town had been illuminated for a victory!

In England the propagation of false intelligence on a matter of any consequence would destroy the sale of a newspaper for ever. In Italy the coffee-house politicians only desire to hear what  
pleases

pleases them—hence the extravagance of their hopes and the depth of their despair—hence the unreasonable surprise at a failure they have done nothing to avert; and to the same cause must be attributed also the cry of treachery raised most unjustly against the King of Sardinia for a capitulation which saved his army from destruction and the city of Milan from pillage.

The insurrection in Lombardy is quelled—at least the rebels have submitted and their abettors capitulated, and the question of ultimate possession is to be settled by the two greatest powers of Europe, who assume the right of mediating between the discomfited rebels and legitimate authority. We traced in a late Number the commencement and progress of the revolt; we shall not, therefore, notice Mr. Whiteside's account of it, in which he merely reproduces the confuted falsehoods of the democratic press. We cannot close the subject, however, without a few remarks upon its termination, an event which must so materially influence the future fate of the whole peninsula.

We do not think that Marshal Radetsky would accept our congratulations on his late military successes. To an old and experienced commander such results were certain whenever he took the field with an adequate force against an ill-composed army and an incompetent general. Where, however, we do think he merits the highest commendation is in the forbearance he has exhibited on all occasions, the patience with which he has endured unwonted adversity and struggled against the difficulties of an unprecedented situation—difficulties not caused by the prowess of the enemy, but by the destruction of all authority at home, the disorganization of the different states of the empire, and the discouragement and discontent which such events were certain to engender in his army. Good sense and good temper carried him through perplexities which might have overwhelmed more brilliant commanders. Like our own illustrious General at the commencement of his Peninsular campaigns, he retained possession of his fortified lines regardless of the remonstrances of ignorant friends and the taunts of insulting enemies. He chose his own moment, and deferred the combat till he was

‘Ready to smite once and smite no more.’

Never were there, we believe, a succession of better combined manœuvres, never so complete a success achieved with so small an expense of blood, never a higher triumph of humanity and soldiership. The previous inactivity of the aged chief was now explained: he would risk nothing that did not immediately affect the result of the campaign: hence the loss of Peschiera, which he made no serious attempt to relieve; his communications were open with Germany through the Tyrol and other eastern passes, and

and in the event of the enemy's retreat Peschiera must fall as a necessary consequence. While the octogenarian general was pursuing his triumphant march to Milan, let us consider what was the conduct of the King of Sardinia, which has recently been severely, and in this instance unjustly, censured. When he commenced his disastrous retreat, during which every moment gave him some fresh proof of the disorganization of his army, he asserts that his famishing troops were left without provisions; that the local authorities of the different towns had fled on the first news of his disasters; that the storehouses were closed on his commissaries—nay, that those very supplies which he needed were preserved by the allies whom he came to protect for the use of the advancing enemy. Concurring testimony bears him out in the assertion, and has added what he in prudence conceals—that the animosity between the Lombard population and the Piedmontese troops became every moment more rancorous: that, as he advanced, specie disappeared, and provisions, when reluctantly tendered, bore an enormous price, while the Austrian camp was voluntarily and plentifully fed. Nor were these the only disadvantages under which he laboured. The minutest movements of his troops were communicated at the Imperial head-quarters by the zeal of an intelligent peasantry, while the scouts of the Sardinians were baffled, deceived, or cut off—no voluntary information was supplied, and there was a total ignorance as to the projects and preparations of the enemy. The Sardinian commanders complained bitterly while labouring under this last evil: the attack at Somma Campagna was altogether a surprise—and during the engagement they had no notice of the approach of those reinforcements which precipitated their retreat into a flight. These facts the democratic press has done its best to suppress, but they are undeniable: they are, moreover, very significant.

At Cremona we think Charles-Albert committed a great error in not retreating at once into Piedmont instead of falling back on Milan: he could not have been ignorant of the aversion of his troops to the Lombard cause, and their determination to make no sacrifice for it; he was guided in his resolution however, we do believe, by a sense of honour only. He deemed that he owed it to the Milanese to offer them the protection of his army, and to show that at any rate he himself would share their fate, whatever it might be. No motive of personal timidity can be attributed to him, and we have a pleasure in rendering this justice to a prince who claims the blood of Prince Thomas and Prince Eugene of Savoy; both he and his sons have exhibited throughout the contest all the constitutional intrepidity of their ancestors, however

however little they may possess of the other qualities which of old distinguished their house.

The King attempted to cover Milan; and his dispositions, if seconded by the exertions of the citizens and the good spirit of his army, might have enabled him to make a stand, and perhaps to procure terms short of a capitulation. The first skirmish with the advanced guard of the Imperialists, in which his men everywhere gave way, induced him to abandon his purpose and to withdraw his force. Had the Austrian at once advanced, the town must have been taken by assault, and the army have unconditionally surrendered; but the forbearance of the calumniated Radetsky made him desire to avoid so decisive a victory—his humanity would not expose Milan to the horrors of a storm. It was now that Charles-Albert sent envoys to treat for an armistice—a measure rendered doubly necessary by the duplicity of the Provisional Government, which, at the very moment it was exciting the people to resistance, had secretly dispatched ambassadors to the Imperial camp to treat for a separate capitulation. It was necessary the King should hurry the negotiation: a single act of imprudence might involve himself and his army in a common ruin. An armistice was signed, in which the moderation of the victor was conspicuously exhibited—in which there was not the slightest trace of that vindictive spirit which the hostile press had attributed to him. Had any such feeling existed, he would have had ample opportunities of gratifying it. The Milanese, incensed by the rumoured capitulation, and excited by their interested leaders, loudly accused the King of perfidy and their own government of weakness. It was not without violence that the King was rescued by his body-guard from the hands of his allies, and in his retreat both he and his staff very narrowly escaped the repeated attempts that were made to assassinate them. It was thus that the popular invader departed from the city which had elected him to a new kingdom, and proclaimed him the champion of Italian liberty.

It should not be forgotten by those who express so much sympathy with the cause of Italian independence how little has been done to promote it by the persons most interested in its success. The exhausted treasury of Piedmont was further taxed by the Provisional Government of Milan, who dared not levy contributions on their own countrymen. If any of the volunteers who departed from their several countries in the first flush of the successful revolt ever reached the Sardinian camp at all, they served but to embarrass the cause by their inexperience, and to spread the dangerous example of insubordination. The corps of Modenese went over to the enemy during the battle of Custoza, and



and the Milanese contingent on the same occasion hoisted the white flag when pressed by the Austrian bayonets. It is with regret that such facts are recorded; but as England has undertaken to mediate, it is of importance that the dispositions of the people for whom she interests herself should be understood.

For the apathy with which Italy seemed to regard the struggle in Lombardy, there is yet a farther cause which must be noted; and here again the press is to blame. While a contemptuous indifference to ultra-montane interference was affected, the intervention of a French army, with the consent of England, was always held out as a certain resource against defeat. Nor can we deny that the appearance of an English cabinet minister at a moment so critical seemed to justify the Italians in their expectations. The progress of the noble ambassador was described by the Foreign Secretary in the House of Commons as one continual *ovation*. His presence was not considered as very favourable to the cause of the princes with whom the English crown was in alliance; but no doubt both the words of the envoy and the intentions of his government were misinterpreted or misrepresented. The public press gave an importance to them which was not perhaps intended, and we cannot, indeed, be surprised if much was exaggerated or even altogether invented. We cannot believe, for example, that on several occasions this special envoy—this grave Earl grown grey in public life, himself a cabinet minister, and necessarily understood to represent in the directest manner the feeling and purpose of the English Premier—that *he* appeared on the balcony of his residence with the Italian flag in his hand, and so far forgot both the duties and the courtesies of his position as to proclaim Italian independence. This, we say, we still find it impossible to believe—though we read it in the Italian papers, from whence it was copied both into those of France and England, and though the flagrant allegation thus blazoned through Europe has never been contradicted—just as if a hundred journals had been allowed, without a syllable of indignant denial, to trumpet stories of Count Dietrichstein's attending Repeal dinners in Dublin and toasting Irish independence, we should treat them as weak devices of the enemy, too absurd to find any credence among rational beings—too contemptible to require any denial. We cannot, however, the less deplore that most impolitic and ill-judged interference. The advice of England was not desired, and her assistance could not have been given without a direct violation of those treaties which the country is determined to maintain. We have reasons to know that the alleged invitation of the King of Naples to the noble Lord while on his roving embassy of agitation, to interfere in the internal management of his kingdom, is wholly denied by the responsible

responsible advisers of that prince, who, on the contrary, expressed the utmost astonishment at the interpretation given by Lord Palmerston to the communications that had passed between them and Lord Minto. They deprecated all intervention. We vouch not for their accuracy, though we have not understood that their assertion has been contradicted, but, again and again, we protest against the whole system of unasked advice, interference, or control; till the interests of our own country are compromised, we would adhere to an honourable neutrality with a strict observance of existing treaties—by such conduct our own credit, as well as the real interests of allied nations, would be best maintained. It is no want of courtesy to attribute an ignorance of the state of Italy to the British ministry, since the minister to whose care our foreign relations are intrusted has himself borne witness of the fact. It will be remembered that, at the close of the last year's session, Lord Palmerston laid a correspondence before the House of Commons, in the course of which he assured Prince Metternich that he was not aware of the revolutionary tendency of the movement in Italy, nor of any projects in that country calculated to give anxiety to the Imperial cabinet. We have before expressed an astonishment we could not conceal that our diplomatic agents in Italy should have kept the Foreign Secretary in such strange ignorance; and we cannot but regret that so convincing a proof of their insufficiency should have been afforded by such high authority. We are ourselves surprised that the struggles of party warfare should so completely have distracted the attention of that noble functionary from circumstances it was so important he should know. But still more we are astonished that so experienced a minister should have ventured to proffer unasked advice in such a state of total ignorance of the nature of the dispute, its course, and probable consequences. We cannot think the noble Lord will congratulate himself on this measure; the interference which could not be followed up by any active assistance, excited hopes which could only end in disappointment. We are far from attributing the mean motives to our Italian policy that the enemies of the noble Secretary did not hesitate to assign—and we believe a desire to mortify France and to punish Austria in no way influenced him—but, whatever may have been his motives, those he desired to serve have been the greatest sufferers. In the summer of last year all Italy was in the enjoyment of profound peace—commerce and agriculture flourished with unprecedented vigour—material happiness appeared to have reached a height rarely known in any region—an unwonted love of enterprise possessed the minds of all classes—towns long sunk in decay were reviving under the impulse  
of

of re-animated hope—the ports of Italy were thronged with vessels, and that delightful country seemed about to re-assert its ancient claim to pre-eminence. . . It was in the midst of this prosperity that the agents of the British Government, aiding in spreading discontents around, recommended changes, and encouraged, if indeed it be true that they did not actually preach, revolution. Never was a picture so fearfully, so suddenly reversed. The seven vials of wrath of the Apocalypse seem to have been poured on the ill-fated Italy—massacres, wars, robberies, piracies, fill every newspaper—insurrections in every state—bankruptcy in every treasury—jealousy, hate, fear, in every breast—with poverty, ruin, and despair. The success of the ‘movement party’ has been complete indeed !

The triumphant *émeute* of February, though it did not occur till Italy was ripe for revolt, changed of course the wishes of the Italians not less than the policy of the French. The insurrection at Vienna was the signal for that of Milan, and the invasion of Lombardy was the immediate result of the fears or the hopes of neighbouring sovereigns. It was not at first, during the flush of early success, that French assistance was desired—the Italian liberals, like king Harry, coveted honour so jealously, that they would not wish one man more to share it from them : but by degrees their feelings changed, and the French began to be considered as professional gladiators, who were ready to descend at once when called into the field, and to depart when their term of service was over ; and in candour it must be confessed that such was the interpretation which might naturally be given to the language of M. Lamartine and the ephemeral government of feeble and faithless charlatans to which he belonged. Rational men, it is true, viewed this alternative with dread ; they were aware that the descent of the French into Italy could but bring a change of masters, preceded by the destruction of the wealth and prosperity of the country. Unfortunately the voice of prudence was not raised, or at least was quickly silenced, and the considerations of wisdom and humanity had little influence on the gentlemen of the press—literary adventurers without character, and political speculators without experience. They had nothing to lose ; the sale of their papers was their only care ; and perhaps the fall of the powerful and the ruin of the wealthy was a spectacle they contemplated with any feelings but those of pain. The idea of a European war undertaken at their instigation, for their convenience, but in which they were to participate neither in purse nor in person, this grand dream puffed them up with a fresh sense of self-consequence—and the vain-glorious exultation reached its highest pitch when they really believed, in penning their paragraphs, that

that their own fingers held the match which was to light this vast conflagration. Duped by their own conceit, while deceiving the people, and persuaded of the certainty of this intervention, why, they asked, should Italian blood and treasure be risked for an end that could be accomplished without the sacrifice? Hence the strange contrast between the vehement energy of paragraphs and speeches, and the total absence of all active co-operating assistance. The Piedmontese felt and resented this desertion, and the neglect in supplying their wants exasperated their indignation to fury. Still buoyed as they are up by the hope of intervention, the defeat of the Sardinian army and all the disgraceful circumstances which preceded that event have not served to check the arrogant spirit of the press, or of the popular orators in the legislative chambers. The defeat of Italian patriots is still pronounced impossible, and the French are required to punish the perfidy of Charles-Albert, who is accused of betraying a cause which, in fact, no one but himself did anything to sustain. So totally ignorant are the new Governments of the common routine of business, that the cabinet of the King of Sardinia, of which the *eloquent Gioberti* (as Mr. Whiteside styles him) was a member, actually protested against the armistice while yet holding office, either bent on making mischief by sowing discontent between the King and his subjects, or so ignorant as not to be aware that the safety of an army is committed to the general who is solely responsible for it, and to whom all the necessary powers must consequently be delegated.

The general ignorance of business, but still more the absence of that instinctive feeling of honour which keeps ignorance from error, has plunged all Italy into a state as barbarous as that which succeeded the downfall of the Roman Empire. The evils of ancient barbarism are added to the abuses of over-civilization. Law is at an end, and to speak of common honesty is 'reactionary;' while phrases such as 'the war of kings is terminated, and that of the people is begun,' justify the violation of treaties. Hence it is that the adventurer Garibaldi, with a couple of thousand men, infests the provinces on the Lago Maggiore, levying contributions at pleasure, and attacking small bodies of Austrians, peaceably proceeding in virtue of the armistice to their appointed quarters. The Lieutenant of the King of Sardinia refuses to surrender the Imperial fortress of Peschiera on the command of his sovereign, till he exposes it to a bombardment; and the Sardinian Admiral in the Adriatic, with the connivance, it is pretended, of the Cabinet at Turin, if not of the King himself, refuses to acknowledge the armistice or to withdraw his fleet. He still continued a month after the armistice was signed in the

Gulf of Venice, annoying the Imperial commerce, and encouraging and supporting the resistance of the foreign adventurers to whom the defence of the city is intrusted. Nor did he weigh anchor till other and more potent aid was at hand. Two French steamers had already anchored in the Lagunes, and another, announcing the near approach of a portion of the fleet, had already arrived before he gave this tardy obedience to the *official* commands of his sovereign. At the same moment the French Consul announced the approach of a detachment of 4000 troops from Marseille ready to assist the cause of rebellion,—the French ‘Mediators’ thus becoming principal parties in the contest. General Cavaignac as a military man understands, we presume, the importance of this step; he is a better judge than we can pretend to be of the impression his policy will make in his own country. We cannot believe that such conduct can be sanctioned by the Foreign Secretary in London, who has volunteered the task of joint mediation; but we feel firmly persuaded if it were, that minister would not be treated with the same forbearance and courtesy which was extended to his weak and tortuous policy during the last session of parliament. We feel certain on the contrary, that he would be called to a severe account both in the house and in the country. It is a matter of grave importance, and worthy our most serious notice, that all our sacrifices of policy and principle have failed to conciliate the ‘liberal party,’ for whose benefit they are intended. No one will believe in the sincerity of the Foreign Secretary, or in the support he is likely to receive in the country—all feel an instinctive certainty that the feelings of England must be opposed to their cause itself, and still more to the manner in which it is advocated, and their growing aversion to this country is becoming every instant more apparent. At Venice, the temperate and gentlemanlike remonstrances of our consul have been treated with neglect, and the adventurer Marion, who has at present usurped the supreme authority, has dropped hints that those foreigners who are either openly or secretly opposed to Italian independence can no longer expect impunity when the government feels itself strong enough to act. The Sardinian troops which are yet in Venice, with those of Naples commanded by the notorious Pepe (whom Mr. Whiteside calls *General Pepins*—vol. iii., p. 115), are acting in defiance of the commands of their respective sovereigns, and are liable, if captured, to the treatment of brigands, in which category their proceedings, in truth, give them every title to a place. Their reliance is on the known humanity of the Austrian general—that humanity which their friends have so often proved while they denied. But  
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it is time such lawless proceedings should come to an end, and that public right should again assert its empire. It is time that men should again feel themselves responsible for their actions. Tuscany and Rome have invaded Lombardy, and every species of injury and insult has been poured on the Imperialists, in the full confidence that foreign interference is somehow to avert any portion of the chastisement so richly merited. According to treaty, and to the dictates of humanity, the Austrian garrison of Ferrara was supplied with those provisions by their own countrymen, which the Papal government in defiance of those rules withheld; the republican press of France and Italy denounce this act of necessity as a violation of the Pope's neutrality, and the expedition of General Welden to ensure the evacuation of his master's territory by the Papal banditti is treated as a monstrous infraction of the laws of nations and of the inviolability of the Holy Father. Very little of all this would have occurred, but for the fatal hopes of foreign assistance held out to the insurgents. To the same cause is to be attributed the continuance of the contest since it has become hopeless; nor can peace and confidence be restored till those principles of international law which 'tyrants' dared not violate, are observed in some degree by the free and constitutional governments, who at present set them at naught.

The intervention of 'foreign despots' in the internal affairs of neighbouring countries has been the constant theme of oratorical flourish since the peace of 1815. We heartily wish that constitutional and republican governments would imitate the forbearance of the only despotic sovereign in Europe. While all other governments are committing breaches of international law with impunity, if not with applause, the Emperor of Russia refrains from every interference except by protesting against such breaches of faith and principle. He has remonstrated indirectly—and we believe directly too. What distinction (he has argued) can be established between the conditions of Ireland and Sicily? What difference exists between the sovereigns of those two countries excepting their relative strength? Yet while the contest is still pending between the King of Naples and his rebellious province, England has recognised its independence and promised to receive the sovereign whom it may elect into the family of European princes. If a day of weakness and depression should arrive for England, could she fairly complain if she too were attacked in her most vulnerable point and treated with similar harshness? We cannot deny the truth of the reasoning. The ungenerous interference of the French cabinet during the great American war excited the indignation of the King and people of England. England has recently seen revolts and rebellions in various of her colonies;

colonies; her own strength, perhaps, rather than the generosity of allies, may have deterred an active intervention; but she should exercise, from motives of justice and honour in the case of others, a forbearance which in her own case she may owe to her power. The claims of the King of Naples we are bound to support, and it is the weakest and meanest of arguments that our breach of international law was necessary because we expected a similar one on the part of France. If such motives are to be pleaded in extenuation of political aggression, every crime and every baseness may be justified; and we see no limit to the extent to which a powerful and unscrupulous government might apply it. It is most probable that France would not have taken the decided step of affording active assistance in Sicily if such a measure were seriously opposed by England; but if these two great countries determined on despoiling the King of Naples, would it not have been an act of common humanity to have rendered their interference yet more decisive? Should they not have at once insisted on the independence of Sicily, and carried out their resolution by a demonstration that defied opposition? This policy, unjustifiable, we admit, by all the known laws of international intercourse, would at least have been in every way preferable to the weak, mean, base course that has been pursued both by England and France. The British fleet, which for a month insulted the King of Naples in his own capital and delayed his expedition to Sicily, excited the hopes, inspired the courage, and strengthened the opposition of the insular rebels. The expedition is suffered, at length, to depart—(this tardy act of justice proceeding, we fear, rather from the energetic remonstrances of Russia than from a reviving sense of fairness)—but in the interim the bitterness of the contest is sharpened, and both parties agree in cursing the vacillating policy of the great Power that ruins the cause it pretends to espouse, and which certainly makes itself responsible for half the mischief that ensues. Against this course, equally unjust and ungenerous, we protest, in the firm belief that our feelings are shared by a vast majority of the nation at large, of both houses of parliament, and even of the cabinet itself. Much as we deplore the supposed necessity which sometimes induces ministers to sacrifice the interests of the country to those of their party, or to the vanity of apparent consistency, we must still more lament when a something like pique and personal resentment seems to influence them, and dictates a line of policy which we feel certain their consciences must condemn.

So moderate has Austria shown herself, that at an early period of the contest the intervention of England was requested, and  
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terms were offered such as could hardly have been demanded after a defeat. The King of Sardinia professes to have been kept in ignorance of this overture which the provisional government of Milan rejected without a discussion, refusing to bear any part of the Austrian debt or to listen to any terms of accommodation unless all Italy were abandoned, together with Dalmatia, Illyria, and Trieste, and even the Italian Tyrol, which not only had never belonged even to the French kingdom of Italy, but actually formed a part of the Germanic Empire. The conduct of our own Government on this occasion is utterly inexplicable. It is probable that in the confessed ignorance of the Foreign Secretary as to the nature of the struggle and the resources of the combatants, he may have believed the false accounts of the strength of the Republican party and the weakness of that of Austria; but in this case the dictates of policy should have drawn him still closer towards the most natural ally of the British crown, and wisdom and generosity would have united to point out the necessity of a prompt and manful answer to the appeal. Not only, however, was the requested interference refused with cold disdain, but our agents also in foreign courts seem to have taken an almost active part in the hostility against Austria; and had it been as clearly our policy to depress and ruin that power as it evidently is to support it, we could not have exercised our influence more injuriously for *her*. Under every disadvantage Austria has conquered—the rebellion is quelled and the enemy has fled. When the quarrel is already decided, England then steps in with her offered mediation. Does not the noble Secretary for Foreign Affairs resemble ‘the man who watches with unconcern the struggles of the shipwrecked wretch, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help?’—we wish we may not have cause to add, like the inhospitable peasants, the accomplices of the ‘wreckers’ who stand by and permit the subsequent spoliation. Against such conduct it is a duty to protest. By our interference we shall reap nothing but odium and obloquy. We have seen the treaties which have bound Europe together for upwards of thirty years, *repudiated* by the very nations most interested in maintaining them. Whatever pacification is now accomplished by foreign mediation will equally be set aside as ‘impious’ and ‘iniquitous’ by the parties for whose benefit they are made whenever it is convenient, and the very protectors to whose interference they owed their safety will be denounced as the authors of their disgrace and misfortune. In the state of ignorance in which the Noble Secretary professedly is respecting the feelings, wishes, and hopes of the Italians, we venture on suggestions which otherwise would be as superfluous as disrespectful.



respectful. If he ever takes up a foreign newspaper, he will find that the writers and orators of the various states agree in repelling his diplomatic overtures and refusing all terms of pacification brought round by the means of mediation. In the progress of the negotiation it will be found that, supported by the power of the mediating parties, no sacrifice that can be wrung from Austria will satisfy the demands of the arrogant adversary, and that while stripping our old ally we shall be accused of undermining and perfidiously betraying the cause of Italian liberty. Our offers have been reluctantly accepted by Austria, and if acceded to by the other party, it is in the expectation of those advantages being secured by negotiation, or rather by the threats of the powerful mediators, which have been lost on the battle-field.

Having once refused our mediation, we should not now have made the offer; those who have provoked a contest and suffered defeat should not now come forward under our protection to demand the fruits of victory. It is, we are inclined to believe, absurd to suppose that the *present* rulers of Paris would ever have ventured to take up a contest against which England protested, and in which Germany and Russia were prepared to engage. In the mean time all terms of accommodation are rejected by the Italians, and the assistance of a French army is demanded, by means of which they hope to inflict on Austria that revenge which their own puny efforts have failed to achieve. The conduct of the Austrian army throughout the contest demands the highest praise. Had Marshal Radetsky pleased, he might have annihilated the Sardinian army and marched over the ruins of Milan to levy contributions and to dictate terms at Turin; that he did not do so, is turned to the disadvantage of the Imperial arms by an unscrupulous enemy—the terms of the armistice have everywhere been violated by the weaker party, and fresh resistance is being organised while the mediating powers seem debating what portion of his hereditary dominions the Emperor should be permitted to retain after victory. Such measure should not be meted to an enemy, and it is an insult to offer it under the mask of friendship. Let not those who have courted war complain that the opportunity of displaying their prowess is snatched from them—

‘Sangue sitisti ed io di sangue t’empio’

is the language of Providence, as revealed in the page of history, to the unruly passions of bloodthirsty men. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We are not calling for retribution on any heads, however guilty.\* We deprecate war, and our prayer is for peace; but peace is hopeless till those who clamour for war are made

made to feel that with war they must accept its risks, its burdens, and its sacrifices; and that if they desire peace, they must learn to maintain it by good faith and respect for the laws of the civilised world. Our statesmen may be assured that mankind will never deny themselves the dangerous excitement of playing with edge-tools so long as a protecting power shall guarantee them against the wounds that in their folly and inexperience they may inflict on themselves.

Mr. Whiteside, we fear, will see fresh cause to condemn our politics; but we think his opinion is rather nearer ours than he is aware—indeed we must pay him the compliment addressed by Sir Anthony Absolute in the play to the learned Mrs. Malaprop, that he is the politest of arguers, for every other word he says is on our side of the question. ‘No honest man of the liberal party’ (he says) ‘ever denied the liberty, prudence, integrity, and impartiality of the administration of Lombardy under Prince Metternich’ (*Pref.* p. xiv.). We believe that more justice has latterly been done to that administration and to the great statesman who long presided over the councils of Austria: but we suspect Mr. Whiteside puts the fact too broadly. He tells us he has abstained from reading the Italian newspapers, and we think his state the more gracious therefore: if he had read them, he would have found that every reproach that human malice can suggest is still addressed in them to the Austrians—their allies and abettors; and that, for example, in a very recent number of the ‘*Contemporaneo*,’ a journal which he commends, the German is qualified as the ‘*Cannibale Tedesco*.’ But without referring to these partial authorities, we would recommend him to turn to the last number of the ‘*Edinburgh Review*,’ where we think he will not find the Austrian government described as conducted with a due regard to ‘liberty, prudence, integrity, impartiality;’ and we hope he would not exclude the writers of that work from among ‘the honest men of the liberal party.’

We trust Mr. Whiteside will forgive the downright sincerity with which we have expressed our opinions. This is an age in which opinions of all shades are said to be tolerated; we would willingly defend the cause of common sense, fair-dealing, and political sincerity with all the energy of our conviction, and we are beginning to hope that the fair-sounding words of independence, freedom, and nationality are understood as they are meant. In Italy, at all events, they mean nothing but aversion to all laws human and divine—a burning zeal to get hold of other people’s property, and eager schemes to instal a parcel of spouting and scribbling adventurers in stations which they never could fill with decency—

decency—and for which not one of them will strike a manly stroke.

Mr. Whiteside professes to have no taste for the fine arts, and we think his volumes prove it. His criticisms he would have done well to suppress, and also his descriptions of buildings, churches, and antiquities; they are too diffuse to amuse the general reader, and too careless and inaccurate to interest the student; they are, moreover, to be found in the pages of all his fellow-labourers, unless, indeed, where he has stumbled on blunders too obvious to have been incurred by others—this being the only novelty his pages possess. His quotations from Latin, French, and Italian authors are unintelligible from the swarming misprints. His names of Italian persons and places are so invariably wrong, that no knowledge of the country will help the reader to his meaning—we cannot in common fairness attribute all these blunders to ‘those careless devils,’ the printers—he must share the burden. We would willingly, however, part with him in courtesy; we are happy to understand that he has returned to his country, and resumed his professional exertions with renovated health; and we think that the best fortune that can attend his book, that which his friends would desire, is that his learned brethren at the bar may speedily forget that he is an author, and that his numerous clients may never learn that he has been one.

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ART. X.—*Outlines of the History of Ireland.* 12mo. Dublin. 1847.

THE late disturbances in Ireland, though, as far as we have yet seen, of little or no *intrinsic* importance, have had and will, we venture to hope, continue to have, serious and valuable consequences. In the first instance they forced upon the Government a duty which it had so long and so scandalously not merely neglected, but evaded—of disarming the populace which it had armed, and of re-enacting with increased rigour laws which, when in opposition, it had factiously opposed, and when it came into office, dishonestly abrogated. The future results, we hope, must be the conviction, in every sober mind, that the theory of governing Ireland by conciliating demagogues and fondling agitation, which has up to this last session guided the Whig party, and indeed certain leaders of the Tories also, is absolutely and ridiculously false; and that, after fifty—might we not say five hundred?—years of unprofitable experience, we may safely come to the conclusion that—as all the old modes of treatment have utterly

utterly failed, we had better try, even at some risk, an entirely different and *alternative* system.

We shall look at Ireland in these two points of view. We shall take a slight retrospect of the past, and shall venture to express some wishes—wishes perhaps rather than hopes—for the future.

As to the first, we begin by the broad assertion that to the conduct of the Whigs while in opposition, much—in fact the greater part—of the habitual disturbance of Ireland is owing. They, for their own party purposes, have thwarted all the growing benefits of the Union, and have fostered and exasperated all the original causes of national animosity.

In a pamphlet first published in 1806, entitled the *State of Ireland, Past and Present*, often quoted by us, we read the following sentences:—

‘Not to be forgotten [amongst the causes of Irish disturbance and misery] is the madness or the malice of Parliamentary factions—surviving one senate, disturbing another—brandishing Ireland against the Ministry, not the enemy. She complains not less of the neglect of administrations than of the notice of oppositions; their feeble friendship, their inflammatory pity, their hollow and hypocritical help.

‘But a more pressing danger impends from those who have as their object or pretence the *repeal of the Union*; to many of the loyal an object; to all the disaffected a pretence. When the friend of Ireland, the partisan of France, and the enemy of England may coalesce, the coalition is alarming, however specious the pretext. Treason will shelter itself under its loyal associates till it dares to cast them off. It will use and dupe them.’—Ed. 1807, p. 60.

Two and forty years have produced no change in these points, except only that the wishes of any portion of the *loyalists* of Ireland for the repeal of the Union rapidly vanished as the objects of the Roman Catholic Repealers began to develop themselves. At first many individual interests and pretensions, and something of national feeling, had been offended by the loss of the Irish Parliament and all its local patronage and jobbing, but these soon gave way to wiser and more generous impressions; and we do not believe that there has been for the last five-and-thirty years in Ireland any one friend either to monarchy or to English connexion who is not conscientiously and decidedly hostile to the repeal of the Union, as certain to produce the early severance and inevitable hostility of the two islands. It is in the Imperial Parliament that Irish disaffection has been fomented; and the Whigs, in their greediness of place—though craftily evading any demonstration on the Repeal question—were eager to identify themselves in every other way with all the Irish Repealers—not, we admit, for their principles, but for their votes. Weak to contempt in England, they endeavoured to fortify

fortify themselves by Ireland. Hence, when in opposition, their zealous co-operation, and when in government their indulgent sympathy with every class of demagogues—men whom they themselves have been since prosecuting and punishing as felons, traitors, and rebels. Hence, to go no farther back, the shameful Lichfield House compact. Hence the offer to Mr. O'Connell—who had been by themselves prosecuted and convicted for sedition, and who in return had stigmatised them as '*base, brutal, and bloody*'—of one of the highest judicial offices in the State. Hence a long series of disgraceful acquiescence—of discreditable patronage—of mean compliances—of, in short, an abject dereliction of the real duties of either a constitutional Opposition or a conscientious Administration, in favour of a party that professed principles avowedly hostile to any form of imperial government, but were willing to suspend the anarchy as long as they should enjoy the sweets of patronage. In this deplorable abasement of the once proud Whigs, when everything that was not contemptible was mischievous, a few circumstances, however well known, deserve to be reproduced in reference to our present inquiries, and as having had a direct influence on our present condition.

In February, 1833, the speech from the throne denounced the Repeal agitation; and *Lord John Russell*, then a member of the Cabinet, said that the real object of the agitators was—

'Neither more nor less than an attempt to disunite the two countries—to confiscate the property of all Englishmen in Ireland—to overturn at once the United Parliament—and to establish, in place of King, Lords, and Commons of the United Empire, some Parliament of which Mr. O'Connell was to be the leader and the chief.'—*Hansard*, Feb. 6, 1833.

This was 'neither more nor less' than justly characterizing the Repeal of the Union as High Treason. This and similar speeches from the other ministers—Lord Stanley being then in the Cabinet—produced the Coercion Act, which, we may observe in passing, was, when Lord Stanley went out and the Whigs made the Lichfield House compact, suffered to expire.

Next year, in February, 1834, the King's speech again denounced the Repeal agitation; and the ministers (Lord John Russell being still one of them) proposed an address to the Throne—

'to record, in the most solemn manner, the fixed determination of Parliament to maintain, unimpaired and undisturbed, the Legislative Union.'

This was voted by 523 to 38—Lord John Russell, of course, prominent in the majority. In that winter Sir Robert Peel was called to office. The Whigs renewed their alliance with the Irish agitators

agitators they had so lately denounced—the Lichfield House compact was made—and Lord John Russell, now on the Opposition bench, declared,—

‘With respect to the repeal of the Union, the subject was open to amendment or QUESTION, like ANY OTHER ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE.’—*Hansard*, May 19, 1835.

As open to *question* as a turnpike bill! The unholy alliance was victorious. Sir Robert was turned out—the Whigs came in—Lord John Russell became Secretary of State—the Coercion Bill was suffered to expire—the Irish agitators were *sopped* with the Castle patronage—and Bully O’Connell, though still holding the rod of Repeal over the tributary ministers, so ‘aggravated his voice,’ like Bully Bottom, that he ‘roared you as gently as a sucking dove!’ When occasionally dissatisfied, then would be heard the sullen growl of ‘Repeal!’ but when the *job* of the moment was done, he again ‘roared you like a nightingale!’

In 1841 the Whigs were turned out, and the Repeal agitation became louder, and now indeed more formidable than ever. Our readers will not have forgotten the popular demonstrations, or, to speak more justly, the insurrectionary gatherings, of the autumn of 1843, when Mr. O’Connell paraded his hundreds of thousands at Clifden, Loughrea, Lismore, Tara, Mullaghmast, and was only prevented from crowning his audacity by another of a still more military and formidable character at Clontarf, in the suburbs of Dublin, by the tardy but at length effective interference of the Government; and all these gigantic preludes to revolution were excused under the pretext furnished by Lord John Russell’s declaration that ‘the Union was *as open to question as any other legislative measure*.’

But Lord John Russell had gone still farther. In 1839, being then Secretary of State for the Home Department, and especially responsible for the public peace, he made a visit to Liverpool, where he accepted, from a mayor of his own creation, a dinner which, as was said at the time, ‘his unpopularity with the respectable portion of the town would not suffer to be public, but which his own vanity and indiscretion would not permit to be private.’ At this dinner Lord John Russell made a speech, published next day, of which the following is an extract :—

‘He would not,’ he said, ‘before such a party, wander into the field of politics; but there was one topic, connected with *his own department*, upon which he might be allowed to dwell for a few moments. He alluded to the public meetings which were now in the course of being held in various parts of the country. There were some, perhaps, who would put down such meetings; *but such was not his opinion, nor that of the Government with which he acted. He thought the people had a right*

*a right to free discussion.* It was free discussion which elicited truth. They had a right to meet. If they had grievances, they had a right to declare them, that they might be known and redressed. If they had no grievances, common sense would speedily come to the rescue, and put an end to these meetings. *It was not from free discussion—it was not from the unchecked declaration of public opinion—that Governments had anything to fear.* There was fear when men were driven by force to secret combinations. There was the fear—there was the danger—and not in free discussion. He then *alluded, with the greatest satisfaction, to the reduction of the item of secret-service-money which had been effected since he entered the Home Office.*

For what possible object Lord John Russell volunteered this gratuitous encouragement to a class of meetings which assuredly needed no incentive and had so often endangered the public peace, we declared at the time (Q. Rev. Dec. 1839) that we could not imagine, unless, we prophetically added, that he foresaw the early accession of the Tories to office, and was already laying a train for the opposition, which, in fact, he was soon called upon to wage in co-operation with the Anti-Corn-Law League and the O'Connell demonstrations. But whatever was his Lordship's motive, his extraordinary declaration, as the minister specially charged with the maintenance of the public peace, stands on record. And it is equally on record that within a few weeks after this encouragement broke out the Monmouthshire insurrection headed by Frost, whom Lord John Russell himself had made a magistrate, and who is now expiating his treason in New South Wales, while Lord John is first minister of the Crown. One of Frost's associates, of the name of Llewellyn, stated in his defence :—

*'I did not consider these meetings as illegal; no one ever told me they were. Besides, not two months before LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the SECRETARY OF STATE, said at a public dinner at Liverpool that public meetings were not only lawful, but commendable; for public discussion, he thought, was the best means to elicit truth. Upon these considerations I and many others attended these meetings.'*—*Times*, Nov. 21, 1838.

And on the recent trial of Mr. Smith O'Brien, prosecuted for sedition and felony by Lord John Russell's Administration, the chief topic of his counsel's defence was that the culprit had done no more than carry into effect Lord John Russell's proclaimed principles. And it must be admitted that all his Lordship's former proceedings exhibit a strange contrast with the wiser measures of the present year against the abused right of discussing and petitioning. The allusion, too, in the Liverpool speech to the *secret-service* expenditure of his department was a sneer at the supposed employment of spies by former governments—

ments—yet as we write, every daily paper gives us the fruits of an *espionnage* more extensive and as it seems more active than we have heretofore known of. But let us not be mistaken. We do not blame—nay we approve these more recent measures both of repression and detection adopted by the Lord John Russell of 1848, but it is important to register this marked change from the opinion and practice of the Lord John Russell of 1839. We then met his calumnious sneers and revolutionary practices by such arguments as occurred to our own minds; we are now enabled to refute *them* and to condemn *him* by his own acts and out of his own mouth—*ex ore tuo jadicabo te*.

Let us now recur to matters more particularly relating to Ireland—the ‘*great difficulty*,’ we are told, of all administrations—but made ‘*great*,’ we are convinced, by the pusillanimity which has not dared to cope with it.

In 1838 Lord Morpeth, the Whig Secretary for Ireland, proposed a renewal of the Irish Arms Bill. This bill, through the wretched policy of never meeting Irish difficulties boldly and substantially, was only passed annually, and its provisions had been successively frittered away to inefficiency. The Cabinet—Lord John Russell still Secretary of State—endeavoured on this occasion to make the bill somewhat more effective—but no! O’Connell bullied—the Ministry succumbed—and Lord John Russell, to whose department the matter specially belonged, consented to leave the future peace of Ireland without the protection which by the introduction of the bill he had *confessed to be necessary*.

At last Sir Robert Peel’s accession to office fulfilled the apprehensions which had had, we are satisfied, a great influence on Lord John Russell’s factious (though ministerial) proceedings, and we shall see that the same factious, but now anti-ministerial, spirit actuated him and his party. In 1843 Lord Eliot, the new Secretary for Ireland, introduced the *annual Arms Bill*—less stringent than that proposed by Lord Morpeth, but having one new provision so rational, so necessary, that one wonders that any such bill should ever have passed without it—namely, that the arms when registered should be marked as having been so registered. Lord John Russell could not quite bring himself to oppose the principle of a bill which he himself had so many years supported, but he gave it a reluctant and sour assent, while his party (several of them now his colleagues in government), but most prominently *Mr. Smith O’Brien*, now of more unhappy notoriety, so strenuously, so vexatiously opposed it, that—introduced about the middle of *May*, and read a second time after protracted debates on the 29th—it was not till the 9th of *August* that Ministers,



*a right to free discussion.* It was free discussion which elicited truth. They had a right to meet. If they had grievances, they had a right to declare them, that they might be known and redressed. If they had no grievances, common sense would speedily come to the rescue, and put an end to these meetings. *It was not from free discussion—it was not from the unchecked declaration of public opinion—that Governments had anything to fear.* 'There was fear when men were driven by force to secret combinations. There was the fear—there was the danger—and not in free discussion. He then alluded, with the greatest satisfaction, to the reduction of the item of secret-service-money which had been effected since he entered the Home Office.'

For what possible object Lord John Russell volunteered this gratuitous encouragement to a class of meetings which assuredly needed no incentive and had so often endangered the public peace, we declared at the time (Q. Rev. Dec. 1839) that we could not imagine, unless, we prophetically added, that he foresaw the early accession of the Tories to office, and was already laying a train for the opposition, which, in fact, he was soon called upon to wage in co-operation with the Anti-Corn-Law League and the O'Connell demonstrations. But whatever was his Lordship's motive, his extraordinary declaration, as the minister specially charged with the maintenance of the public peace, stands on record. And it is equally on record that within a few weeks after this encouragement broke out the Monmouthshire insurrection headed by Frost, whom Lord John Russell himself had made a magistrate, and who is now expiating his treason in New South Wales, while Lord John is first minister of the Crown. One of Frost's associates, of the name of Llewellyn, stated in his defence :—

'I did not consider these meetings as illegal; no one ever told me they were. Besides, not two months before LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the SECRETARY OF STATE, said at a public dinner at Liverpool that public meetings were not only lawful, but commendable; for public discussion, he thought, was the best means to elicit truth. Upon these considerations I and many others attended these meetings.'—*Times*, Nov. 21, 1838.

And on the recent trial of Mr. Smith O'Brien, prosecuted for sedition and felony by Lord John Russell's Administration, the chief topic of his counsel's defence was that the culprit had done no more than carry into effect Lord John Russell's proclaimed principles. And it must be admitted that all his Lordship's former proceedings exhibit a strange contrast with the wiser measures of the present year against the abused right of discussing and petitioning. The allusion, too, in the Liverpool speech to the secret-service expenditure of his department was a sneer at the supposed employment of spies by former governments—

ments—yet as we write, every daily paper gives us the fruits of an *espionage* more extensive and as it seems more active than we have heretofore known of. But let us not be mistaken. We do not blame—nay we approve these more recent measures both of repression and detection adopted by the Lord John Russell of 1848, but it is important to register this marked change from the opinion and practice of the Lord John Russell of 1839. We then met his calumnious sneers and revolutionary practices by such arguments as occurred to our own minds; we are now enabled to refute *them* and to condemn *him* by his own acts and out of his own mouth—*ex ore tuo judicabo te*.

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nisters, with their best diligence, were enabled to bring it to a third reading. In this interval it was found that the Whig popularity with the Irish agitators was in jeopardy by the feeble resistance made by them to the progress of this bill, and a scheme was agreed on by which the whole party might be united in the triple object of impeding the bill, embarrassing the Government, and conciliating, by further inflaming, the Irish agitation. Accordingly, on the 4th of July, while the Arms Bill was painfully struggling through committee at hardly the rate of a clause a-day, *Mr. Smith O'Brien* made a substantive motion for a committee on the state of Ireland. This motion, which everybody saw was vexatious and dilatory, occupied the house, we think, not less than eight days, and was supported by Lord John Russell and all the rest of the present Cabinet then in the House of Commons. Be it recollected that this most inopportune and inflammatory proceeding took place while Mr. O'Connell was disturbing the country by several Repeal meetings; and the countenance and courage which this enlistment of Lord John Russell and the Whigs under *Mr. Smith O'Brien's* banners gave to the agitation in Ireland was immediately felt in the great assemblage at Tara on the 15th of August, which exceeded both in number and violence anything that Mr. O'Connell had before ventured on. It is worth observing that at this meeting a personage, then already known as a republican agitator in his own country, but since grown still more notorious—M. Ledru-Rollin—happened to find himself—perhaps from mere curiosity, but the mob, by a mistake which nevertheless explains very conclusively *their* views of the real object of the meeting, hailed him, we have been told, as the French ambassador to the *Irish Republic*.

In the session of 1844 Lord John Russell pursued the same inflammatory line of conduct. Within the few first days of the session, he, as if for the purpose of matching and justifying Mr. O'Connell's monster meetings, opened a monster debate on Ireland, which lasted eight or nine nights, and in which every topic that could depreciate the law and the courts that administered it, and could inflame the discontents of that country, was accumulatively produced. His Lordship particularly attributed the distresses and disturbances of Ireland to Sir Robert Peel's mal-administration. '*To Mr. O'Connell,*' says the Annual Register—Mr. O'Connell having been just convicted of sedition—'*Lord John paid a high tribute*' (p. 58), and especially reproached Sir Robert Peel '*with having filled Ireland with troops, and with not governing but militarily occupying the country.*' In the session just now expired Lord John Russell pronounced no panegyric on his former associate in all these movements, now in a more interesting

esting condition than Mr. O'Connell was in 1844, and he has even claimed merit for having 'filled Ireland with troops' and 'occupied the country by military force' to an extent far beyond the stigmatized proceedings of Sir Robert Peel. And against whom is this extraordinary display of force directed? Against the self-same *Mr. Smith O'Brien*, hand-in-hand with whom Lord John Russell had walked in all these paths of parliamentary agitation.

We submit these coincidences and contrasts and their awful and afflicting consequences to the sober appreciation of the country.

In 1845 Sir Robert Peel was evidently playing so much of Lord John Russell's own game, that faction seemed silenced by the outbidding of the Ministry. But in the autumn of that year, Lord John having had some inkling of Sir Robert Peel's apostasy on the Corn Laws, thought to trip the Baronet up by a like apostasy of his own, and he published in the November of that year his celebrated letter on the repeal of the Corn Laws. That struggle between the two state jockeys is beside our present object. We shall only say that, as usual in such cases, the light weight won; but not without some crossing and jostling on the Irish ground, over which we are now travelling. Sir Robert Peel would not go out: the only pertinacity with which he can be reproached is of place—as in 1829, 1836, 1846,—not so much, we are satisfied, from ambition (the mere profits or even the patronage of office never weighed with him for a moment) as from temper: he does not like—who would?—to be kicked out. But Lord John was resolved to do him that good, and in fact kind office; and accordingly when Sir Robert in 1846 proposed his Irish Coercion Bill, Lord John and his followers were on their old ground of Irish agitation. The measure was announced in the speech from the Throne 19th *January*, and the Bill was introduced on the 1st of *March*. The opposition to its being read even a first time was opened by *Sir William Somerville*, now chief Secretary of Ireland, the same gentleman who has brought in the Felony Acts, and the Proclamation and Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Bills of this year; and he was seconded by *Mr. Smith O'Brien*, now under prosecution for High Treason. The bill, however, was in this stage victorious—Lord George Bentinck \* and the Conservatives voting for it on the dis-

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\* As these pages are passing through the press we have been surprised and afflicted by the sudden death of Lord George Bentinck. The loss of such a man is a public misfortune, but it is peculiarly so to the Conservative and Protectionist party, which his ability, industry, integrity, and courage had done so much to rally and reconstruct. He had come too late into public life, and he has been taken from us too soon; but no man ever made so high a parliamentary character in so short a period, and it is a melancholy duty to his memory and to truth to confess that we do not see how his place is to be supplied.

tinctly stated *condition* that the Government should proceed with it quickly, directly, and honestly. Sir Robert Peel accepted the votes, but did not adhere to the condition. The bill was proposed as being of the most instant and urgent necessity to the lives and property of her Majesty's loyal subjects in Ireland—but Sir Robert, busy in carrying the repeal of the Corn Laws, for which nobody could allege any such vital pressure as existed in the Irish case, postponed the urgent bill till the 9th of June, when again the present Secretary for Ireland was put forward to move—and Lord John Russell strongly advocated—its unconditional rejection. On this occasion Lord George Bentinck reminded the House of the *condition* on which the Conservatives had declared on the 1st of March their willingness to support the bill—but that condition had not been complied with—five months had been suffered to elapse since that bill had been announced in the speech from the Throne, as of the most vital urgency, and those five months had been occupied by Sir Robert Peel in a way that rendered it impossible for any Conservative to trust him with any—much less the extraordinary—power, which, after having so delusively demanded, he had so lazily pursued. They therefore voted against the Minister, on the avowed grounds of deception on his part and of want of confidence on theirs. We regretted that vote as regarded Ireland, but we could not deny its constitutional justice. But Lord John Russell had no such plea: he had not merely voted for all the measures by which Sir Robert had broken up the Conservative party, but he had been the instigator of them, and therefore his vote on the Coercion Bill was nothing but a continuation of the same factious dealing with all Irish subjects which had marked his whole career.

Sir Robert Peel was turned out—most deservedly by the Conservatives, most ungratefully by the Whigs, whose work he had done like Caliban for Prospero, and was as ill requited. Lord John became Minister, and strange to tell, such is the influence of Downing-street, such the magic of the Cabinet key, that the first measure of the new administration was the renewal of the reprobated Arms Bill. This announcement so discomfited Lord John Russell's English, and so exasperated his Irish followers, that he quailed before them. After ten days, as we have heard, of internal squabble and struggle in the Cabinet and the party, Mr. O'Connell was authorised to announce to the repealers in Ireland even *before*\* Lord John had announced it to the Imperial Parliament,

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\* That is, Mr. O'Connell on the morning of the 17th August—a day which we at the time signalized as a '*deplorable epoch*'—made the announcement in Dublin which  
 Lord

Parliament, that the bill was abandoned; and Ireland, for the first time we believe in Anglo-Hibernian history, was left without any legislative regulation for the possession of arms. But this was not all—when a man or a Government does anything peculiarly blameable, it is always certain to be followed by some subsidiary attempt to brazen out the offence, which only makes the matter infinitely worse. Such was Sir Robert Peel's *Elbing Letter*, such was the letter in which Mr. Labouchere followed up the shameful and dangerous abandonment of the Arms Bill by an official proclamation of '*the right which EVERY IRISHMAN NOW possesses of carrying arms for lawful objects.*' We beg leave to refer to our number of January, 1847, for our prophecies as to the consequence of these silly and alarming proceedings, and to the history of the last four months for their disastrous accomplishment. The hopes, however wild or absurd, of the rebels of Ballingarry were founded on the quantity of arms known to have been—and *which, in spite of the coercive legislation of this spring, still are*—in the secret possession of a disaffected peasantry. Who, we ask, was it that armed these infatuated people? and who is therefore ministerially—may we not add—morally, responsible for the deplorable results?

This recapitulation—*commemoratio*, we confess, *quasi exprobratio*—of Lord John Russell's dealings with Ireland can have nothing new for our readers, and may seem to savour of that strong political hostility which we fairly admit that we have always felt and shown to all the measures of his political life. But while we make this avowal, we claim equal credit for our solemn protestation that on this occasion we refer to those antecedent circumstances with no personal feelings, and solely with the design of tracing the long disturbance and present danger of Ireland to its real cause, and of pointing, in consequence, to the real remedy. Lord John Russell is the Queen's Minister. It is not very creditable to the statesmanship of the age, nor at all satisfactory to the better feelings and higher interests of the country, that he should be so—but the strange concurrence of circumstances that placed him there, have rendered it in our opinion impossible, or at least highly inexpedient, to remove him; and one of the chief reasons of that opinion is that, considering all his antecedent proceedings with regard to Ireland, it seems God's good providence that he should be brought to public penance for his errors, and be made the instrument of repairing with humiliation, the mischief to which his faction and his arrogance have so largely contri-

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Lord John Russell made that evening in the House of Commons. The phrase used by Mr. O'Connell was remarkable, that Government had 'withdrawn the measure in compliance with the wishes of the IRISH PEOPLE.'

buted. The first step towards a cure is to lay open and probe the cause.

It has been the fashion to say, and it has been said so long and so loud, that it passes for an axiom, that Ireland is the victim of English misrule—that the source of all her misfortunes has been and is misgovernment. At one time the charge made is of oppression, at another neglect; but always, whatever happens, England is to blame! Now, we at once assert that nothing of all this is true. Whatever of peace, civilization, and prosperity has been introduced and as it were injected into Ireland has been by England—all her misfortunes are her own—her own obstinate resistance to the example, the counsels, the indefatigable indulgence, charity, and generosity of England. We do not deny that in old times the turbulence and disloyalty of Ireland produced retaliative severities on the part of England, but all traces of that system have long since disappeared. Ireland had for twenty years before the Union an independent parliament of her own. She was absolutely, and to a much greater degree than was good for her, self-governed. It may be said that it was a government of corruption and of jobbing. We need not deny it; but when and where was there ever a representative government without jobbing and corruption? Is the Palais Bourbon purer than Palace Yard, or Palace Yard than College Green? But whatever the old system may have been, it was at least, for all moral and social purposes, self-government—and perhaps some of our readers may be surprised to hear us avow our belief that it was, as regards those purposes, and with the abatement we have just admitted, a *good government*. Its mortal defect—that which rendered the Union indispensable—was its political anomaly. The declaration of independence in 1780 in the crisis of the Gallo-American war asserted a principle of physical and political equality between the countries which did not exist in reason or nature. The course of the Irish Parliament on the Regency question in 1788-9, in direct opposition to that of England, awakened us to the danger of a conflict between antagonist legislatures and even of a disputed accession to the throne; while the French Revolution following hard upon, created a Jacobin and republican party in Ireland that menaced the integrity of the British Empire, and in fact left no alternative between hostile separation and entire amalgamation.

The Union, *besides* settling, or perhaps we might rather say, *by* settling, the great political question, developed in an extraordinary degree the material improvement already in progress, and we can appeal to the memories of all the elder persons of the present generation—to the parliamentary debates—to the statute-book—to all statistical records, and, in short, to every species of historical

historical evidence, whether, ever since the Union, the Imperial Parliament has not devoted itself to Irish affairs with indefatigable patience, industry, and liberality—we cannot add *impartiality*, because, in fact, it has rather shown, whenever there has been anything like competition, an undue preference for Ireland. This over-care and over-favour has been, indeed, the real fault. It has given to Irish interests and even to Irish pretensions an adventitious weight in the public councils, and afforded the Whig party when in opposition their main topic and chief strength, and when in government still their chief apparent strength—but in secret their embarrassment and weakness. When out, they joined in, nay fomented, the vulgar and false complaint that Ireland was persecuted and oppressed, and when they got into power they were of course unable to remove grievances which were either imaginary or beyond the power of kings or ministers to cause or cure; but they endeavoured to keep up some show of consistency and to conciliate their Irish followers by inroads, some petty and some serious, on the Constitution—by delusive mischief such as the abrogation of the Arms Bill—but above all by a prodigal abuse of official patronage in favour of notorious enemies to British connexion. It is thus that Ireland has been managed: in civil and social affairs as well governed as any country in the world, but politically not governed at all. For forty years past illegal associations—whether weakly and ineffectually opposed by the Tories or dishonestly connived at or factiously encouraged by the Whigs—have bearded the authorities and defied the law, and there has not been during that period in Ireland any administration that has dared either to do its duty or to tell us honestly why it did not—until, we must add, the honourable exception of the few last months of Lord Clarendon's administration. And why? Because whenever the Tories attempted to break up those hot-beds of sedition, the Whigs made common cause with the agitators, and the parliamentary Opposition gave the illegal associations a kind of moral, or rather immoral, force, which the Government was either afraid to attack or unable to subdue. On the other hand, when a Whig Government is tardily and reluctantly and by extreme danger driven to propose restrictive measures against their quondam associates, they find not only no opposition, but cordial support from the Tories, who, from party as well as patriotism, are gratified at seeing their adversaries adopt their advice and principles; and it is to this fortunate concurrence that we really owe the vigorous measures of Lord Clarendon.

But when we thus roundly assert that the civil Government of Ireland has long been blameless in principle and generally so in practice, we do not mean to say that the political mis-government



or non-government has not acted considerably, though collaterally, on the social relations of that susceptible people. It has, no doubt, done so, and chiefly by making all parties dissatisfied with their condition and leading them away from habits of sober industry and of gradual improvement by fabulous traditions of the past, incendiary misrepresentations of the present, and visionary prospects of some Utopian futurity in which Ireland, regenerated by republicanism and sanctified by the extermination of the Saxon heretics, is, indeed,—

‘ ——— to be

The first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.’

This is the superficial nonsense which leads the uninformed and thoughtless of our own countrymen and almost all foreigners to fall into the vague and vulgar error of attributing the unhappy state of Ireland to English misrule. How can those who fall into this mistake—and we are sorry to say they are the majority of those who talk or write upon the subject—account for the inconsistency, the incredibility of their hypothesis? How is it that England, the cradle of European liberty, the parent of constitutional government—she, imitated by all nations aspiring to freedom and rivalled by none—she, the founder of free and prosperous colonies all over the world—she, whose single fault in all her external and colonial relations—at least in recent times and instances—is admitted to be a too great leaning to popular principle and a too frequent sacrifice of the rigid rules of government to local exigencies and individual interests—how, we ask, can it be supposed that England deals on exactly opposite principles with Ireland, and hates, oppresses, and grinds down for centuries of tyranny, a country—a colony, if you will—towards which she ought naturally, both by consanguinity and by interest, to feel the warmest regard? Has England so misgoverned and oppressed Wales? Has she so misgoverned and oppressed Scotland? Has she so misgoverned and oppressed the Isle of Man?—the Channel Islands?—her possessions in Asia, Africa, and America? Nay; has she so oppressed Ireland itself *north of the Boyne*—a contented, industrious, prosperous country—yet under the same government, laws, climate, everything the same—but *religion*—as that miserable land of discontent, strife, poverty, conspiracy, and blood in the South and the West? Could it be rationally believed, even if we had no material evidence whatsoever against it, that England was so unjust, so ungenerous, so impolitic, so insane to Ireland alone—to Ireland, with which she had not only such a community of social interest, but also to so great an extent a community of property—that the influential classes of Great Britain connected with great families by innumerable intermarriages

termarriages and alliances—that the Cavendishes, the Seymours, the Pettys, the Fitzwilliams, the Courtneys, the Stanleys, the Shirleys, the Rowleys, the Stewarts, the Herberts, and so many others having great stakes in both countries, but, in most of these cases, the greater in Ireland—should have conspired to ruin and degrade a country in which they had so vital an interest?

But, it may be asked, why is it that a parliamentary Opposition should have such power in disturbing a country essentially well governed? We answer, in the first place, that we have seen from long experience that, even in England, a parliamentary faction can spread disaffection and create confusion, even where there exists no real grievance, nor indeed any other cause than the natural perversity which renders opposition more attractive and more active than the humdrum doctrines of discipline and obedience. Goldsmith in one of his essays says, the surest way of becoming immensely popular with the English people is to tell them that they are the most unhappy, degraded, and ruined country on the face of the earth. But it is certain also that the social condition of the Irish people gives a colour to the charge of maladministration with those who do not consider that this social condition arises from causes over which governments have at best an indirect influence only, and generally no control at all. These causes are, first—the natural temper of the people, which, as the pamphlet already quoted says, they derive from their Celtic ancestors, and their resistance to civilization has

‘preserved to our day living proofs of the veracity of Cæsar and Tacitus. In agricultural pursuits they are neither active nor expert; hereditary indolence would incline them to employ their lands in pasturage, and it is more easy to induce them to take arms for their country, or against it, than to cultivate the earth and wait upon the seasons. Their very amusements are polemical: fighting is a pastime which they seldom assemble without enjoying. When not driven by necessity to labour, they willingly consume their days in sloth, or as willingly waste them in riot; strange diversity of nature, to love indolence and hate quiet!’—p. 34.

There can be no doubt that all the Celtic races, the Welsh, the Highlander, the Bas-bretons, the Basques, have been peculiarly tenacious of their ancient language and customs, and wonderfully slow in yielding to the encroachments of modern civilization. We shall see presently why this feeling is particularly strong in Ireland. At present we only observe that this aboriginal disposition—the results of which are what peculiarly strike strangers visiting Ireland with a conviction of the misery of the people—is certainly not attributable to British misgovernment; on the contrary, whatever of mitigation it has undergone, or is undergoing,

is solely attributable to English example and English exertions; and when we hear, as we too often do, those barbarous habits and consequent misery laid to the charge of England, it reminds us of Horace Walpole's story of the *Irish* baronet, who, when reproached with some personal defects, laid the blame on his nurse. 'I was a fine boy,' he said, 'but she *changed* me in my cradle.' But these hereditary or traditionary indolence and squalidity would, no doubt, have long since vanished before the influence of the English alliance but for one circumstance (just before hinted at), which distinguishes the Irish from, we believe, any other people, and which is the paramount influence that sways her strange destiny—we mean that a vast majority of the peasantry profess a *religion not merely different from, but inveterately hostile* to that of the State, and of the great majority of the educated and wealthier classes.

We say it not—as we shall by and by explain—by way of reproach, nor as imputing blame, but as an historical fact, that *all the civil and political and even social evils of Ireland* (except only what may be of Celtic origin) *may be traced to the condition and influence of the Roman Catholic religion* in that country. The most cursory observer cannot travel through Ireland without being everywhere struck by the difference between the Protestant and Romanist districts—between the Protestant and Romanist houses—nay, between the manner and apparel of the individual Protestants and Romanists. In the former there is everywhere visible an approach to the British prototype, in industry, neatness, and loyalty; in the former everywhere the reverse. In those terrible annals of blood which form so large a portion of the domestic history of Ireland, we hardly ever read of a Protestant culprit or of a Romanist victim. In the Union poor-houses, and amongst the recipients of out-of-door relief, we believe we may venture to assert there will not be found one Protestant for every hundred Romanists. We are aware, of course, that the Romanist population being perhaps six to one, and including a still larger proportion of the labouring classes, would naturally have a vastly greater number of paupers; but the difference is, we are informed, beyond all merely statistical proportion. It really does seem as if the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland was unfavourable to the development of the industry, the independence, the respectability of the individual man.

It is still worse in a political point of view. The single instance of any serious importance in which Ireland can for the last 70 or 80 years complain of British policy was not a measure of restriction and penalty, but of relaxation and indulgence—we mean what was called *Catholic Emancipation*, and especially the Act

Act of 1793, conferring on the Roman Catholics the *forty-shilling* franchise. We need hardly say that we respectfully concur in the opinions of Mr. Burke, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Fox in favour of the principle of those measures, but the mode in which it was executed was most unfortunate. The Roman Catholic nobles, gentry, professional men—the wealthy, the intelligent, and the loyal, were excluded from Parliament, while the elective franchise, under the ridiculous and mischievous fiction of *forty-shilling freeholds*, was given to the poorest and most ignorant peasantry in the world. The mistake under which this enormous blunder was committed was that these forty-shilling freeholders would be under the influence of their Protestant landlords, and so strengthen, or at least not seriously *endanger* the Protestant interest. The very reverse of this happened. The political power of these new electors became very soon and very extensively vested in the Priests. The landlords, by the same process and in the teeth of the previous theory, gradually fell under the influence of the forty-shilling tenants and their clergy, and the facility with which these votes were created, led to an incalculable extension of political and social mischief. ‘They were weapons wielded at first by the gentry against each other, and at length by the priests and demagogues against the gentry.’ The Priests thus became the political, even more than the spiritual, masters of the population. In the meanwhile the upper classes of the Catholics were soured and alienated by their exclusion from parliament; they saw the most unfit of their co-religionists emancipated, while they remained in a state of proscription. The priests, too—finding themselves invested with such extensive, though indirect, power, which it was their interest to maintain by severing the people from their landlords and keeping them in ignorance and poverty—the priests, we say, naturally became additionally proud and jealous and more and more discontented with the penury—the humiliation of their own social position; all these circumstances helped to envenom their professional antipathy to the heretic government and heretic church of England.

The injustice and impolicy of such a distribution of political power were flagrant, and produced the long and deplorable Emancipation contest—not closed, but indeed exasperated, by the tardy and injudicious concession of 1829—injudicious from the circumstances in which it was proposed, but still more so from the omission of what ought to have been the main, as it most assuredly was the most important ingredient in the case—a provision for the Roman Catholic clergy, which would have given them an interest in and therefore an attachment towards the State. This neglect

neglect is the more wonderful, because in the year 1825 the principle of such a provision was carried in the House of Commons by a majority nearly twice as great as that by which the political emancipation had been just before passed. The latter bill having been, however, lost in the Lords, the other measure fell to the ground. Why it was not revived in 1829, and passed with the Emancipation Bill, we never could understand, and have never ceased to deplore the omission. It would then have had a grace towards the Roman Catholics, and facilities with the Protestants, which we never can again hope for; *then*, we are satisfied, it would have been the least unpopular portion of the general measure. But that great opportunity was lost. The priests alone—the really influential body—got nothing by the Emancipation; and they, whom above all it was of the most vital importance to conciliate, were neglected, and of course additionally mortified and exasperated. This explains the otherwise inexplicable fact that every concession to the Romanists has been followed by increased discontent—that is, every new concession to the laity left the clergy still farther behind.

The consequences are written in letters of blood all over the face of the country; and it is notorious that a large proportion of the Roman Catholic clergy have been ever since the most active disturbers of the public mind in Ireland, whether by denunciations of individuals from the altar, in so many cases followed by murder—whether by clerical charges, pastoral (!) letters, or inflammatory speeches;\* and it is no less notorious that too many who have not made themselves so conspicuous as the M'Hales, Laffans, and M'Dermotts have been almost as guilty, by not using their undoubted influence either in preventing crime or in bringing criminals to justice. It is generally believed in Ireland—we think we might say ascertained—that, even independently of the secrets of the Confessional (never, we admit, even for the purposes of human justice, to be violated), few crimes of any class can escape the knowledge of the priest; and it is equally believed that the priest seldom considers agrarian or political offences as requiring any very serious extra-official reprehension on his part. In short, we have arrived, by accumulated experience, at the painful conclusion that, as a body, the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland are turbulent and disloyal, and the first and chief cause of all the crimes, disorders, and miseries of the unhappy flocks of which they are the discontented pastors.

We are prepared to hear these assertions denied. Denied!—

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\* If any English reader should wish to refresh his recollection on this particular topic, he will find a *few* of the more recent atrocities stated in a former number.

Yes, vehemently and indignantly—but we are most conscientiously certain that there is not one man in Ireland, Protestant or Romanist, that can in his own secret mind disbelieve them?

. But let us look at this terrible picture from another point of view. Nothing can justify crime: but the laws of most countries, and the charitable opinions of mankind, will often admit, even in the most serious cases, of attenuating circumstances. We could produce from all periods of our history, down almost to this very hour, instances in which political animosity or personal disappointment has soured and perverted and betrayed men originally of upright character into the most deplorable excesses. Let us then—while we abandon to public indignation, though they contrive to escape the law, those who instigate to murder—let us look with candour—and it will be with compassion also—at the condition, personal as well as pecuniary, of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland, and we shall, we think, be obliged to confess that to expect from them a zealous loyalty to the British Government, and a cordial co-operation in its support and defence, would be to suppose them exempt not merely from the frailties and passions, but even from the ‘self-charity,’ as Shakspeare calls it, instinctive in human nature.

We do not believe the priests to be loyal—nay, we should wonder if they were—and we will not submit to the common cant of repeating fulsome encomiums, of which they that offer them and they that receive them are alike aware that they are mere conventional verbiage, without truth and without value. We need hardly repeat that we speak of the general body—there may be exceptions. In former times we know that there were many, very many excellent, well-educated, well-bred, well-disposed members of the Roman Catholic priesthood, but they have dwindled lamentably of late years; and we believe that the disaffected are now a proportion so predominantly large as to give their colour to the whole body. We regret, therefore, to see the statesmen in whom, of all the Government, we have the most confidence—Lord Clarendon and Lord Lansdowne—condescending to flatter this priesthood in exactly the points to which they have the least claim; Lord Clarendon—unconstitutionally and illegally—giving them titles of dignity to which they have not the shadow of a right, and Lord Lansdowne eulogising them for a loyalty that they neither had nor, to do them justice, pretended to have. We admit that Lord Lansdowne had so far a *colour* for his eulogy that the priests seem to have dissuaded their flocks from joining in the Smith O’Brien rebellion. Lord Lansdowne we believe to be incapable, personally, of advancing a colourable and delusive pretence; but, as the mouth-piece of the Whig Government, and in  
the

the old jargon of his party, he, we suppose, thought it allowable to represent this prudent abstinence from a mad rebellion as active loyalty. Lord Lansdowne had forgotten, and the public also seem to have forgotten, a remarkable circumstance that had happened only three months prior to the Ballingarry scuffle. The Repeal party was split into two sections, each professing to seek the repeal of the union—the one by what was called *moral force*, the other by *physical force*. The ‘Moral force’ men were old O’Connell and his tail; and the meaning of the words ‘moral force’ was that they should do nothing to endanger the O’Connell tribute—the Repeal rent—and the bounteous flood of patronage poured out from the Castle. The ‘Physical force’ men were a younger brood, chiefly tyro lawyers and seditious journalists, who were tired perhaps of old O’Connell himself, and certainly of his being the reservoir of all the contributions and the channel of all the patronage. The leading men of this faction were *Protestants*; and for this reason, as well as on account of their opposition to O’Connell, who always carefully identified himself with his church, the priests gave little or no countenance to the ‘physical force’ party. Accordingly, when on the 29th of April last Mr. Smith O’Brien and his two associates, Mitchell and Meagher, proceeded to Limerick, the shire-town of his constituency, to make a physical force demonstration through the diluted medium of a tea-drinking party, the populace, instigated by the O’Connellite priests, rose upon the tea-drinkers, and in a battle almost as serious as that of Ballingarry, forced them to escape from the city, beaten, wounded, and in shabby disguise. Such was Mr. Smith O’Brien’s exit from his own capital—the seat of his former triumphs—the head-quarters of his Repeal agitation. Our readers will recollect how very merry the Government newspapers made themselves with Mr. Smith O’Brien’s discomfiture—and how little they said of the priestly influence which effected it. But after a short interval we find this same Protestant gentleman, Mr. Smith O’Brien, with inconceivable vanity and folly again putting himself forward, not now in a tea-party, but in actual rebellion; and we are to applaud the loyalty, forsooth, of the priests for not having joined the standard of this heretic interloper, whom they had so recently visited with such signal and almost fatal displeasure.

All this leads to another and still more important consideration—let us not suppose that the failure of these mischievous madmen at Ballingarry is the slightest evidence of the satisfactory state of the country—it is of no more value, in that view, than the defeat of the tea-party at Limerick. The priests were, as they always are, consistent—they themselves put down Mr. Smith O’Brien’s first demonstration, and were not sorry to see the police put down

down the second. They saw that it could come to no good. They love their flocks—we are willing to believe from higher motives, but at least as a farmer does his—because they are profitable; and they were not at all disposed to embark in the desperate folly of men who laboured under the three disqualifications of being heretics, opponents of the O'Connell party, and vapouring blockheads! If it had been a Popish leader of any weight or authority that had unfurled *the green flag over a crucifix* on the sides of Slieve-na-mann, we can venture to say that Lord Hardinge's mission would not have been so bloodless, nor so short. The priests hold in their hands the peace of Ireland; and until you disarm, or divide, or conciliate them, there can be no tranquillity, no security for life or property. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean to say that the priests can decide the fate of Ireland—or that, for instance, their whole power and influence, carried to the most enthusiastic height, could overcome the loyal Protestants, if countenanced by England, nor endanger the permanent Union of the islands. Not at all—but we mean to say that they may raise, whenever they see what they may think a propitious opportunity, a bloody and disastrous rebellion, which, however quickly it were put down—and Lord Hardinge, his army, and the loyal Irish yeomanry would do it in a month—would still be a most disgraceful and calamitous infliction, and chiefly on the miserable rebels themselves:—but without coming to those desperate extremities—upon which they will probably not venture till we shall be embarrassed by a foreign war—they will keep Ireland, as they have done, in a chronic fever, that of itself will impede all improvement, but when aggravated by the now too probable recurrence of famine, will render that unhappy land a charnel-house from starvation, if not from battle, and possibly from both.

‘Alas, poor country!

Not to be called their mother, but their grave!’

And what is the remedy? That is more than we can now venture, with any great confidence, to answer—but there is at least a hope!

In 1793, at the first emancipation; in 1800, at the Union; in 1829, at the final emancipation, we believe that a State provision for the priesthood would have prevented all the succeeding mischief and misery. Is it now too late? We trust not. It is at least not too late to attempt the only remedy which has been untried—the remedy which, before any others were tried, many a prophetic voice warned us was the only one that could be successful.

We



We have already, with all the power of which we are capable, advocated this measure, and answered the objections which have been raised to it. We have nothing new to say—but on the two chief points of objection—the one political, and the other religious—we beg leave to recapitulate, very shortly, our former answers.

We shall be asked, in the first place, ‘is it for a disloyal and mischievous clergy, as you admit them to be, that you ask a national recompense and reward?’ We answer, that we ask nothing as recompense and reward; quite the reverse—but we venture to plead for justice, equity, and policy.

First, for *justice*. The ministers of that church, forbidden like our own to earn a livelihood by manual labour or secular business, are, if tolerated at all, entitled to be supported by the State, which, upon our own principles, is bound to provide spiritual instruction for its people. The State may regret that the instruction is not of a better kind—but there is no other possible, and you must give either *it or none*. And if all these higher reasons should fail, may we not ask whether the Roman Catholic clergy have not as much right to *out-of-door relief* as the Roman Catholic or the Protestant pauper, and we are confident that they often need it as much?

Secondly, for *equity*. That church was originally endowed with all the ecclesiastical property of the island—that was alienated from them, as in England, at the Reformation, and a large portion of it given, as its original foundation required, to the Church of Ireland; and God forbid that the new and better destination of that property should ever be altered;\* but equity at least suggests that some decent compensation should be made to those who do so large a proportion of the duty for which that property was originally appropriated. This may be thought a delicate subject, and we have no doubt that the Roman Catholic clergy have of late years been pampered into ideas of repossessing themselves of the Church property. We do not for a moment admit any such right, and nothing but a blind resistance on our own part to a decent provision for them can, we think, make the pretension dangerous. The property is inviolable, but compensation might and we think ought to be made, from other sources,

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\* We do not think it worth while to complicate the argument in the text, by the proposition hinted at in some sectarian quarters, that some portion if not all of the requisite funds should be levied on the property of the Irish Church. We deprecate, *foris viribus*, any such spoliation, and we trust it never will be attempted. As to the expense, we beg leave to remind our readers that, on the most liberal scale, estimated in 1825 by Lord Francis Egerton, the annual charge would not amount to the auction duty which Sir Robert Peel threw away—*cui bono?*

to those who do ecclesiastical duty for so large a proportion of the population. When Lord Derwentwater's estates were forfeited and bestowed on Greenwich Hospital, an annuity of some thousands was charitably bestowed on his disinherited representative. The cases are not parallel, but they offer an analogy worth our consideration.

Thirdly, we ask it for *policy*, because most assuredly if this grievance—whether it is real, as we think, or only plausible, as others may say—be not redressed, and, as it were, drawn off, it will, in the present temper of the world, accumulate to such a height as will overthrow the Established Church, and even before she has possessed herself of the conquered property, the Roman Catholic Church also; and probably extinguish all religion—at least forfeit all funds for the maintenance of any religion in Ireland. It is as Christians, and we hope as patriots, that we advocate the justice and equity of this measure; but it is as sincere, and dutiful, and affectionate sons of the Church of England that we urge its policy—its necessity. We solemnly warn our friends, the friends of the United Church, that the Irish branch of it is in imminent danger—the hostile feeling towards it of the most influential members of the present Government is notorious, and weak as they are in other respects, they are strong enough, it may be found, for that mischief—for which we see, under Providence, no other preventive than a provision for the Catholic clergy. This will be called an indiscreet and dangerous admission; but it is the truth, and the greater danger is the concealing it.

The other grand objection we have to answer is, that such a provision would be a sinful encouragement to an idolatrous worship. We confess we can hardly reply with patience to this allegation, which confounds justice or charity to a *person* with assent to and participation in his *doctrine*. This argument, if pushed home, would forbid giving alms till you had satisfied your conscience as to the mendicant's orthodoxy—or, still more seriously, would justify a conscientious inquiry whether the rent or taxes one is called on to pay may not possibly be applied to schismatical purposes. Scruples against such payments are easily raised, and will be readily adopted, but it is not for Churchmen and Conservatives to countenance these dangerous doctrines. But let us look at the matter more practically. We recognize and protect Pagan and Mahometan worship in the East, and downright Roman Catholic *Establishments* in Malta and in Canada. We pay Roman Catholic chaplains to our hospitals, jails, and garrisons. We did not prevent a Roman Catholic priest accompanying the Irish regiments to India, and being  
killed

killed in the very hottest of the battle of Moodkee,\* while succouring the wounded. Our fathers subscribed (and none more generously than persons of the same respectable class as those who have of late raised this captious difficulty) for the French Emigrant clergy. The most strenuous and conscientious opposers of Catholic Emancipation, King George III. and Lord Sidmouth, had no objection whatsoever to a provision for the priests; and in the great discussion in 1825, which ended in the affirmative vote of the House of Commons, no one person—as far as we recollect—objected on the score of *religious scruple*. Points of conscience—like points of taste—are unprofitable topics for disputation, because there is no standard to which the antagonists can appeal—each must eventually judge for himself; but with the authorities we have just cited, we think we may venture to tell those respectable and excellent friends who differ from us in this view of the case, that their objection (even if we could admit its cogency in other respects) *comes too late*—that the *principle* (which is *here* the gist of the question) has been long since decided—that the Roman Catholic religion exists here, and is *established* in our colonies, and all over the world—that it is by a hundred-fold the most numerous denomination of the Christian community—that none but the wickedest and wildest of the Revolutionary Bedlam ever dreamed that it could be extirpated—that it must therefore be borne and dealt with, and turned, like all the rest of God's dispensations in this imperfect state, to the best advantage that human means afford; and, finally, we trust that if we should have failed to convince the judgment or influence the feelings of friends from whom we differ on no other point, we shall at least be forgiven for humbly endeavouring to shape our course by the guidance of such statesmen as Burke and Pitt, and such Protestants as King George and Lord Sidmouth.

Of the Ministers' intentions on this momentous subject we know no more than the few hints in the newspapers that such a project is under consideration. So much we can hardly doubt; for it is, we suppose, impossible to consider any Irish question without including this the master-question of all—and we suspect that the Act, authorising diplomatic relations with Rome, which was notoriously unnecessary for its professed objects, may have been meant to prepare the public mind for, and collaterally to facilitate, some arrangement of this nature.

But will the Ministers have courage to brave the clamour of

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\* 18th Dec., 1845. This anecdote was the last entry in the interesting journal (just published) of Dr. Hoffmeister, the physician who attended Prince Wladimar of Prussia in Lord Hardinge's campaign—the poor doctor was himself killed three days after, by the side of the Prince and Lord Hardinge, at Ferozepoor.

the Irish demagogues, who will be furious at the prospect of losing the mainspring of their agitation? or the more serious opposition of their Dissenting friends, who are already stirring, and will by and by array themselves in formal opposition to it, partly from their old aversion to Popery, but still more from their antipathy to anything that savours of church endowment or establishment, and, above all, to anything that promises additional security to the Church of England? But all such sectarian efforts will be vain if the Church recognizes her real interests and will do one of the most important civil duties to which she has ever been called—a duty the value of which, for both political and spiritual purposes, may be best estimated by the anti-church opposition that will be arrayed against it. For our own parts, we repeat that we have no other hope for the peace of Ireland, the safety of the Irish Church, and the integrity of the empire.

We have thus boldly and, as we most conscientiously believe truly, stated the real cause and only effectual remedy of the disorders of Ireland; but this remedy, even if we were in a condition to apply it to-morrow, under more favourable circumstances than we can venture to hope for, could not meet our present emergency. It will be an alternative; but the disease requires strong and immediate topical applications. Ireland, in addition to all the chronic difficulties of her condition, is at this moment threatened with the imminent scourges of rebellion and famine. These must be instantly provided against.

We have already said that the Ballingarry rebellion and its immediate consequences are utterly contemptible except as a symptom of the otherwise incredible rashness of which Irish demagogues are capable, and of the alarming readiness with which the peasantry will join in such desperate enterprises. The urgent duty of the Government is now to restrain that rashness and to disarm that readiness. The first and most obvious step would be to endeavour to get possession of the arms with which the unhappy blunder of 1846 supplied the population to an extent very imperfectly ascertained. But of this we have little expectation. We know not what could be added to the laws recently passed, and we are informed that they have essentially failed; and, in truth, when one considers the habits of the Irish peasantry, and their facilities for concealing arms, it is evident that (whatever measures of prevention we may adopt against the future) there is little hope of retrieving what is past. At the same time we must recollect that frequent and judicious searches for arms will not only obtain some, but force the rest into places of concealment (bogs and ditches are the most usual repositories), where

where fire-arms must inevitably suffer great deterioration. Gunpowder too, though it may be very difficult to regulate the trade in the article so as to distinguish between legal and illegal purposes, yet is still more liable to suffer by concealment. If, therefore, a strong, effective, and *permanent* Act for regulating the sale and possession of arms and gunpowder be passed, and that in the meanwhile the special searches under the existing law be actively pursued, and persons having illegal possession of arms or gunpowder be rigorously punished, this danger will be gradually reduced to the supplies that may be obtained by smuggling (a ready resource, however, on the wild and deeply indented coasts of Ireland) or from foreign powers in the event or in the prospect of a war.

These remedies we see are but slow and imperfect ; but there is one immediate and infallible, which, though clogged with a great difficulty, must, if the emergency becomes more serious, be adopted—we mean the embodying the *loyal* Yeomanry on its *former footing*. This difficulty—a difficulty which the present Government will particularly feel—is that the Yeomanry was *essentially Protestant* ; not that Roman Catholics were excluded as such, but none but the loyal presented themselves, and none others would have been admitted, and these were, even in the south and west, comparatively few—in the east and north still fewer—and the almost exclusively Protestant character of these bodies was their merit and their force. Since the undue but decided predominance which the Roman Catholics have of late years obtained and additionally usurped in Ireland, they would not be very likely, whatever their real political opinions might be, to exclude themselves from these corps. On the contrary, we should assuredly find that the disaffected would be forward to enrol themselves, and we should see bodies armed by the public and commissioned by the Crown, but composed of the very persons most dangerous to both. The *Conciliation-Hall Regiment* and the *Burgh Quay Battalion* would not give much confidence to the Castle. This difficulty, which was occasionally felt in the former armament, would, as we have said, be now much greater ; but it is not insuperable, and must, if the necessity should arise, be manfully overcome. Nor would it, perhaps, be practically so great as it seems at first sight, in the hands of *an honest and vigorous Government*, free from the trammels of the priest and demagogues. Such a Government would know whose services might be safely accepted ; and the officers once judiciously chosen and the first nucleus of the corps selected on the principle of *loyalty* to the British Crown and Connexion, we believe that the disaffected would neither be very willing nor, to any dangerous

dangerous extent, able to intrude themselves into the ranks. There would be of course a great outcry against the illiberality and persecuting bigotry of the Protestants, but we must needs disregard that clamour, as long as a loyal Roman Catholic and the disaffected Protestant shall be rare exceptions to the general character of the respective classes.

There is also another difficulty to be provided against. The great danger of an Irish rebellion will be the first few days—we might say the first few hours—as it was in 1641 and in 1798, and as it always must be where the rebellion is one of an overwhelming number directed by a secret organization against opponents scattered about in small knots and without means of mutual co-operation and defence. Popery is, as to secrecy and concert, a kind of freemasonry in Ireland; and we have little doubt that whenever it is determined in the Irish Conclave to have a real rebellion, they may have it in one night, with probably no other warning to the Loyalists than that kind of mysterious gloom and agitation which indicate that mischief is brewing, without affording any practical warning as to the precise time, place, or extent of the danger. Now if the Loyalists, particularly in the country districts, be not embodied, and so far prepared for such an emergency, they may be surprised and cut off with little resistance, as they were in 1641.\* Against this the only effectual guard is the timely array of the Yeomanry and a preconceived system of local defence and co-operation; and this course would, we are satisfied, have the still more happy effect of preventing any outbreak at all. Unless with the encouragement of foreign assistance we are satisfied that no rebellion—with all its advantages of numbers, secret organization, and fanaticism—will ever venture to match itself with the embodied and forewarned Loyalists of Ireland. As between nations we are no great favourers of the maxim *si vis pacem para bellum*: it too often tends to exasperate; but it is undoubtedly the best, and we might say the only, preservative against such a rebellion as we are unfortunately forced to contemplate. To the discretion of the Government must be left the time of calling out the Yeomanry; they alone can have any means of judging the imminence or extent of the danger. All we can hope is that they may not be surprised; and we may add, that without actually embodying the Loyalists the localities of the most important or most exposed districts might be militarily examined, the number and position of loyalist families ascertained, and some scheme prepared of the steps by

\* See Hume's account of that rebellion (*Hist.* c. 55), which may be usefully read as a warning of what will assuredly happen again if precautionary arrangements be not made.

which in the hour of emergency they could be with the least delay and danger collected and protected; and as the Loyalists are for the most part persons of superior education, intelligence, and enterprise, they would be found well prepared to take the parts that might be assigned to them by any preconcerted arrangement.

Some measures of this kind are the more necessary, not merely at this moment, but as a permanent precaution, because we cannot. (for a longer time than we can now estimate) reckon upon that body so important in the last war—the *Irish Militia*. The Irish militia had been raised and disciplined before the rebellion took the decidedly Popish character which it afterwards assumed, and when embodied, the vigilance of the officers and the *esprit de corps* preserved them in a great measure from the taint of disaffection. Not however altogether. There were some regiments and more sections of regiments whose loyalty was worse than suspicious; nor do we believe that the Irish militia could have been even then safely kept up but for the Interchange-Act, which garrisoned Ireland with the English and Scotch, and brought the Irish to Great Britain, where, removed from traitorous influences, they became trustworthy soldiers. We conclude there is no friend of the English connexion who would advise the raising an Irish militia at the present day for service in Ireland.

The only protection for the peace of Ireland, beyond the regular Troops and the Police, must therefore be, as we have said, the loyal Yeomanry. The American and the French newspapers tell us that the Troops themselves are not safe in that contagious atmosphere, and we have heard suspicions that the choice of individuals for the Police force has not always been judicious, nor entirely free from the influence that has ruled Ireland since the Lichfield-House Compact. For the first of these rumours there is notoriously no other ground than the wishes of the fabricators; the loyalty of the Troops is beyond all suspicion; and as to the Police we have also satisfactory evidence that if any improper appointments have been made, it has not been to an extent to impair the efficiency of the body at large.

There are two other matters connected with the protection of the Loyalists, on which also we think it right to say a few words. There is, we believe, hardly a spot in Ireland fifty miles from the sea, and small ships of war—steamers, if possible—should be placed in the ports and rivers round the coast which *have the easiest and most secure communications with the interior*, so as to afford refuge and protection to the Loyalists if driven from their own neighbourhoods; and the precautionary arrangements which we have already suggested should be especially directed to ensure, as far as might be practicable, access to those vessels.

vessels. The Government have very properly sent a large naval force to the coasts of Ireland; but we have not heard that any communications between them and the interior have been organized.

Another more permanent and still more important measure, and one that it is surprising should have been so long omitted, would be the erection of a certain number of fortifications—or we should rather say fortified places of refuge—both in the interior and on the coast. They should be placed in the districts least accessible to other protection, and should be calculated to afford shelter to the persons, cattle, and other movable property of the Loyalists. This was an old precaution in Ireland, where there were numerous instances of ‘the castle and its *bawn*,’ which was a strong inclosure attached to a fortified residence, in which the cattle of the lord and his tenants were secured against depredation. They need not for this purpose be what is technically called *strong*—it would be sufficient to make them capable of resisting a *coup de main*. At the same time we should be disposed to recommend four or five of these works of a superior military strength. It is very strange that, in a country twice invaded, and constantly threatened during the Great Revolutionary war, there should have been erected no fortified place to impede or even embarrass an enemy’s army. The harbour of Cork has been fortified with considerable expense, and there is something like a fort at the Pigeon-house on the Bay of Dublin, and another small one at the mouth of Waterford harbour—all proper enough for the protection of military and naval stores lodged there, and to secure those points of communication with England, but of no value whatsoever for internal defence. There were also some works at Athlone, and a small ancient fort at Charlemont; but there is not, that we know of, in Ireland any other place that could keep out even a mob armed with pikes, except always the glorious old walls of Derry, which the pride and the prudence of that loyal city have fortunately preserved. These could not effectually resist a modern siege; but they would, if the inhabitants should be, as we trust they would again be, animated by the spirit of 1689, set mere rebellion at defiance, and would at least embarrass and delay, if they did not baffle, an invading army that should not have time and means for a regular siege. Those who remember the interior state of Ireland during the rebellion and invasions of 1798 and 1799 must remember also the comfort and security which the old walls of Derry gave to their inhabitants and to the neighbouring country. It is not for us to enter into any technical details on this point—but we cannot but express a strong and



anxious opinion that such works as these would be infinitely more important to the safety of the empire than the extensive and expensive works now in execution as well as in contemplation on the coasts of England. Does any rational man believe that we are so vulnerable in Sussex or Hampshire as in Clare and Tipperary?

There is still another, temporary but not unimportant, consideration to be superadded. If the Government be driven, as it seems too probable, to find work to save the people from famine, these local works of defence would afford a useful resource. They would, it is true, give most help to classes that would want it least—masons, bricklayers, carpenters, and other artizans,—but there would still be much room for less skilful labour; and if some half-dozen regular fortifications were to be erected—citadels near large towns, or fortresses in the interior—the works required for *them* would occupy a great deal of mere bodily labour. In short, without expecting too much from this source, we may say that at least it has this advantage—that the proposed constructions—necessary, as we think, in themselves—would be extremely opportune both for employing labour and intimidating rebellion. It would be a pleasant and gratifying Hibernianism to see the starving peasantry fortifying Sleive-na-mann—*against themselves!*

The barracks for the Troops and the Police, particularly in the country parts, should be systematically constructed on this defensive plan. We have seen in the recent disturbances strong instances of the danger of neglecting to strengthen the police stations with *material* defences. The *Illustrated London News* of the 24th of September gives a view of the police barrack of Aheny destroyed by the rebels in the recent outbreak, which shows better than any verbal argument the absurdity of the existing system. Instead of a little wooden paling round a cottage no more defensible than any cottage in the neighbourhood, there should have been a good stone wall, with a gate protected by a salient angle. Such a station would not have been taken, but it would not have been even attacked. Every barrack and police station should, therefore, be *immediately* made capable of resisting at least a mob; and their positions, instead of being, as they have hitherto been, the results of accident or jobbing, should be determined by military considerations of defence for themselves, and communication with and protection of the loyalist population wherever there is one. These measures of protection for the Police themselves and for the Loyalists seem to us of urgent importance, and we are well satisfied that the expense—

not

not great in itself—would be altogether inconsiderable when compared with the extensive moral as well as material effect of such a system for loyal organization.

There is another subject of more delicacy, but on which we cannot omit saying a few words—we mean the choice of the agents of the Government. Ever since the alliance of O'Connell and the Whigs, the whole, or at least a vast preponderance, of the patronage of the Government has been bestowed on Romanists, for no other reason than that they were Romanists—nay, on Romanists who had distinguished themselves as agitators, associators, repealers, and, in short, as enemies of British connexion. We have on a former occasion frankly admitted the good policy as well as justice of giving to the Romanist Loyalists as large a measure of countenance and favour as their abilities would justify—nay, in consideration of the small number of the class, we are inclined to approve a very liberal estimate of the individual merits. But the Whig practice has been not merely to dispense with any personal capacity or merit, but to select for favours absolute incapacity and demerit. We are unwilling to descend into details of this nature, but it is generally notorious in Ireland that offices have been filled with a scandalous inconsistency between the duties which public functionaries ought to perform and the mischievous principles they had antecedently professed.

We were inclined to say something on the conduct of state trials in Ireland, and on the strange acquittal of Messrs. O'Brien and Meagher, and of the causes of so profligate an abuse of the power of individual jurymen. In Meagher's case, when the jury was brought before the judge to be discharged, one of them indignantly exclaimed—*'My Lord, we are agreed to a conviction, eleven to one, and that one is a Roman Catholic.'* The trials now pending at Clonmell induce us to forbear for the present any further discussion of these important questions. We shall only say generally that, whatever be the result of the approaching trials, we hope that Lord Brougham may again introduce—and we are satisfied he would now carry—the *Change of Venue Bill*, which he was induced, by the mistaken policy of Sir Robert Peel's Government, to abandon in 1843. The principle of that Bill was founded in common sense: it is the law of Scotland, and must become, we venture to assert, the law of Ireland.

Finally, the last and not least important suggestion that we venture to make for the pacification of Ireland is, that the tone and spirit of the Administration should be brought into a bold and perfect consistency with the one or two vigorous measures of the last session. We have in the earlier part of our article given some samples of the unfortunate views in which the Whigs in  
general,

general, and Lord John Russell in particular, have dealt with English and Irish sedition. His Lordship, we have little doubt, has entirely changed those false and mischievous opinions—his Irish measures seem to prove it, and his Irish friends—now, we believe, no longer his friends—appear to know it. Let him then honestly avow the change. They talk of his being in peril of some exposure at the approaching trials for having heretofore dabbled in factious and even seditious movements. We can easily give credit to the former, and should not be surprised at the latter. He was, as we have been inculcating these many years, mischievously giddy and intemperate. And we know not how he could have acted much more imprudently than in the cases we have specified. We hope that experience has corrected him—if so, let him say so. It may be a painful, but it will be an honourable confession, and once made he will find himself at ease in the discharge of his public duties. He owes his country that reparation; and if he makes it frankly, and pursues it honestly, the public will gladly condone earlier errors, and Lord John Russell, purified from those stains, may, if he pleases, conciliate a support both in and out of Parliament more solid, more honourable, and in every way more conducive to the good government of the country than the false, hollow, and hypocritical help of English agitators and Irish demagogues, on which he has so long, so blindly, and so deplorably relied.

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